

2005

## Putting the Pee in Politics

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### Recommended Citation

Harrison, Matt (2005) "Putting the Pee in Politics," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2005: Iss. 1, Article 36.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2005/iss1/36>

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## Putting the Pee in Politics

*Matt Harrison*

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.