

PERRIN ON POLITICS

Making Sense And Fun Of America's Other Pastime



Perrin B. Lovett

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For additional writings by Perrin Lovett, please visit:

www.perrinlovett.me.

This book is dedicated to
You, my dear, loyal reader.

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Introduction

I suppose this little book needs no introduction and, yet, here I write. I'll keep it short. Herein one will find a very short list of some of my work aimed at practical politics. I included some of the funnier satirical pieces to lighten the mood of an otherwise dismal subject.

A far more substantive and vastly more expensive book of similar fashion is under development. Ready your credit cards.

Politics, What's That?

"Politics" comes from ancient Greek roots. "Poly," of course, means "many" and "Ticks" are little blood-sucking parasites. Thus, "politics" means: many little blood-sucking parasites. I really wish I could attribute that definition to my own genius but I am a somewhat honest man.

Wikipedia says "politics" is "the art or science of influencing people on a civic, or individual level..." See: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Politics>.

I have studied politics (formally and informally) since around 1980. Back in those days, practically everyone in the South tended to be Democrats, party-wise. My

parents were proud Democrats at the time and were horrified when Ronald Reagan won the Presidency. I watched on. As the years progressed, I decided I was a "conservative" and, therefore, a Republican, much like Reagan.

I watched Family Ties back then and might have been influenced by the antics of Alex P. Keating. Then came the Rush Limbaugh era; I listened everyday after high school while working as a runner for a local law firm. I knew Rush was right. Well, something in my subconscious had doubts. In college I drifted into libertarian thought and have remained there ever since. As the years pass I become closer and closer to being a full-blown anarchist.

During this time, while I descended from a believer in minimal government to a dreamer about no government, reality took a turn for the worse. The whole of my dear country seems to have gone the other way! Whereas we had a big government when I was a child, now we have a GIGANTIC monstrosity of a government that seems to grow geometrically ever second.

Hence my disconnect from the world of practical politics. It is patently obvious that there is no discernible difference between the two major parties in America - they both lead to bigger and more controlling government. Over the years I supported several politicians in various ways - both Republicans and Libertarians (I have Democrat

friends too). My support usually faded away with my short, rambling attention span. I have never been a member of any party. I am proud of that; I hate political parties.

In his Farewell Address to the nation, President George Washington devoted nearly two pages to warning the people about party politics. He began: "Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the Spirit of Party, generally." Thereupon he listed the many dangers of "faction" at the expense of Public Liberty. He closed with a thought on excessive party politics: "A fire not to be quenched; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming it

should consume." See: The Founder's Almanac, pp. 309 - 310, The Heritage Foundation, Washington 2002. Given Washington's fame and standing you would think more people would have listened; they did not and American "democracy" became an all-consuming conflagration.

H.L. Mencken wrote in the Minority Report (1956): "Under democracy one party always devotes its chief energies to trying to prove that the other party is unfit to rule - both commonly succeed, and are right." Mencken defined "democracy" as "the theory that the common people know what they want, and deserve to get it good and hard." Every election since has proved him right on both counts.

The most excited I ever got about any election(s) was in 2008 and 2012 supporting Ron Paul. I knew then Dr. Paul was an anomaly in American politics. My fellow citizens chose a different path and now Dr. Paul is retired. With him, at the end of 2012, went Rep. Dennis Kucinich. Washington is now devoid of any statesmen whatsoever and the only small impediments to Total Government are gone. I would like to believe Dr. Paul's son, the other Dr. Paul, will follow in his father's hallowed footsteps; I don't think it will happen.

I have decided to waste no more time following the stupidity (which worsens daily) of field level politics. My personal concentration is now centered on political

theory or philosophy and the history thereof. Of course, as this book demonstrates, practical politics provides a target rich environment for satire and ridicule.

A good friend of mine says that America is finished, like a \$500 car in need of \$5000 worth of repairs. For our generation I fear he may be on to something. Still, I hold some hope for the future.

