

* * * E L E C T T H E P O E T * * *

In this country, the job for Commander in Chief
Its candidacy is strictly: "Make Believe"
They may, as well Elect Chris Angel (or some other magician)
It is symbiotic to be politician-magician
They elect actors, lawyers, playboy-musicians
They talk a good talk, and deliver more talks
I propose elect the poet, one of the "Truth-tellers"
One who knows how to tell it and deliver

They sit in the chair of the boss
In the White House, playing "Gangster-Boss"
Who is the most powerful man in the world
Republican, Democrat. It doesn't matter at all
They greet the rich and opulent, the poor they abhor
They always say: "We will make it better for you all"
When they meet the CIA and MI5, diplomats and all
They forgot the promises, they've made on the podiums
Please someone get a poet!

They have opened the can of worm
They forment the "Occupy Wall Street Movement"
I say elect one who writes and proved to be truth
The poet and prophet
Instead of electing the seed of Baphomet
Or someone worst than that
When the righteous is in power
The people rejoices
When the wicked takes the helm
The people suffers worst

When they want to win
They talk to the poor latinos
So they went to San Antonio
But after they win
They'll go to serve the rich latinos
They will then celebrate in Orlando
Go ahead find us the poet
At least he may write and not fret
When they try to win
They'll beg the brothers in Motown
After the big win
They'll serve brothers in no towns

What a race of vipers and adders
Whether they are Black, White, Brown, What-ever
They are of only one race (blood-suckers)
And the color of their blood is green
Like the color of the dead presidents
Only this time they got (e-money)
Piped through wires to Caymans and Switzerland
Where they kept their banks and private islands
Oh where is the poet?

E L E C T T H E P O E T (CONTINUED)

The poet can observe the people of Wall Street
And paint the people's pain in Main Street
For free and tax-free
For the poet is not a marionette
Oh no, he's no teacher's pet
He won't even play the puppett
Nominate the Poet
They know where he is at
He keeps in his hands pen and paper
Just as da Vinci did at the Sistine Chapel
Was he a poet?

Vocers are obsessed with fairy tales
And are fascinated by Hollywood names
But they know little about them
Thus I tell you elect the poet
He is not Conservative or Liberal
He is one who will tell it all
Elect the poet, so you will not, tomorrow fall
Elect someone who knows you all
Or one who can, at least give you a role
Elect someone you all know
The Poet!

I know it is not the people's fault
The parties gave you two to choose from
You have little alternative to these two
They take your precious votes and sold it to the lobbyists
They push for the "Five-Hundred" companies
Let's face it. The backbone of the Economy
Are these big names and fundraisers
They are the same ones who find the donors
Let's not fool ourselves. The "Word is out"
Even the poet cannot help us out
Though we could put faith in his word
Now hear this from the prophet-poet
Please wish this was a proem
Hate the prophet, but love the poet
Here's the words of the poet
Hate from Moses to Jesus
Love from Socrates to Shakespeare
Wisdom from the poet!

Here are the facts, yet cold
You love Hollywood, cause you love to dream
You do not trust those who sought your votes
You trust the "System", capitalistic system
The system broke
Yes, this system was the best
It has been put through the hardest test
But acknowledge the "System" is broken
And it can't be easily repaired
No, it is a little too late. It's late

ELECT THE POET (CONTINUED)

The rich is powerful
Cause the rich could buy your votes
But not from you, from who you voted for
You trust the System and it's cold
You love it, you hate it
Hate it
Like you hate the prophets of doom
Love it
Like you love the poets, whose voice is in tune
Love, hate, the poets, the prophets
Undecided?
That's because you're stuck in the system
It's bipolarity, no it's schizophrenic
But we have to decide. We know the outcome
Always the same!

Now reason with the poet, the polemic
He is not polarized, far from the middle, apologetic
The system seemed to be fair, back in the days
What "Occupy Wall Streeters" discovered
Was hidden back in the days
Just like germs could not be seen with the naked eyes
Still can not be seen but discovered
Knowledge surely have increased
The defense for the system
Is a fight we fear, but must wage
But we must acknowledge this truth
The system has fallen, like Babylon
The confusion is whether to uphold or ditch Babylon
Remember the "Tower of Babel?"
Now there are the "Towers of Wall Street"
What they feared was to be scattered on the Earth
And they were
What we fear is to have our dreams shattered
It has began already, what we feared
Even if we elect the poet
It doesn't matter who we elect
Though we elect the Poet
Washington blue sky will not differ
Signed The Poet not The Prophet

Written by Childeric Maxy, 3/17/12