

A Plea and a Promise

Election day has come and gone—
 And gone, too, are my hopes;
For Fate gave me a final punch—
 And knocked me through the ropes.
My chances and my pocketbook
 Together went to smash;
And so I'm out of politics—
 And, also, out of cash.
Old Winter's knocking at my door;
 And in the dismal dawn
He whistles through the keyhole: "Son,
 Where has all your money gone?"
And when I open not to him,
 He rattles at my sash
And shrieks: "Your bills are overdue;
 You've got to raise some cash!"
Kind friend, if you will come around
 And pay your meager score,
I pledge my word to you I'll be
 A candidate no more.
My head has felt the fist of Fate,
 My back, Misfortune's lash;
I need your sympathy, good friend—
 Likewise, I need your cash.
From this day forth I'll minister
 Unto my neighbor's ills,
Nor meddle much with politics—
 I'll simply pedal pills;
I'll try to serve all faithfully—
 This is no promise rash.
So come around and shake my hand—
 And leave a little cash.

by James Ball Naylor