My fledgling, bumbling professional writing career is focused on educating younger persons about the mistake of faith in politics and government, the evils resulting from such faith, and alternatives to the status quo.

Perhaps the most honest book ever written about American politics is Parliament of

Whores by P.J. O'Rourke (1991). The title says it all. Inside the reader will discover, among many other witty things, a whole section of chapters entitled, The Three Branches of Government: Money, Television and Bullshit. Perfect.

Government and politics in general, particularly in America, really do center on O'Rourke's three "branches."

Money in politics is not necessarily the root of all evil, but it certainly is the tool of all evil in politics. It takes a lot of money to get elected to national or state office in the first place. Savvy politicians set up campaign funds legally designed to break or sidestep any campaign finance laws in the way. Then the ticks turn around and

suck blood from any source to fill their funds. Sometimes they contribute a little of their own money but most of it comes from "donors." People all over give a little here and there to help some bozo get elected; once elected the bozo ignores the little people. The big bucks come from the special interest groups, they get the politician's attention post-election.

Money flows into Washington, D.C. and the several State capitals by the dump truck load. Giant corporations and the super rich constantly brib ..er.. give to elected officials in all kinds of ways. Sometimes they support a pet project of the tick's (charity, etc.), sometimes they provide booze and hookers, they give kickbacks and favors,

and sometimes they just give plain old cash in brown- paper grocery bags. The amount of money flowing into the Capital is astounding, but it pales in comparison to the money flowing out.

This year, like last year, the federal government will spend something like 3.5 Trillion dollars per its official "budget." I just put "budget" between quotation marks because Congress hasn't put forth an actual budget, as required by the Constitution, in years. Alarminglly, the vast majority of federal spending is on Unconstitutional programs. The government spends a huge percentage of that money out of debt. Fully a third of the budget is borrowed these days. Check out the U.S. Debt Clock for a good

fright: <http://www.usdebtclock.org/>. In fact, I believe the borrowed sum exceeds the amount paid by individual taxpayers. Corporations also pay for a larger portion of the budget than do the individual taxpayers. However, as with any business expense, corporations pass their taxes along to customers via higher prices for their goods and services. So the People ultimately pay those taxes as well. Aaaaand, guess who guarantees the huge debts run up by the ticks? Yes, taxpayers again. So, Ma and Pa America have to pay for all the illegal, unnecessary spending of the government, even when they receive no representation for their money.

Like I said, most government programs are

not grounded in the Constitution and are therefore illegal. Of the \$3.5 trillion spent, Medicare and Medicaid get about \$800 billion. They are not in the Constitution. Social Security, the third rail of tick-dom, gets a similar amount. Not in the Constitution. Our never-ending, foreign, undeclared wars of aggression get a slightly smaller amount. Being undeclared and indefensible, they too are also illegal. The total of interest on the national debt, federal pension costs, and various welfare programs get a similar amount of funding. Like undeclared warfare, specific welfare is also illegal. As none of the programs are needed there is no need for all the federal employees vested in those pensions. If the

government didn't spend so damn much money there would be no debt and, thus, no interest. The "legitimate" functions of the federal government are mostly unnecessary anymore, and those that are should really only cost us a few hundred billion dollars per year at most. That could easily be covered by tariffs and import fees - as the government was supposed to be funded and was funded for years without trouble.

I could go on and on with the money stuff but we still have television and bullshit....

Television is really representative of all major media, both news and entertainment, in this nation. Whether you get your news on TV, from the radio, or from a print medium, it's all the same. The government puts out

a line of crap and the media runs with it. Very seldom in America are we treated to any critical reporting anymore. Remember those special interests? They own the media nearly completely. Towing the line is part of the overall scheme.

This scheme extends into non-news entertainment. Reality shows, pro sports, pop music and other trivial pursuits are the modern bread and circuses of Amerika. While you drunkenly watch 300-pound men decked out in pink play with a ball, the government is stealing you blind and destroying your country. The ticks laugh at you too.

