

Unpublished
late 1990s

HOMAGE TO GEORGE W. BUSH

A mystery poem (Modern Mystery).

That ca-ca eating grin you've got
gives away the plot.

Your friends are there to praise
what you know up front.

Shrub, you are no small stunt.

Oh, George they say,
your poop is better
than alley-oop.

Your turd has hoots
and toots of steam.

God's truth—your doo-doo
doth smell like ice cream.

But we know what
generates your gleam.

It rises from those Presidential farts
so full of arts, so nobly
steeped in self-esteem
full of the hiss of your self-adoring dream.

Oh, George, your mouth.

Keep licking the cream.

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BLUES FOR BUDDY

About a year ago there was a news item from Reuters, Washington, D.C.:

President Clinton's dog, Buddy, was neutered last weekend, the White House announced yesterday. "Buddy is happy and doing well and still is very much affectionate toward all of us," a White House spokesman said.

What is the use of being a novelist if you can't indulge a speculation or two?

One: They neutered the wrong hound.

Two: The President actually explained it all to the dog. "Buddy," he said, "it is an axiom in family relations that the abused child will abuse its own child. So, please understand, Buddy, that I am only doing to you what the Republicans have done to me."

Three: Now, let us surmise what Hillary said to the President: "Face it, Elvis," she told her husband, "one of these days that big lummoX of a mutt is going to hump an intern and you know what the media will do with that."

Four: It was political all the way. The White House took polls and discovered that a majority of Americans now believe in the advisability of neutering household pets. "Buddy," said the President, "I want you to know that this breaks my heart, but I also want you to understand that I would never have attained the eminence of the Oval Office if I went around disobeying the findings of the polls. I will, however, sit in friendship and mourning with you during the first down-time I get. For I share your pain."

"Get it straight," said Hillary, "it is politically incorrect to have to look at a large animal's testicles. I don't want to see that hound's nuts no more."

Poor Buddy. He used to be in just about every one of the White House photo-ops. Now, we don't get to view him much. It is said, however, that on nights of full moon, he looks up at the heavens and howls, full of the prodigious mistake that the luminous orb at which he stares is one of his missing nuts.