Election Day

Ambrose Bierce (1842-1914)

Gary Bachlund

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Millions of voters who mostly are fools—demagogues' dupes and can-didates' tools, armies... armies of mountebanks, and

braying disciples of brainless cranks.

Many a week they've belowed like beeves,
bit-ter-ly black-guard-ing, ly-ing like thieves, li-bel-ing free-ly the

quick and the dead and paint-ing the new Je-ru-sa-lem red.

Ty-rants mo-nar-chi-cal-em-perors, kings,

prin-ces and no-bles and all such things—

No-ble-men, gen-tle-men,
step this way: There's no-thing, the De-vil ex-cep-ted, to pay,

and the freaks and cur-ios here to be seen are ve-ry un-com-mon-ly

grand and ser-e-ne. ser-e-ne.

No more with vi-a-ci-ty they de-bate, nor cheer-ful-ly crack the il-
logical pate; no longer the dull understanding to aid, the

stomach accepts the instructive blade,

Nor the stubborn heart learns what is what from a

revelation of rabbit-shot; and vilification's flames—behold!
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Hands no longer delivering blows, and

noses for counting, arrayed in rows. Walk up, gentlemen-

nothing to pay-the Devil goes back to Hell to-

...Hell today. Election Day!

circa 3' 50"