

SEARCHING FOR A LEADER

C.B. Anderson

We all agreed it was a fluid situation
 In urgent need of special expertise,
Perhaps some not so obvious manipulation
 Devised to mollify the herd and ease

The tension that was mounting—someone with the vision,
 The wherewithal, to modulate his voice
With overtones of common sense beyond derision
 Was what was called for. No surprise, the choice

Came down to Winston Churchill, Rudy Giuliani
 Or Cicero. There wasn't any time
To waste, for time itself had come unglued: the Army
 Was fighting in the Trojan War; a crime

Wave, spurred by Al Capone, had terrorized Vancouver
 And Anchorage; and Herod was about
To hire the services of young J. Edgar Hoover
 To gather files on Jews who'd hidden out

In Israel. The physicists still had no theory
 On why the doors of time had come unhinged,
And we politicos were getting very weary
 Of watching our control erode. We cringed

From fear itself at what might happen if the people
 Woke up and took their power back. Our star
Was fading fast. We found a building with a steeple
 And prayed for the return of F.D.R.

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