

Two Scoundrels For The Price of One

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America is most embarrassing at present. But, from what I've read, candidates within the first 100 years of our country acted in raw fashion to their opponents. Those battles knew nothing of PC=political correctness. Ridicule prevailed as the norm when contending for public positions.

Dirty campaigns are well over 200 years old. In 1800, President John Adams' men called Vice President Jefferson "a mean-spirited, low-lived fellow, the son of a half-breed Indian squaw, sired by a Virginia mulatto father." As the slurs piled on, Adams was labeled a fool, a hypocrite, a criminal, and a tyrant, while Jefferson was branded a weakling, an atheist, a libertine, and a coward.

Research at will – you'll not be disappointed.

In our times, with the global and not-so-global village, looking and listening in, Americans fight against the urge to cringe. We are committed to our candidate of choice no matter what truths or slanderous assertions they make. On either side of the neighboring political fence, the taking sides and supporting must go on. Sound bytes, dusty video footage, email leaks and interviews arise, and we go on deeper and deeper.

Americans desire what they cannot have – a third party candidate. We want at least one savior with no messianic delusions. In times of the push and pull Republican vs Democrat frontrunners, Americans not wishing for either, find themselves caught once again with only one vote to cast.

Independents wish to make their little votes amount to a resounding statement of strength in numbers that must be reckoned with. But, those of that camp feel the numb realization of throwing away their vote, too. For the sake in part, of principal, this is done. Also, as that rough grain of sand indirectly produces a single beautiful pearl in a clam shell, independents believe they hold their single, yet valuable vote, safely protected or captive from the two big political parties.

When and how the three party system will emerge and stabilize is only to be found in a gypsy's magic crystal ball – one who is not registered to vote – otherwise, no doubt such discernment would get tainted by opinion and bias.

I feel the tug, as many do, to leave the two scoundrels alone. My grain of sand, which makes me me, wishes to join the others who wait in sheltered darkness at the bottom of the sea. Clocks tick, tides ebb and flow like endless election cycles. I yearn to taste the salt water when my shell is finally cracked open.

DEDICATED TO GRUMPY VOTER ANDREW H.

