

Yukon Ruminations:

Great Fun for All in the Land of Sarah Palin's Joe Sixpack Alaska



A Collection of Political Poetry Musings

By Jennifer C. Wolfe

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BlazeVOX [books]

Buffalo, New York

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Printed in the United States of America

Book design by Geoffrey Gatza

First Edition



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A Collection of Political Poetry Musings

Bridge to Nowhere

Empty concrete bridge to nowhere:
Spanning miles of icy water,
Killed at the drawing table,
Before you had a chance to blossom:
The saddened pipe dream unfulfilled.

A filibuster; an economic earmark
Paid for by US mainland taxpayers:
Who have all of the bridges they could
Ever need, or want, or appreciate,
(Never mind, if they sometimes fall down).

Why begrudge Alaska one bridge?
Never mind that it not needed, or wanted,
Or even appreciated by Alaskans:
Except for those who snatch greedily at
Allotted highway dollars.

Field Dress a Moose

John McCain served time in a hellish Vietnam prison,
But can he field dress a moose?

George W. Bush made the US Presidency into a laughingstock farce,
But can he field dress a moose?

Laura Bush puts up with her longsuffering husband,
She ought to know how to field dress a moose.

Barak Obama can write intellectual poetry,
But can he field dress a moose?

Michelle Obama is a portrait of feminine cultural refinement,
But can she field dress a moose?

Joe Lieberman is a praiseworthy neoconservative turncoat,
But can he field dress a moose?

Karl Rove is a minion catapulting the undeserving into power,
But can he field dress a moose?

Dick Cheney can shoot his hunting companions in the face,
But can he field dress a moose?

Donald Rumsfeld sites Iraq wartime deaths as being untidy,
But can he field dress a moose?

Alberto Gonzales fashions torture concerns into confectionary fluff,
But can he field dress a moose?

Barbara Bush tells the unfortunate they are better off that way,
But can she field dress a moose?

I am Rambo-knife-in-teeth Alaska Governor Sarah Palin:
And I can field dress a moose.

Joe and Jane Sixpack

Joe and Jane Sixpack are average, everyday folk:
They have their home repossessed with all the others;
They watch their children cry their eyes out,
As the family pet is left behind at the animal shelter,
Due to lack of supportive finances;
They wait in line for food stamps
And to collect their unemployment checks;
They make due for five nights in a row
With cheese hot dogs boiled on a charcoal camp stove,
Or baked beans enjoyed underneath asphalt bridges
With the homeless US veterans;
They sigh as their vehicles are towed away,
From sorrowful lack of payment;
Those luckiest cram their families into one bedroom apartments,
As opposed to waiting in line for beds at the overnight shelter:
They walk everywhere—even the bus line absorbs too many
Of their too few dollars;

Joe and Jane Sixpack make three times less in one year, combined,
Than the GOP spent on Sarah Palin's RNC Convention wardrobe.

Governor Palin Speaks from the 2008 Presidential Trail

We came, we saw, we thunk,
And even though we stunk,
As badly as a skunk:
We came, and saw, and thunk.
You betcha'!
(Wink, Wink)



Wink

Wink and the Republican world winks with you:
Cry and you Democrats cry alone.

Wink and the FOX news franchise
Will fashion you into a lustrous media darling.

Wink and people will wonder
What glorious new endeavor you will propose.

Wink from behind square eyeglasses
And beautiful conservative men will find you desirable.

Wink as you hold an automatic machine gun,
And Democrats will think twice to question you.

Wink as you hand out moose chili for Christmas gifts,
Cast iron stomach gullets will thank you profusely.

Wink every chance you get:
Your neocon acolytes will eat it up.

When in doubt—wink.



Yukon Haiku

Icy Alaska,
Made for snow dogs to mush in,
Wagging eager tails.

Yukon Haiku Two

Inuit tribesman,
Look into bright, star filled skies:
Thoughtful, staid, and wise.

Yukon Haiku Three

Bridges to nowhere
Do not get off of the ground,
Or planning blueprints.

Yukon Haiku Four

RNC wardrobe
Does not belong to sad me:
Debutante for all.

Ya'! You Betcha'!

What's the catch-phrase of the day?
Ya'! You Betcha'!

It sounds better coming out of
A sturdy Norwegian Minnesotan's mouth
Than out of a female Alaskan Governor's
Thinly pursed, television camera-ready lips.

Ya'! You Betcha'!

Who I am and What I Want

I am the future of the Republican Party:
The anti-Hillary Rodham Clinton.

