

The president prays for the cameras

by Robin Cravey, 1984

St. Ron went down to the self-righteous hosts
to pray for the cameras and plead for votes.
And his head was cocked to the side, not bowed,
so the cameras could see his face, so proud,
and his silent prayer was a pledge he vowed.



“Oh, Lord, as I sit with my eyes shut tight,
I can’t see the teleprompter, my guiding light.
Even so, my American dream shines through
of a world bowed down to the red, white, and blue.
But there’s work to be done to make my dream come true.

“For the nations who owe their shirts to our banks,
let’s turn the old thumbscrews two or three cranks,
cause the huge corporations who own this land
need some tax breaks and rebates from Uncle Sam,
and some fat defense contracts to help them expand.

“For the hungry kids who must go without meals,
send a great heaping helping of capitalist ideals.
Send them prayers, oh Lord, in their public schools,
and hungry brothers and sisters from anti-abortion rules,
so their mothers will repent from acting like fools.

“For the Salvadoran soldiers who had their fun
between the legs of some weeping nuns,
then stopped their tears with a hot M-one,
there’s a stern moral lecture on what they’ve done,
and another big load of American guns.

““Oh, Lord, our Republican Party’s so grand,
it’s made us the world’s most talked-about land.
We’ve set our feet in the godly direction,
but to hallow forever our national erection,
we must be blessed with my re-election.

Amen”