

# The Economy Before Christmas

*a poem by Doug Richards 11/19/2008*

'Twas the week before Thanksgiving and the Big Three were hurtin.  
The economy was tanking and with disaster we were flirtin.

Unemployment was higher and Bush's polls were so low  
And the banks had lined up with their hands held out for dough.

The capitalists were all crying and none had good cheer,  
Troubles too great to be washed away, by any amount of beer.

Such scurrying, such a clatter as they all jockeyed and harped.  
All industries lobbying to slide under the TARP.

Of course there were banks, and insurance companies who knew,  
The auto companies and GE, were pushing to get in line too.

On the job and to the rescue, checking their lists often,  
Uncle Hank and Uncle Ben hoping the blows to the economy would soften.

It was an epic mess of such size and unprecedented scale  
Which lead to enormous woes and Wall Street's fire sale.

Up on the Hill Senator Dodd and Representative Frank were amiss,  
Concerned that Seven Hundred Billion Dollars down the drain had been pissed.

Relief for overextended borrowers or consumers seemed anything but clear,  
While retailers cringed as shoppers clutched their wallets in fear.

Yes Christmas was coming and the prospects for the holidays seemed bleak.  
Couldn't something else be done before these troubles peaked?

Then there was a voice so small and so pure,  
Coming from a child it was steady and sure.

If you play only to win, then you shouldn't play the game,  
Enough crybaby capitalism if to you it's all the same.

Losing happens too, it's not just about the win,  
Bailing out the players only perpetuates the sins.

Failure is the best teacher and lets us learn from our pain.  
Bailouts today insure the same mistakes made again and again.

Through all of this, still we live in the greatest nation on earth  
This pain and suffering is the economy's re-birth,

From challenges ongoing and troublesome trials,  
We will emerge stronger, more vital, but it'll take a while.

Peace to you and those you love.

~ Doug Richards and Angie Bolton-Lyons (with permission)