I am the future of the rabid political right:
Packaged smartly in \$150,000 clothes;
You won't find any sterile pant suits in my closet.

I am the future of the neoconservative faithful:
Proudly unapologetic of our intolerance:
I say what I want, when I want;
Staying on message is for sissies.

I am the future of the disgruntled elephant:
Transforming 2008 crushed disarray into
Hopeful 2012 White House potential.
Drop the balloons and look to me;
I will place the GOP on the path back to political glory.

That's what I tell myself, when I look in the mirror;
I believe it and you will, too.
How can you not? I am purely lovable,
In a snide, I approved this message way.
I am fresh, new, and conservatively vibrant:
Insults slide off my back and into permanent hostile memory.

I Love Everyone

Hello, I'm Sarah Palin.

I love everyone,
As long as they agree with me.

I love everyone,
Who can throw Rambo knives into red target bulls-eyes.

I love everyone,
Who believes in the demise of the Democratic Party.

I love everyone,
That believes in unbridled library censorship.

I love everyone,
Who despises terrorists like Bill Ayers.

I love everyone,
Lathering me with right-wing praise.

I love everyone,
Especially the ego-building FOX News crowd.

Hello, I'm Sarah Palin.

Take me lightly at your indiscretion:
For I am loved by individuals powerful enough
To label you an enemy combatant.

I'll blow you a faux kiss as you board the cargo plane to Gitmo.

Yukon Gubernatorial Ruminations

I don't pal around with terrorists:
I point shotguns in Bill Ayers' direction.

I don't read or write intellectual poetry:
I prefer Hallmark card verse written on
Spiral notebook paper stained with
Barbecue sauce from hot wings.

I don't listen to anti-American musicians:
You won't find any Bruce Springsteen albums
Amidst my patriotic cavalcade of compact discs.

I don't take no for an answer:
I don't have to; I can field dress a moose.

I don't worry over personal disparagements,
I am professional enough to call my detractors jerks.

I don't classify myself as a drag on the Republican Party:
I am its breath-of-freshness feminine Savior.

I don't lose sleep over botched television interviews:
Everyone knows Katie Couric is a liberal, Communist-inclined pinko.

I don't know or care about the Bush Doctrine:
I face Russia across the ocean from my balcony,
Which makes me as experienced a ruminant in foreign policy,
As viewing the moon from my window makes me an astronaut.

Three Cheers for a Bridge

Give me a B!
Give me an R!
Give me an I!
Give me a D!
Give me a G!
Give me an E!
Give me a T!
Give me an O!
Give me an N!
Give me another O!
Give me a W!
Give me an H!
Give me a second E!
Give me a new R!
Give me a final E!

Know what that spells?

B-R-I-D-G-E-T-O-N-O-W-H-E-R-E:

Actively solicited Alaskan earmark money
Cleverly disguised and refused as a nose wrinkled
In repugnance, when faced with disapproving onlookers.

Come Away with Me
(Some new spins on classic poetic verse)

Come away with me:
The best is yet to be.
The last of dashed political life,
For which the first was made.

Our early wilted flower,
Grows fragrant by the hour,
Magnifying its intolerant power,
Until everyone fearfully cowers.

Under the spreading Chestnut tree,
The village idiot stands.
But enough about George W.

Two roads converged in a wood and I,
I took the one travelling across a bridge to nowhere,
And that has made all the difference.

Not Quite Mary's Little Lamb

Sarah had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow;
But everywhere that Sarah went,
He was afraid to go.

He saw the moose heads on the wall,
And taxidermy grizzlies;
For when he saw her with her guns,
It gave him trembling willies.

So when he glimpsed her coming,
With some clippers on display,
He thought it was a taser,
And he fainted dead away.

He awoke the next morning,
Bare and hairless with no wool,
Frightened, sad, and contemplating:
Daily fear was so not cool.

Twinkle, Twinkle

Eyes sparkling with the promise of a new future:
One unburdened with the passions of liberals,
Where the elephant tramples the burrow,
And everyone re-polarizes their intolerance.

Eyes twinkling with self-perceived cleverness,
From behind square-shaped eyeglasses,
Beckoning the Grand Old Party faithful,
To be rabidly and unapologetically grand again.

Twinkle, twinkle, RNC star:
I don't wonder where you are,
I am waiting in the wings,
Contemplating angry things.

Joe the Plumber

Isn't Joe the plumber great?
Isn't Joe the plumber swell?
So what, if he doesn't file his income taxes,
He makes Republicans look good and feel proud!

