

Turned Seventy-Five

Today is my birthday; turned seventy-five
four days after George Bush survived
what he calls his re-election—
has he no recollection of past events?
that he lost the popular vote, prevented recount
had his buddies the Justices push him over the fence
into the Oval Office?

But I'm seventy-five, wise now, balanced
not given to undue anger, even when sorely challenged
by irreversible, damnable circumstance.
I take the long view: this is bad, bad, bad
no doubt our country's been terribly had
by a gangster, a crook, a liar a cretin;
he'll bring down the wrath of Heaven
the Heaven he so ardently (on TV) believes in.

But I stay calm, don't employ invective;
I stay calm and poised, objective
and tell myself to just concentrate on breathing
though despite my years—I'm seething.

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