

“WHO KILLED JOE PATERNO?”

By J. H. Johns

Who killed
Joe Paterno?
Were there guns and bullets,
were there rogues with knives-
were there lies on top of lies?
Who killed
Joe Paterno?

Who killed
Joe Paterno?
Was the plan a big secret?
Were there drugs and shady guys-
men dressed up in suits and ties?
Who killed
Joe Paterno?

Who killed
Joe Paterno?
Did they make him their target?
Was he taken by surprise?
Did he run and try to hide?
Who killed
Joe Paterno?

Who killed
Joe Paterno?
Was his killer his regrets?
Did he truly recognize
that his actions were unwise?
Who killed
Joe Paterno?

Who killed
Joe Paterno?
Did he hope we'll all forget?
Yet,
at the end,
did he cry,
moments before his death?
Who killed
Joe Paterno?

“FACE DOWN IN THE BUSHES”

By J. H. Johns

You were in the bushes,
face down,
about three blocks
east of the site;

there, you were covered,
sheltered
by the low-growth evergreens
in that triangular swatch of park;

I turned you over and found
that you had not faded
or otherwise fallen apart;

you told me that you were
David Rimington,
President,
of the Boomer Esiason Foundation;

your office
was on the 101st Floor
of One World Trade Center-
you even told me how to call you-
though, I was sure that you wouldn't be there;

I looked at you
and was amazed
that you had survived the cleanup
which had been so meticulous,
leaving the streets spotless
and free of the debris

it's a wonder
they missed the park;
maybe they were
in too much of a hurry
to pull back the branches
where they would have found
you and your friends;

oh, no,
David,
you were not alone
in your sanctuary;

there were others;

an eight-and-an-half by eleven photograph
of a black tie affair;
a page out of a desk calendar-
February 11th, I believe it was,
and a pair of women's shoes;

no, you were not alone,
but only you had a name-
on your business card-
only you had a definite place,

to only you could I talk
and wonder and ask-

David Rimington-

where are you?

“Life After Politics- John Edwards”

By J. H. Johns

I got pretty far-
pretty damn close-
to becoming President;
your President;

your
Commander-in-Chief;
Rielle’s
Commander-in-Chief
(I’d really like that!);

but I didn’t,
and now,
I’ve got to find
something to do;

I thought about
hooking up with
Spitzer and Sanford;

I don’t know;
maybe form a law firm,
a rock group-
a blues trio;

then, again,
I’ve made enough money,
maybe I could just spend
the rest of my life,
being in love;

but you know;
that sounds more complicated
than getting a bill passed
in Congress;

I've also thought about
being in charge of
"Planned Parenthood;"

yeah,
I could give them
some good advice-
even help them produce
some videos;

of course;
fatherhood has some pitfalls,
some entanglements-
and then there are those
damned responsibilities;

little snot-noses
that get in the way
of what really means something in life-

like being important;
like being in power;
like being admired;
like being looked up to and at-

like meeting beautiful women in bars...

"PATERNAL GENETIC DRIFT"

by J. H. Johns

TOL LWO WAW
CPH LGA BUF
MLU LGB HNL
ITO HIR GUM
OKA HNL LGB
BUF

END