Bullshit. It's a crude term but it accurately describes everything I've been writing about. It's also all you ever get

from the government. Mostly everything you hear, see, or read from the government or its pet media are outright lies. Very little the ticks do is honest or important so they have to concoct wild stories to get you to go along - provided you even pay attention, most people do not. For instance, when Washington goes to war the ticks always say it's over something noble like "keeping the world safe for democracy" or "fighting the 'terrorists'." Saying they want to keep profits high for the military-industrial complex (a special interest) doesn't sound as good. When President Obama announced ObamaCare, he didn't say he wanted windfall profits for the insurance and finance companies of America (special interests). He

said it was all to help the children, or the less fortunate, or you and me. Bullshit!

And when the government and the ticks tell the truth, it's truly frightening. The Whitehouse says it will use drones to kill Americans without Due Process. You better believe they will! When Congress authorizes an illegal ponzi scheme like Social Security or an illegal monopoly like the Federal Reserve (the biggest special interest of all), they do so openly and with impunity.

My point is ... well, I've already made it - I do not like modern, practical politics and for good reason.

The next time you come into contact with a tick, instead of giving it money and voting it into office, get out the tweezers and the

alcohol. I'm Perrin Lovett and I approve
this message.

Political Party Time!

I hate politicians. In Christian terms it is wrong to hate any man. Politicians are less men than rodents. Thus, I feel exonerated in my feelings. Elections are exercises in stupidity and herd-think. Presidential elections are the worst.

H. L. Mencken summed it up best: "All of the great patriots now engaged in edging and squirming their way toward the Presidency of the Republic run true to form. That is to say, they are all extremely wary, and all more or less palpable frauds. What they want, primarily, is the job; the necessary equipment of inescapable issues, immutable principles and soaring ideals can wait until

it becomes more certain which way the mob will be whooping." Mencken, 1920.

The difference between 1920 and 2015 is that, back then, there were people pretending to be true patriots. At some point they dropped the pretense and proceeded from a desire for pure, unadulterated power. The mob of the American people conveniently ignore this fact. The television is just too entertaining to disagree with. The country sinks lower into the sewer of politics.

A political "party" sounds like a fun time until one realizes the term refers not so much to an event as to a lowest, dumbest degenerates ever assembled under the sun (in truth, like all roaches, they prefer the darkness). Washington warned against them.

Mencken ridiculed them. The people, ever plumbing the depths of stupidity, embrace them with jealous fervor. It's "us" Democrats against "them" Republicans and visa versa. Spare the sane the idiocy of it all.

America is dominated by two predominate political parties. They are nominally referred to as conservatives and liberals. As I see it they both liberally dispense what may be conservatively described as bullshit. The people seem to like it.

Third parties exist, apparently to provide comic relief for the big two. I experimented with what I thought the most honest of these alternatives, the Libertarians. Given the choice I would gladly be ruled by Libertarian politicians

than those which currently plague us. However, given power, I am sure they would be corrupted by the mainstream of political discourse. Anarchy is the only happy solution. The people do not like happy solutions. Thus, we are suck with the rats and the roaches.

These parties care nothing about you. Their priorities are: bankers, big business, and anyone else. Not you. Not me.

All this sick nonsense really should stop. There is no difference between the Democrats and the Republicans! They respect and represent neither democracy nor any republic.

An illustrative story from the popular news presses: If the God-fearing Republicans

exist to save us from the Godless, communist Democrats, then why are Republicans Rallying to Save Obama's Secret Trade Deal? I devoted more than a few posts last summer to this debacle at www.perrinlovett.me.

I'm still not entirely sure what this new "secret" trade deal means for America. But, first, it's secret - conceived in secret, locked up in secrecy, passed secretly. Secret anything means bad when it comes from Washington. Second, it's a trade deal. NAFTA and CAFTA, etc. have given American the SHAFTA. I remember being lied to about NAFTA. The dirty manufacturing jobs of old, they said, would give way to a new world of high-paying service jobs which would benefit everyone.

