

## **“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 101<sup>st</sup> 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 11<sup>th</sup>, 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