Isn't Joe the plumber neat?
Isn't Joe the plumber cool?
He knows how to work hard at plumbing,
Who really needs a formal state's license!

Isn't Joe the plumber's bald head sexy?
Don't you want to see his plumber's crack?
He is a non girlie man American patriot,
Making chiseled frowns desirable!

Isn't Joe the plumber a golden GOP showpiece?
Doesn't he make your skin tingle?
He does mine, from pure revulsion.
What liberal discontent on my part!

I hope dear Joe the plumber realizes
His fifteen minutes of fame expired fourteen minutes ago.

The First Dude

Todd Palin as the First Dude?
I mean, did I miss something?
He would not have been a 2008 US President,
Or married to a 2008 US President, in the first place.
So where does everyone come away with
Calling him the First Dude?
A clever piece of media spin most likely hatched and
Instigated by wishful thinking FOX News minions.

I believe it to be also highly likely
Sarah Palin misinterpreted her position
On the 2008 Republican ticket,
Esteeming herself as the presidential figure,
She placed tired John McCain in her shadow,
Grasping at any conceivable straw or rock star
Window of opportunity to have everyone
Refer to her stagehand smiling husband as the First Dude:

Because, after all, that would make her
The First Dudette—I mean, the US President—right?

Perspective

The old moose moves amidst the leave-less stark trees,
His majestic antlers pointing toward the frigid gray sky,
His dark eyes have seen many seasons:
They have greeted warming springs and barren winters,
When a young bull, his antlers were covered in velvety
Fuzz as soft as the finest suede:

Now an elder statesman, the old moose looks down
Into a windswept, snow covered valley:
He has basked in nature's glory,
And stood the test of time against an unforgiving,
Icy backdrop laden with danger filled trails.
One solemn crack of a shotgun silences him forever.

The old moose lies still underneath the leave-less stark trees,
Their gnarled branches claw toward the frigid gray sky;
They are the silent mourners of the bloodstained glacier fallen.
What a great trophy that head will make, an excited voice cries.
Heavy boots stampede across the crunching snow.
We're going to have moose stew for supper tonight!

Shopping for Clothes

The entire family accompanies me, when I travel for the Republican Party;
We all shop for RNC clothes at pricey New York style venues.

Why should anyone care if we buy clothing off of the upscale designer rack?
After all, they should be used to the GOP throwing away fistfuls of dollars.

I really don't know what all of the disapproving fuss is about?
And I could really care less; this is my debutante ball and I'm going to look good.

My family is going to look good, too, standing on the patriotic stage beside me:
When the neocon spotlight shines, clothing dollar signs drop away.

I cannot ascertain why liberals are so disgruntled over shiny new clothes?
I suppose their dwindling paychecks have made them spiteful.

I have a suggestion for them:
Go shoot a moose—you'll feel better and I'll even field dress it for you.

Ted Stevens

Alaska Senator Ted Stevens:

That problematic enigma,
Who threw away a distinguished political career,
For a shiny Char-Broil grill atop a fancy new deck.

How far the formerly mighty have fallen,
Or have they? Alaska residents are too frozen to care
If Ted Stevens gets a well-deserved, handcuffed ride
To the federal penitentiary designated as his new home.

GOP party faithful have convinced them Ted is a good guy,
Despite his being convicted of seven felony bribery counts:
The commute from his prison cell to the Alaska statehouse
Might prove somewhat difficult, however.

A Visit to the Library

Here comes Governor Palin!
Are we ready for her library visit?

Let's go down our iron fisted checklist, shall we:

A little girl dressed in a freshly pressed skirt and blouse,
Holding a bouquet of scented wildflowers,
To curtsy and present as a welcoming gift;

A handful of black sharpie markers in a metallic cup,
To redact unsuitable passages from children's books,
Until they resemble documents released for viewing by CIA;

A desk telephone with a speed-dial setting
To the US Attorney General's censorship office,
Courtesy of the USA PATRIOT ACT;

Plastic red landscaping flags,
To place amidst the crowded library stacks,
Indicating where all suspect or undesirable materials sit;

A newly-sharpened pair of scissors,
To cut away words, or phrases, or sections,
Found unsavory, or unthinkable, or unpatriotic;

An industrial sized wheelbarrow and an able bodied workman,
To remove all of the objectionable books from the shelves,
Where they are summarily wheeled out of the library;

An outside line of forty gallon steel drums,
Filled with wood and lighter fluid—aim and flames at the ready
To dispose of the wheelbarrow's delivered literary wares:

What a grand and glorious bleak landscape,
Straight from the literary pages of Fahrenheit 451!