In truth, we have lost the industrial work, pay and all. In exchange we have gained menial minimum wage employment serving hamburgers and such. Robots and immigrants now do the productive work for real pay. What a change!

I'm sure the new law will be more of the same. It supposedly grants the President new powers concerning foreign trade. I understand Obama caught wind of a few, final high-paying jobs left in American and is determined to stamp them out. The displaced workers will receive healthcare and cell phones for the bargain - that always means at a cost.

A few Democrats and Rand Paul (son of the mighty Ron Paul), realizing the potential

liabilities of robbing the people of their last shot at the American Dream, stood in the way. Paul filibustered against the deal in the Senate. His speech fell of deaf and stupid ears. The President and his bosses got their way, supported by the "conservative" opposition. Trade will be geared ever towards non-American interests. Americans will lose jobs. Reality TV will continue to be popular among the uneducated rabble.

Just remember this when the election rolls around and the Bush/Romney/Trump/Cruz machine makes the usual patriotic rumblings. Remember it when Hilary and Bernie bash the GOP for being unsupportive of freedom. Blah, blah. Sounds like the same old BS to me.

Remember, if you can, how the various Democratic Congresses and Bill Clinton ran up the national debt, creating new and useless government programs along the way. George Bush, the dimmer, was elected to change all that. He promptly created new agencies and doubled the debt while commencing new wars everywhere. His Excellency, Barack Hussein Obama, was elected to reverse course. Dutifully, he doubled the debt again while continuing and adding to the wars. Now he wants to finish off the trade work began by Clinton and Bush the Vomiter. I see a conspiracy.

The masses of people, bloated by beer and dizzied by television see nothing. They hear nothing. They say nothing. One of the new

fools (or an old fool) foisted upon us by the elite will be the next President. Business will continue as usual.

Spare me your partisan rhetoric this year and next.



Picture: The U.S. Capital, haven of corruption.

Democracy in America:

A Charming Children's Story

An election is coming. An election is always coming. One can smell its approach like that of a laden garbage truck on a hot summer day. Vote if you care. I don't.

The Illustrious Barry Obama the Magnificent has finished the job begun by his predecessors - the country is in ruins. For his replacement the Democrats have dug to the very bottom of the bag of wrinkled has-beens, to one Hillary Clinton, the wife of "good times" Bill and Bernie Something from the former Soviet Union.

The Republicans have other, similar ideas. They would foist upon the people yet

a third member of the Bush clan. Obviously, the people are okay with two families maintaining a grip on national power for two or three or five decades. Their business. Is there some national obsession with rats and roaches of which I am not completely aware?

In Iowa the Republicans "think they must soften their image and expand their appeal in particular to women and Latino voters." I assume women and Latinos enjoy constant war, perpetual debt and crushing loads of government buffoonery. Again, their business.

However, down in South Carolina, the GOP still caters to the Budweiser and NASCAR crowd. There, apparently, women and Latinos

are still at odds with the establishment and sometimes with each other. A woman, who had once been a Democrat, shouted, "People are coming in this country across the borders like rats and roaches in the woodpile! ..."

The audience applauded. She complained that states were registering people to vote and failing to 'check them out.' 'We've got to get control,'" she bellowed while munching on a Twinkie.

You would think that after all this time conservative conference planners would have learned the one most important lesson about conservative conferences: Never let the audience speak. Ever. They don't learn. No-one learns. Ten thousand years of history demonstrate unequivocally that government

does not work. Democrats love it. Republicans still love it. The people hoot and holler for it like chimps in a cage.

The universal message provided by the freedom-loving Republican candidates may be summarized as follows: more war!; Mexicans bad!; Muslims bad!; Democrats bad!; give taxes to banksters!; huff; puff. The Donkeys have a similar line.

Such fairy tales are humorous but foolish when taken seriously. If the Democrats false egalitarianism had been real thirty years ago things might be better today. If flag-worshipping Republicans actually had sought freedom, things might be better. In reality, their lies and deceit have done us in.

