

# GROWL

by Gerard Allen Van der Ginsberg

*For Karl Rove Solomon*

I SAW the second-best minds of my not-so-Great  
Generation destroyed by Bush Derangement  
Syndrome, pasty, paunchy, tenured, unelectable,  
and not looking too sharp naked,

bullshitting themselves through the African-American  
streets at cocktail hour looking for a Prozac  
refill,

aging hair-plugged hipsters burning for their ancient  
political connection to the White House through  
the machinations of moonbats,

who warred on poverty and Halliburton's Wal-Mart and  
bulbous-eyed and still high from some bad acid in  
1968 set up no-smoking zones on tobacco farms in  
the unnatural darkness of Darwinistic delusions  
floating a few more half-baked secular notions  
like "Let's all worship zero!",

who bared their withered breasts and, he or she,  
bleated their vaginas' mawkish monologues to John  
Kennedy's ghost under the capitol dome and  
French-kissed Mohammedan agents in the gore-  
drenched Redrum rooms of Guantanamo,

who passed gas and on into universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating President Al Gore and Vice-President Noam Chomsky envisioning world peace among the masters of war and stayed on and stayed on and stayed on sucking off the great teat of academe in unpaid student loans and over-paid professorial positions the better to molest the minds of children for decades with every third year off for bad behavior,

who were embraced by the academies and hired by the New York Times for crazy & publishing obscene odes or anything else that trashed George W. Bush without regard for truth since there were no consequences for these posturing poseurs of puke,

who cowered in their marble-countered plasma screened media rooms in underwear which was no longer Victoria's Secret, burning their money by donating it in carloads to every half-assed Democratic PAC that promised impeachment in a nano-second without the losing proposition of actually holding an election and listening to Rush Limbaugh through the wall,

who got bombed at public wine-tastings by chugging the slops bin and referencing Sideways, returning to their summer house in the Hamptons where they ate smoked salmon, smoked \$200 marijuana, wore \$250 denims, and bitched about how the economy was a mess but did not really, as they claimed, send their \$36,000 tax cut back to the government, and continued to suffer the secret shame of Affluenza,

who breathed fire and bile about "that crooked administration" among their friends and shut up around people with real jobs and drank turpentine to get through "A Night with Gloria Steinem", claimed bogus ego-death, and Ab-busted their torsos night after night,

with dreams of real electoral victory without elections, with seven different mood-soothing drugs, with waking Birkenstock nightmares of Bush, Bush, Bush, alcohol Jello shots and the soon to be sanctified Holy Matrimony of cock and endless balls,

who blathered continuously about the Florida "theft" for the entire ninety-six months of the two Bush terms while the Evil One put one, two, maybe three or even four justices on the Supreme Court, causing a million fatal air-embolisms during consenting acts of mutual humm-jobs,

a lost battalion of a multi-million man and mom marching platonic conversationalists jumping to conclusions about WMD off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon, yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering "BUSH LIEEEEEEEEEED!" and moronic memories and false anecdotes and eyeball kicks and yearning for the electroshocks of hospitals and the briefness of jails and the endless Bush wars .... oh my sorry little schmos.... ,

who wandered around and around at midnight at the Democratic National Committee wondering where Howard Dean hid his dildos, got the address of his love nest in San Francisco and went there with fresh batteries, and found Barbra Striesand drooling in the alley set on leaving no child behind,

who had double-standard vision while their baby seals died, turned into a pair of muckluks by Halliburton, Halliburton, Halliburton,

who thought they were only mad when Bush appeared in the clouds above their Iowa Caucuses proclaiming "Neener, neener, neener,"

who in humorless protest turned Cindy Sheehan into their personal hand-puppet, which she enjoyed, and complained that she looked far too much like the devil spawn of Howdy Doody and Alfred E. Newman,

who scribbled celebrity porn from scuffed kneepads in the offices of Vanity Fair and collected and shaved stray cats far into their barren Pecksniffian nights until that bleak dawn when, waking from their stupor, rolled over in bed and discovered they had slept, not with their sixth spouse, but with Ward Churchill, and thought, "Well, that's an upgrade,"

who dreamt Hilary Clinton hectoring and shrieking in the White House until in galactic luminosity that crass and shabby woman stood revealed on "Fleece the Nation" in her SupportHose of pallid played-out policies, while being frisked by a thousand agents of Al Sharpton, avenging angel of the Democratic Party, now and forever recreating the syntax and measure of poor human prose and then all of them in their faded glory standing before you speechless and pseudo-intelligent and shaking with unshamed shame, a whole once proud party now unable to get elected to high-school treasurer, reduced to bribing judges with dinner parties and invitations to Hollywood "events," rejected yet confessing to the rhythm of thought in its naked and endless head as it proclaimed its new positive program for "Mourning in America," "Yes, yes, yes, like our patron saint Teresa Heinz Kerry, we too have a two-inch political penis, give us your money, give us your votes, give us THE POWER, we and we alone can promise you appeasement, defeatism, pacifism, penury, and death!,"

and rose reincarnate in the tattered rags of bluster  
and blabber in the goldhorn shadow of the ballot  
box and blew the suffering of America's lumbering  
liberals' lust for unearned power into an eli eli  
lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone bleat still  
pandering for the Jewish vote, as the people, no  
fools they, shivered the elite and blew them off  
again and again right past the last bus stop of  
democracy

with the absolute loss of political significance  
butchered out of their own body politic good to  
lose a thousand years.

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