

A 'NUKILAR' DISASTER

Peter Austin

Trapped, inside a space-time bubble,
Laura Bush (read 'Betty Rubble')
Gave a kiss-and-tell address
At a dinner for the press,

During which, upon the billows
Of her husband's peccadilloes,
They were comfortably lulled
(Or, perhaps, I should say gulled).

If he were, like Fred or Barney,
Just some no-account Kiwani
(Which he would be, do not doubt,
But for George the elder's clout),

And if Washington were Bedrock,
Then, her other half in wedlock
Being bookless as a troll
Could be written off as droll.

When a 'nukilar' disaster
Has encoffined her in plaster,
Will she chuckle with delight
That he couldn't say it right?

*[During a press-club dinner, Laura Bush 'roasted' her husband
for his dislike of reading and his inability to pronounce 'nuclear']*

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