Putting the Pee in Politics

Matt Harrison

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suit versus suit
like spy versus spy...
be wary, virtuous contenders,
    there's a bomb under one of the podiums.
    A thousand pardons;
it's only the incumbent's foot
    poised to gag his own discursive and oblique
    circumlocutions.
Constituents clap in a lifeless cycle
    of command and obey.
Okay!
    Monkey see, monkey do.
How many monkeys jabbing at typewriters
    (or is it palm-pilots nowadays?)
does it take to construct a personable public persona?
The plasticity of their debating faces,
    vestiges of a staged and scripted
    melodramatic vaudeville tragedy,
    stretches along with the truth.
Their clumsy sea-legs tremble
    atop oscillating platforms
    that move with the polls.
Ambiguity and nebulous histories
    somehow became morally "good,"
along with justified baby-bombing.
    At least terrorists don't miss
    or hide premises behind popularity.
Camera angles and the presidential election committee
    frame the surreal lens of television.
Take a deep breath, Mr. President.
    You make the country quiver.
Toss ideology around like dice,
    bet anecdotes on snake-eyes,
and take someone's sovereignty to the bank.
Nod and smile like a bobble-head,
Mr. Contender,
    moderate indecision with swift,
    indeterminate
    penstrokes and a theatrical disposition.

From offense to defense and back again,
    but the sidelines have more casualties than the players.
    “So it goes,”
    to quote Kurt Vonnegut;
so we go to the polls.