

War Wimps

Oh these testosterone squirts
in their big-talk dramas.
And our president,
who slithered in shadows
while his peers slugged
it out in Viet Nam.

Oh come on, George W.
This brave talk of backbone—
when you couldn't even handle
being a week-end warrior.

You never saw babies
shredded by shrapnel,
never bled on useless missions.
Yet, you talk the talk—
strut about in
stacked-heeled boots.

Big, bad George,
all swagger and thunder.
Captain of your gravy boat.
Sailing to your biggest blunder.