

PRESIDENTS ON PARADE (1945-?)

George Good

With greatness thrust upon him, Harry soon
had grown insufferable—the same old tune.

The game of golf is boring but benign—
and so Ike ruled, a dullard by design.

Young handsome Jack was starring in this show;
there's lights and cameras—little action though.

Levine's pen has caught LBJ the ham—
He's showing off the scar of Vietnam.

The (expletive deleted) Nixon's brew
of paranoia was his Water—loo.

Our humble Ford relates the pardoner's tale—
it cost him dearly saving Dick from jail.

Do all those whose initials are J.C.
think that they're holier than thou or me?

To homeless people looking for a meal,
the Gipper will deliver his No Deal.

Old forty-one would play a clever trick—
all quailed at the thought Bush might fall sick.

The voters sickened though and swallowed Bill,
a sometimes sugared, sometimes bitter pill.

With W. there's much we must endure—
the malaprops get laughs but not his war.

Now who's on deck? Barack or John McCain?
Or will H.C. the blissful seat regain?

Still later Jeb and other Bushes loom.
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

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