

DICK CHENEY

There he sat,
Lip twisted,
Eyes askance,
A dire tone in his voice,
Telling me the world would end
If we –

No, if “**I**”
– he wasn’t involved,
A real Pontius Pilate,
In not so many words,
In fact, in slickly veiled words
Meant to heighten my fear
And forget that he was ever there –

That the world would end
If “**I**” didn’t kill
A host of nameless,
Faceless,
Likely guiltless
Others ...

All in the name of an agenda
So hidden and masked,
Even the reasoned among us
Couldn’t find the entrance to the tunnel
Where the truth, enprisoned, had died
And been buried.