

# Politics

(By a Three-Ring Circus Run By Monkeys)

By Robin B Lipinski

"Vote for me, I'm the one!"

Banners hung high to mix with confetti, oh how the crowd cries.

Change.

Renew.

Prosper, jobs, and growth.

Crowds growing, emotions boiling, it's getting close.

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Kissing babies.

Kissing ladies.

Kissing ass for a vote.

How come they never kissed me?

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On this lovely planet of politics, they came.

Amidst the election, their ships landed.

Still, the crowds screamed.

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Lucky for us, they could care less.

Female.

Male.

Gender confused.

Republican.

Democrat.

Socialist.

Communist.

Royalty.

Tea party.

Independent.

Or whatever banner burns, the aliens only concentrated on their personal intent.

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With the milling mass of humans screaming.

With politicians extending their hand in welcome.

It is nice to see that the aliens love to eat the big-headed, loud mouthed ones, with their fancy degree's and political pedigree.

I think I'll cast my vote for them.

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The End