Here comes Governor Palin!
We are ready for her library visit:

Just smile, and wink, and enjoy the scent of burning paper.

Governor Palin Addresses her Brother-in-Law

So one of you good old Alaska Trooper boys
Thinks you can just toss away my sister,
In a thoughtless and chauvinistic divorce, eh?

You think you can sit back with your cronies,
Down a few uncaring six packs of beer,
And drink to being free from the old ball and chain, eh?

Well, I've got some news for ya'—you betcha':
You're a jerk and a scumbag, who forced my sister
To call me, venting, in the middle of the night:

How dare you disturb my beauty sleep, with petty
Family problems that could easily have been avoided,
If you were half of the man you claim to be.

So you are out of there, dear ex-brother-in-law:
You are fired, dismissed, law enforcement history;
And don't get cocky—if your supervisor
Refuses to can you; I can get rid of him, too!

No one divorces my sister and gets away with it:
Not without some form of scorned, sanctioned retribution;
Not while I am the Governor of Alaska!

Northern Lights

Look into the clear Alaskan evening sky,
Shimmering with the light from a thousand stars, that glow
Like precious jewels against a velvet black tapestry:

Stark white, green, gold, and lavender hues arise
From the northernmost corner of the frigid night:
Irretrievable floating mists comparable to the substance
Of cotton candy—melting with outstretched human interaction.

The vibrant, seasonal morphing colors represent
An open page across a midnight sky's notebook:
Filled with nature's wondrous cursive writing.

So What?

(Governor Palin Addresses her Critics)

OK, so my Democratic Party opponent can belt back a Scotch;
I can guzzle an entire six pack of Grain Belt beer.

OK, so my 2008 running mate was a noble war hero:
I can be every bit as noble as he is; all I have to do is smile and wink.

OK, so Nancy Pelosi is the first woman US Speaker of the House;
I can shoot and field dress a moose.

OK, so anti-American television news pundits smear my good name;
I would like to see Anderson Cooper or Lou Dobbs stand up to a snarling grizzly.

OK, so I don't really stare Vladimir Putin down from my balcony;
I can still see Russia from my back door.

OK, so I blacklist children's library books I don't like;
What is the big, anti-American hullabaloo?

OK, so I label my selfish detractors as jerks on national television,
That is every bit as professional as an Ann Coulter tirade.

OK, so I'm not Nancy Reagan;
I can still be the power behind, above, below, and in front of the throne.

OK, so liberals despise and detest me;
So what?

Drill, Baby, Drill

Look to the far Alaskan horizon,
Bobbing oil well derricks as far as the eye can see:
Scattered across the frozen landscape,
Like the black pieces to a giant, snowy chess board.

They produce the precious black crude,
That is the Alaskan economy's life blood:
Providing a solid basis for the lower forty-eight
To free themselves from foreign oil dependence.

The offshore oil platforms gleam in frozen sunlight,
They are shiny and beautiful—almost mythical:
They encompass the future of breaking OPEC's stranglehold;
Proudly keeping us on the fossil fuels straight and narrow.

Erecting oil pipelines inside the Alaskan National Forest
Is the grandest of booming economic (pipe) dreams:
Does anyone really need beauty, for beauty's sake alone?
When we can have the beautiful wealth produced by black gold.

Let's make Alaska a modern geologic showpiece,
We must allow it to embrace its manifest destiny,
Our financially ordained mantra is clear and shrill:
Drill, baby, drill!

Polar Bears Need Love Too

Fuzzy white polar bears:

First, they are protected as endangered;

Next, they are left out in the cold as unprotected.

Happy white polar bears:

First, they are isolated amidst their Arctic lair;

Next, they are floating on globally warmed ice floes.

Confused white polar bears:

First, they are sought out by curious, admiring onlookers;

Next, they are shot and hunted, for wandering too close.

Angry white polar bears:

First, they nurture their cubs in self-sustained frozen privacy;

Next, they find themselves darted and their cubs off to the zoo.

Fuzzy white polar bears:

First, they are left out in the cold as unprotected;

Next, they are extinct.

The Ingredients for Governor Palin's Political Moose Chili

1 part spite, 1 part intolerance, 1 part self-righteousness,
1 part arrogance, 1 part intellectual skepticism,
1 part derisive laughter, 1 part cheesy Fargo rhetoric,
1 part self-grandeur, 1 part condescension,
1 part hypocrisy, 1 part censorship, 1 part megalomania,
With a few lighthearted winks thrown in for good measure.

