

crooked letter eleven: If I were a conniving Republican Politico

In the spirit of Fishbone's song, *If I were a . . . I'd . . .*

If I were a conniving Republican Politico, I'd . . .

set up photo ops, pull out all the stops, hand out the most tasty morsels, praise state and local officials to the skies, take a huge helping of responsibility, publicly mourn the loss of that gorgeous decadent city, earn my merit badge filling up sand bags, be the champion of the poor and the black, thus subverting the lefty attack.

If I were a shrewd, I said shrewd, Republican President, I'd . . .

commandeer Greyhound and tankers filled with oil. Get dead bodies out before they start to spoil, dress for hard work, 'cause I *never* shirk, demand an end to subordinate/inordinate vacations, set up hundreds of relief stations, declare the buck stops here, listen to them cheer, shoulder all the blame, accept money without shame, and earn all the fame,

If I were a cunning National Security Advisor, I'd . . .

get off my dainty duff, take that ass to the Gulf, the one back here, not over there, drop shopping for a purse, not let it get much worse, before I sounded the call, righteously appalled, that the country dropped the ball, for a majority of folks black, not be an Uncle Tom yes sir hack. Because this shit is just whack, whack.

If I were devious rat-bastard brain of a president, I'd . . .

create a new spin, one that is still a crime and a sin, sing the we're were so wrong song, all day all night all day long, make the media dance extra fast, so damn fast they forget the past, all the mistakes and all the lies, all the activist cries, drowned in the seas the seas of we accept full responsibilities

If I were a old school Repub manipulator, I'd . . .

cry hot tears of shame at how badly the leaders play the game, even Nixon new when to be fixin, when to hold the hand out, to earn extra clout, to stifle rising dissent, with the devious assent. Saving human life is a deadly political knife.