

# 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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