

## Ode to Amy

To where has integrity fled?  
The cow of Dharma is stood on her head

When our supposedly pinnacle best  
the very arbiter of our Highest Justice  
becomes our self-serving worst and proclaims

You bet I want to sit supreme on that court  
for the entire rest of my life  
Who cares how I get it?

Who cares the manipulator may lose next week?  
Would I get it then?

And he and our august, corrupt senate chime in  
Who cares the block we last wove?

Then we obstructed  
Now we railroad  
Whatever it takes

If you have control abuse it  
They'd do the same

And in quiet, unspoken  
world-polluting unison  
they all yowl together

Who cares about the people, honesty or the world?  
All that matters are control and power

All that matters  
is by any means  
I win