Bake in the heat of carefully engineered hate and fear mongering,
Until polarization has been perfected into a savory au jus.

Serving size: All who support rabid neoconservative fanaticism.



Don't Blame Alaska

Don't blame Alaska, if our Governor
Stumps for a pricey bridge to nowhere,
Then turns around and heralds
She stood against it, from the very start.

Don't blame Alaska, if Ms. Palin
Takes black magic markers and scribbles
Across children's library books,
With the zeal of a redactor on steroids.

Don't blame Alaska, if her Governorship
Shouts Drill, baby, Drill and touts ravaging
New oil deposits wherever she desires,
Unbalancing nature's delicate balance.

Majestic bald eagles still fly high above,
Whales still blow their watery breath of greeting,
Baby seals still curl into trusting, sweet
Ambassadors of unconditional love.

Nature, ice, snow, glaciers, wind, and cold
Combine with hardworking, rugged state residents
And hardworking, wisdom-filled Native tribes:
We are the real Alaska—not our winking Governor.

Wild and Beautiful

We all want to be wild and beautiful:
Not the sheltered wallflowers no one asks to dance.

We all want to reach for the very best life has to offer:
Not to be stuck with strings-attached optimism our leaders ladle out to us.

We all want to feel as though we are valuable contributors:
Not the scorned populace looked to, for Wall Street financial bailouts.

We all want to be able to trust our lawmakers,
Not watch them break every promise, as they assure us it is for own good.

We all want to be wild and beautiful:
Not the sheltered acolytes no one takes to the Alaskan ball.



A Day in the Life of Sarah Palin

Boom! Did you see that?
I shot the alarm clock off the bed table in one shot!
Time to get up.

Don't get cozy in the shower, Todd,
And that's Madam Governor to you, sweetie:
Don't make me remind you again.

Ah—there's nothing like the feel of fresh snow
Whizzing by one's face as they snowmobile
Across ice trails to the Alaska statehouse.

Time to go to work:
Let's snatch at every available earmark dollar,
With the official position we refuse them all.

Time to weigh important legislation:
We can decide where, when, and how
We want to drill for new deposits of oil.

Lunch time:
I think I have time to swing by the local library
And check on the new, no-questions-asked librarian.

Back to the statehouse:
More important legislation to consider,
Like how to spin this bridge to nowhere debacle.

Ah—there's nothing like the feel of more snow
Whizzing by one's face as they snowmobile
Back across ice trails to the Wasilla family homestead.

Down to the basement, to fetch frozen moose chili:
Everybody to the table! Dinner!
Then to the family room to watch me on SNL.

Commercial break—boom! Did you see that?
I shot Barak Obama's face off of the TV screen in one shot!
Time to go to bed.

Todd, remember to pick us up a new TV tomorrow:
And it's still Madam Governor to you, sweetie;
Don't make me tell you again (groan).

Caribou Barbie

What do we see reflected by the frozen Klondike sunrise?

Is it a superhero? Unclear.

It's Caribou Barbie—straight from the Alaska statehouse:

Her mortal name is Sarah Palin.

Caribou Barbie can survive in a frozen wasteland.

Caribou Barbie can snowmobile for hundreds of miles.

Caribou Barbie can mush a dog sled team along the Iditarod.

Caribou Barbie can fashion maple syrup from raw tree sap.

Caribou Barbie can reject all coveted state earmark monies.

Caribou Barbie can encourage, then scorn, a bridge to nowhere.

Caribou Barbie can build igloos on a veneer of icy polarization.

Caribou Barbie can censor library books with a snide glance.

Caribou Barbie can speak Fargo like a trained professional. (You betcha'!)

Caribou Barbie can spear Salmon swimming upstream.

Caribou Barbie can field dress a moose.

What do we see reflected by the chilled Yukon moonlight?

Is it a superhero? Hardly.

It's Caribou Barbie—delivered to households all across America

By fawning, star struck FOX News media pundits:

Her mortal name is still Sarah Palin.

Jennifer C. Wolfe grew up in Minnesota and studied Creative Writing and Poetry at Century College in White Bear Lake, where one of her poems "If" appeared within the Spring 2008 *Student Lounge* literary magazine. Her poetry has appeared previously with BlazeVOX in the form of a published e-book: *Kick the Stones: Everyday Hegemony, Empire, and Disillusionment*, October, 2008.