Following his in-depth observations of early nineteenth-century America, Frenchman Alexis de Tocqueville, wrote *Democracy in America*, 1835. The book is a masterful account of the political and demographic expanse of early America.

De Tocqueville wrote of the three races in the new world at that time: whites, blacks, and indians. He proposed that whites and blacks would have to get along together in a future in which they formed the vast majority of the populace. The fate of the native people seemed doubtful to Tocqueville. Sensing there would be unnecessary, faction-based strife among the people for years to come, he refrained from any ultimate prediction in favor of a "time will tell"

conclusion.

Time has told. Following the two major parties, the people have chosen a sort of mass suicide followed by uncertain government managed life support. Currently, while the bloated carcass of the American public drools on the gurney, the plug is being pulled.

This all leads me to a charming little tale, told in the far distant future.

In the cold winter of 3187, in the nation of Utopia, two young children dined with their old grandfather. Following their meal the children enjoyed a brief holographic conversation with their parents. Mom and Dad were enjoying a well deserved vacation on Mars.

As the evening deepened outside grandpa built a cozy fire on the hearth.

"Come and tell me about your school day," he eagerly beckoned. Little Timmy and Suzy recounted with wonder the day's history lesson. "Teacher read to us from an old book by Alex Me Folkville!," volunteered Timmy. "It was all about the ancient Americans," exclaimed Suzy.

Timmy inquired of the smiling old man, "Have you ever heard of the Americans?"

"Yes, they were once a great people," said Grandpa with a sigh.

"What happened to them," asked Suzy, snuggling under Grandpa's flannel-clad arm.

"Well, if you really want to know, I can tell you of the Americans and their strange

fate." Grandpa began:

A long, long time ago in a land far away, a group of wise men built up a great nation. The people were virtuous and hard-working. Sure, they had their troubles, but they always tried to resolve them.

In such fashion they became wealthy, powerful, and happy. They, it were, who invented many of the things we enjoy today - airplanes, spaceships, and cheeseburgers.

Just when they reached the zenith of their prosperity a funny thing happened...

"What's a 'zenith'," asked Timmy as he enjoyed the wood fire.

"'Zenith' means 'height' or 'best'," answered Grandpa. He continued:

"The Americans were a diverse and happy people. De Tocqueville, your Me Folkville, noted their main divisions - white, black and indian or Mexican. But, for reasons no-one really understands, they all fell under the dominion of two parties of deranged fools. When I was a lad our teachers referred to the two groups as the rats and the roaches. I think their real names were the Democrats and the Republicans."

"Inexplicably, the free people of America, the most self-reliant and strongest of all people on earth, ceded all control of their lives to the most vile, idiotic, debased and degenerate lowlifes imaginable."

"Every few years or so the people would

hold a big popularity contest. There was no need. Everything was fine as it was. But the rats ... the Democrats and Republicans convinced the people there was good reason to place them in power. The people filled their time with television, sports, food, and other trivialities. Politically, they adopted an 'us' verses 'them' mentality."

"Slowly, the politicians took control. They perverted everything good about America. They made war on all other peoples just for the fun of it. They spent money to the point the money had no value. They encouraged the people to hate each other and themselves. The times were vicious and confusing."

"At last, in the middle of the 21st century, things fell apart. All those great

Americans had become a host of overweight, lazy, angry couch potatoes. They traded their freedom for false security. They were all on welfare. The world hated them. They were poor. They had no purpose."

"The politicians and their huckster friends took the last of the money and fled abroad. The people were left in abject squalor. Bereft of their jobs, their entertainment and their dignity they resorted to primitive tribalism."

"The indians/Mexicans were centered in the southwest. One day it was discovered that there was not a drop of water left there. The Mexicans, those who survived, all returned to Mexico."

"The southeast of the country was

inhabited almost entirely by blacks. In their collective psychosis, they decided to revert to an earlier way of life. They decided to become slaves on various cotton plantations under the rule of white masters. Lacking real whites, they appointed several of their own number to serve in this role. They fared poorly and became extinct."

