

Torn Between Two Devils

On this day, we mortals of this part of Earth pledge loyalty:
Whom among our ranks shall be dubbed royalty?
Once it was only after five years full we were asked,
but now this is becoming a more regular task.
Which devil shall reign over me, over you—
the viper in red, or the python, in blue?
For months I've suffered their temptations:
My leisure-time pleasure assaulted by pitches;
and my peace laid siege by their ambitions.
Both promise to deliver veritable Wonderlands,
but on details, quite short, are all their great plans.

The red fiend is neatly trimmed, elegantly attired.
With a smile from the heavens and Pharaoh-like posture,
his presence demands attention and words command belief.
He tells tales of how the other is selfish, corrupt and 'teef'.
Here, in our very land, he traces direct lineage,
excusing his leaving for new careers and marriages.
His tongue is made of the finest Elizabethan silver.
He can take beast droppings and convince you they're ginger.
The compassion he expresses for the poor leads one to conclude
that thinking this crimson saint had ill-will was quite rude.
Before leaving, the selfless visionary delivers a token of good will:
for at least one day, my desolate pocket was glad for friendly fill.

It was not two days after sealing our fate in blood,
that the indigo trickster suddenly became loud.
All day in our hood this opportunist stayed around,
with locks looking like they ought be stamped to the ground.
He did all the things that would make a wretch look cool:
played cards, smoked herb, shot hoops—believing us fools.
He too, on a constituency map, chose to show
where, in our neck of the woods, he did grow.
No fancy words or 'first-world thoughts' came from this youth.
He wore neither designer brands nor high-class suits—
he was grassroots! He described the other one as elite and aloof:
'Engaged now, yes, but after victory...? Just poof!'
Before leaving, the blue-coloured champ left a little treat;
It was enough for rice and beans *and* meat!

These two Caesars make my choice extremely tough.
Who shall I crown and who should I huff?
Great God please bless me with Solomon's wisdom
that I may see who's fit for this earthly kingdom.
Should I take a sword and cut the baby in half
so that neither one gets the last laugh?
Should I wait till that morning comes,
and choose the one who best meets ransom?
And does it even matter who wins,
if both are prisoners of their sins?
Why should *my* act alone be the one of virtuous nature?
I too should 'get mines' in this rare time of nurture!

So today, when I walk into the poll,
I choose the one willing to pay the toll.
And don't dare give me lecture, shade, or grief.
How would *you* choose wisely between two teef?

Shane Williams