



First Stones



Age of Selfishness



On What Planet ...



Take Back Control



PsychHology  
Engineering



# First Stones NewsLetters



## Poetry - A Peoples Poem

Foundation For my Second (write in campaign) Presidential Run so far into this Millennium (the first was in 2008, details to follow)



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### A Peoples Poem

(© 1980)

Democrats, its been  
Near four years since,  
I went to the peoples '77 inauguration  
To see the peoples President.

At that peoples inauguration,  
I heard the peoples say;  
They were going  
To spend  
My money  
On the peoples.  
Because the peoples need it.

I left that peoples inauguration  
With a Private headache.  
I headed for  
The peoples Presidential party.  
NOT my Party, but the peoples party.

At that peoples party  
I met the same peoples.  
They were (still) talking;  
About spending  
My money  
On the peoples.  
Because the peoples need it.

I left that peoples party  
With a private pain.  
I headed for  
The farm.  
NOT the peoples farm, but MY farm.

I picked up my hammer and sigh;  
To clear the weeds  
To build a new barn  
To be NOT filled  
With the grain  
From the cleared land.  
Because the peoples need it.

I dropped my hammer and my sigh  
And picked up my fishing pole and pen  
To write a poem - A PEOPLES POEM -  
Before I ever worked again.

She said:  
Because the peoples need it  
Is the only justification  
The peoples need

If this be true  
Let them clear the weeds.

Yet,  
I still don't fully believe it  
So,  
I think I'll return to that farm,  
To pick up my hammer,  
And finish building that barn.

And  
What will it take to convince me?  
Simple;  
If after doubling my efforts  
I have two empty barns  
Then...I'll leave...  
That GODDAMN farm.

Republicans, and so it goes  
Now near four years later  
In need of a rest,  
Before I finish erecting that barn,  
I plan to attend another yarn.

But  
Before I am accused of cynacism  
Let me say:  
I think it will be the same  
Though in a different way.

Somewhat like the way  
We narrow our brows  
At our grandparents wasting  
Of our nows.

Each time they changed  
The old worn out sish-boom-blahs  
To the promises

Of many new rah-rah-rahs.

But this time around,  
If we look closely,  
We will see our childrens' frowns.

And when they ask: Why...?  
Did you not see  
The forest fire  
In the trees.

Will we say?  
THEY did it AGAIN!  
Though they held the tune  
They changed the words:

WE are Republicans  
WE never die  
WE spell peoples  
C O U N

T

R

Y

Republicrats, though I could end it here  
I cannot stop  
Something emerges  
That could destroy the crop.

True  
The common weeds grow thicker  
As  
I build my barn  
But  
With these now, I can contend  
And fear no harm.

It is a distant sight that scares me.  
Besides those weeds against the grains,

There appears to be,  
Newer strains.

They have floppy leaves,  
Entangling shoots,  
And stubborn trunks  
On reddish roots.

Actually  
They are -I fear -  
Those ancient hybridizations,  
-Reemerging-  
With their blood thirsty roots  
Entrenched against eradication.

My only hope, is to hurry  
And  
To ask my pesticide suppliers  
To re-invent a new form of DDT.

One that will protect me  
From that still distant  
imMORAL MAJORITY.

Libertarians, Will it never end?

Yes,  
For me, thanks to you  
It has.

I watched your Satellite Celebrations,  
With Hope - that vapour Gold -  
Once again filling my lungs,  
With Pride and Revelations.

With that now,  
I read my future Almanacs  
Seeing smiles printed in farmers eyes

And Triumph stamped upon their backs.

They will plant their new seeds  
With a knowledge that is true:  
They are good farmers  
Boy! What a Harvest awaits '92!

But,  
Enough for now  
Its back to work.  
Afterall,  
Barns - Quite Unlike farmers -  
Do not erect themselves.

Gary D. Deering  
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