"The whites fared no better. Living mostly in the mountainous west, after a night of hard-drinking, they became enamored of the idea of re-enacting the cowboy and indian wars of old. As all real indians were then fled to Mexico, they held a giant game of shirts and skins amongst themselves. Thus, they uniformly perished."

"The great American northeast, cradle of

the original nation, was inhabited by one man - a Canadian named Jacque Strapp. It was never known what became of him."

"So the great land became uninhabited. The old forests overtook the cities and after a while, few traces of civilization remained. And now, it is all history. It happened so long ago..."

"Would you like to live like the Americans?" Grandpa asked the children.

"Would you vote for fool politicians to ruin and destroy your lives?"

"No!" yelled both of the little ones in unison.

"Well then, good! Let us enjoy the fire," said grandpa.

So ends the tale yet untold. Will it

become a reality? Do we, the living, have the ability to change our fates and future history?

Will you continue to vote for your own destruction?

I hope not. Take a queue from Timmy and Suzy. Dispense with the rats and roaches of democracy.

**Read the kids a good book,
like this one =>**



The Pied Pollster (A Poem)

Once upon a time ... that's how
children's stories begin. This is a
children's story for adults. Adults and
children - anybody with a pulse really.
Enjoy.

Once upon a time ...

An anachronistic time;

Yet five hundred years ago;

"Anachronistic" means mixed up;

My words do surely show; ...

There was a happy little town;

The people there were healthy and cheerful;

Their rosy faces round.

No troubles had the folks;

Beyond a trifling few;
The grass was always green;
The sky was always blue.
Unto this joyous hamlet;
A plague did come one day;
The people's hearts were troubled;
There was a frightful fray.
Their bodies began a squirming;
Due to the awful vermin;
Worse than rabid rats, much worse;
There came the Battle sound;
Filthy politicians! had found the happy town!
Some were Republicrats;
Demopublicans there were too;
Some said the town was red;
Others claimed it was blue;

Libertarians, commies and greens;
Helped stoke the awful din;
And more and more of the foul vermin,
Kept a pouring, pouring in.
They talked to dogs, they preached to cats;
They kissed the cradled babies;
They bored the paint right off the slats.
They stood upon the square and babbled,
Day and night;
Self-righteous their indignation;
Each convinced only he was right.
Mary Lou tripped over one,
A camped upon her stair;
No body was too safe;
Each suffered his share.
A portly politician,
In search of warmth in rain;

Crawled in a sewer pipe,
And, there he clogged the drain.
The stench was overwhelming,
The picnics all were ruined;
The commercials and yard signs then started,
All displayed too soon.
Free healthcare!
Free trade!
Jobs for all or none!
The pols jibber-jabbered.
The folks began to run.
The people closed the airport,
In their attempt to flee;
But, there they found politicians,
Shaking tambourines.
The radio and television boasted,

Of goodies yet to
Most folks were flat annoyed,
The ads appealed only to some.
Pols were in the bars;
And in the diners too;
They claimed to be good Christians,
Some to be good Jews.
Nowhere could one tread,
Without a pol around;
Nothing could be heard,
Above the deafening sound.
Taxes yes!
Taxes no!
Military spending too!
Projects here!
Programs there!
Nonsense everywhere!

The pols had all the answers,

To questions no one asked;

With bloviating zeal,

Each took the other to task.

At last the people cried,

"No more!"

At the hall they had assembled;

They stamped the floor,

They beat the walls,

Until the building trembled.

The mayor they begged,

What could be done?

Before the fools blocked out the sun.

Pitchforks and torches they acquired,

They took out to the streets;

The politicians ran away,

On cheaply shodden feet.

Yet, next day they had returned,
And they were all the more.
The sickened locals,
All a stir,
Beat on the mayor's door.
An exterminator out was called;
He did his very best;
But politicians still remained,
Surviving every test.
In desperation it was decided,
To just burn down the town;
Homelessness a small price it seemed,
For no politics around.
But, then a stranger did appear,
Strange and in strange gear.
A solution he proposed;
His purpose was then made clear.

