

## Year's End - 2009

Listen, my children, and you shall now hear  
Just how it is at the end of this year,  
The holiday firs are seen in their glow –  
Once Christmas trees, but that weird name must go;  
Diversity wields its pure jihad toward God,  
It is a religion, worldly and mod,  
Look not for Jesus, except at Walmart...  
While looking, of course, just fill up the cart.

Never look back at the promises made  
A few months ago as the Truth was waylaid  
When O and his pols predicted...perforce!...  
That those out of work would number, of course,  
A mere eight percent and that not for long  
As government spent the economy strong;  
So...take heart, my dears, just go out and spend...  
The prexy said thus...would the bad times all end.

Be glad at this time for a Congress hell-bent  
On capping the gases that simply are meant  
To make icebergs melt...catch folks unawares  
And drown half the country, kill all polar bears;  
Be glad that the reps never read cap-and-trade  
Since if they had done that they might have been made  
To either defeat it or...yes...made to wear  
A jacket of strait where dementeds get care.

And think of the climate – especially just now,  
This time of the year when to see a snow-plow  
Is everyday stuff in much of the land  
Where snow heretofore rarely managed to land;  
And listen to Al, the guru of gore,  
That soon will envelop this land more and more  
As humans and beasts all succumb to the cold –  
Frozen by warming as temps downward fold.

In case you've not noticed, remark now O's change,  
Admittedly, it may just seem a bit strange,  
But banking and autos are federalized  
And everything everywhere must be downsized;  
Put more air in tires and save on your fuel,  
And use the right light-bulbs...yeah...don't be a fool,  
The planet is dying, the U.N. has said,  
Stop breathing out carbon or Earth will be dead.

At year's end think not of recession and such –  
Obama's guru of finance said as much...  
Recession is over, thus said he to George,

On A-B-C's Sunday...so go out and gorge,  
And simply pretend that the U.S. ain't broke,  
Just use credit cards and be part of the joke...  
The veep said bankruptcy is nothing to fear,  
Just borrow and spend and be of good cheer.

At year's end don't worry...the dollars are sound,  
Just go to Beijing, where some billions are found,  
And if you want jobs, go to Shanghai and jive,  
Those folks make our undies, our shoes...and they thrive;  
Don't look for those things where they used to be made,  
The land of the free...ah...but soon cap-and-trade,  
Just wire the White House that you're too big to fail,  
Then wait for a check in the very next mail.

At year's end fret not for old Gitmo soon gone,  
Those terrorist dudes will now all face the dawn  
In Brooklyn or out on the midwestern plain  
Where they can chow down in the land of no pain  
And laugh as they strut before TV's bright light  
And spew out their garbage in everyone's sight,  
Praise Allah and jihad...claim judges are dumb –  
Like all infidels, with their brains simply numb.

At year's end don't worry if you might feel faint,  
The Big O and demos are now your new saint,  
Their health-care is promised for hangnails or plague  
Or bones that are broken or feverish ague;  
If you are not young...well...don't worry at all,  
For the lines will not form until they need to call  
And simply are told that in six months...about...  
They get a knee-joint or a gall bladder out.

At year's end the parties are just everywhere,  
State dinners are normal...quite often the fare,  
But take care when crashing, through some staffer's grace,  
You get your brief fame, but with egg on O's face,  
Yet, fret not when questions arise in your fame,  
Your name, as like hers, will not suffer some blame,  
Executive-priv is the name of the game,  
Except when, of course, George the Two is to frame.

At year's end chill out...don't be stupid...oh no!  
Not like policemen, as described by Big O,  
Since he's got your back from the crib to the grave,  
And you from yourself he has promised to save;  
And take it from prez, if you're ever in doubt,  
Teleprompters can help, with the stuff they give out,  
And don't hesitate if you're asked to surmise  
About the U.S. – be quick...**APOLOGIZE!**

