

DEMOCRACY IN MIDDLE AGE

by
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I'm headed to the kitchen
for beer and potato chips
when my sister calls

from Cincinnati, wants to know
if I felt the magic of the moment,
was excited to be a part of such history.

The Democrats are in Denver to call up a Black
man for the presidency
of these United States.

Three days ago, my doctor admonished
that cholesterol of 217 was ill
advised for a 46 year old

man 10 pounds overweight
and that I am overdue
for a prostate examination.

Sis, I know the history
of these white folks with their Willie
Hortons, hanging chads, swift boats and its no

way in hell he'll get elected. I just hope
the guy can stay alive
long enough not to regret it.

She chides me for non-belief and hangs up.
I take my favorite seat, turn up the volume
and await the Senator from Illinois.

Tomorrow, I will phone my physician.

08/28/2008