A pollster, claimed he to be,
Armed with a ballot box;
The pols would follow him,
Like hounds after the fox.
A place of honor was he given,
As he laid out his plan;
The very unhappy people had all that they
could stand.
My price I have,
No more than you may afford;
When I am done you will be rid,
Of politicians abhorred.
We'll pay! We'll pay!
The people they all roared;
Yet, the mayor,
Losing money,
The one thing he deplored.

Do this deed, the mayor cried;
He there did play along.
But, no intention did he have,
To pay the pollster's song.
The people were so clamorous,
To see their troubles end;
They all did beg the pollster,
How soon could he begin?
The pollster held up the ballot box,
Of many-colored hue;
Upon a whistle, shrill to hear,
A note he then blew.
The godless politicians,
Unto the call they came;
And, in a line they all did march,
Their steps for once the same.
The pollster lead them true,

Through all the streets of town;

The clapping, cheering people,

Had all a gathered round.

Out through the gates,

The Pied Pollster led the throng;

Enraptured by his tune, the pols all stumped
along.

When the parade had cleared the door,

The people slammed it shut;

Let no more liars here,

May ever show their butts.

No one knows,

Not to this day,

Where were the pols all led;

For all the good folks cared,

They each could all be dead.

Some said they marched into the sun,

And their the fried a
Some said they plagued a wicked town,
The crooked there just striven.
But, they were gone;
The people cheered,
A bonfire they did burn;
So happy to be freed,
They missed the Pollster's return.
His penny he asked,
Now that the feat was done;
Yet, mayor and people,
Declared he should have none.
Perhaps corrupted they had become,
Politician tainted so,
This injustice, the Pollster said,
Simply has to go.
Once more his ballot box he lifted,

A clear note, again, he blew;
I will save your children,
That they be not like you.
The kids had no attention,
To the politicians paid;
In their play and fun,
They had all missed the great parade.
They laughed at pols upon the square,
And trapped inside the drain;
Immune from lies,
Honest they did remain.
But the Pollster's call they heard,
And one by one they came;
Now, at parents stingy they jeered,
It all remained the same.
Away to Freedom-land,
The Pollster took the babes;

And, there, so happy, they reside,

As our fortunes do fade.

Three alone were left behind,

They did not heed the call;

Their descendants to this day,

May carry on the haul;

One became a Democrat,

He promised stolen wealth;

One a Republican,

Who spoke of war as health.

The last he was an anarchist,

And, he relays this tale;

And, if you do not like it,

Then you may go to ...

Wow! What a story. What a poem! The moral of this story is that, as annoying, evil, and useless as they are, the politicians are not

the problem; the problem comes about when the people allow themselves to be corrupted. Don't do that - or else a crazy Pollster with a magic ballot box may come steal your children...

My sincere apologies to Robert Browning.

Thank You!

I greatly appreciate the fact you choose this book. I hope you enjoyed it. Unfortunately, no politicians were harmed during the development of this book.

-Perrin Lovett

About The Author



Perrin Lovett is an author, blogger and writer, recovering lawyer, and general meddler. His former legal practice encompassed criminal defense, administrative and Constitutional law, with various bouts of government fighting. A friendly anarchist and advocate of Natural Law, he regards government as an unnecessary evil and has devoted most of his professional life to thwarting state schemes impinging on personal freedom.

His life and work have given him a unique

perspective on the world and on human activities.

He is the happy father of a wonderful daughter. He may be occasionally seen smoking a cigar.

He is the author of hundreds of articles, papers, and studies and of two (so far) books. His ramblings and serious legal and political discourse may be viewed, intrepidly, at his website:
www.perrinlovett.me.

Additional books by Perrin Lovett:

The Happy Little Cigar Book, 2015

<http://www.amazon.com/Perrin-Lovett/e/B0174>

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