

Seekers of Wisdom and Truth:

You people are all deeply disturbed. The results of this survey have thus far yielded the following implications:

1. The closer one lives to Utah, the less saintly the Church of Latter Day Saints appears to be.
2. It's impossible to make too much fun of the current crop of Republicans (but I'll try).
3. Curiosity about matters medical runs low in this group, but domestic squabbles are prized, the bloodier the better.
4. A song celebrating the titans of Wall Street is as likely to be a hit as one that probes the circumstances surrounding the violent death of a family pet.

I would go on delving into the tea leaves that are your tallied votes but my Muse is calling with suggestions on how to compose the winning title, "Logic and the Mormons." Those who detect an echo of *Highway 61 Revisited* get a gold star.

Logic and the Mormons

One day Joe Smith was chatting with the Lord
As he often did when jobless Joe was bored
He was bitchin' about his wife again
The Lord grew tired of the old refrain
He said to Joe, "I won't call it a sin
You wanna hundred wives? Consider it done."
Joe said, "Do you care if I like 'em young?"
God said, "Just collect cash from everyone."

With God on his side, Joe still had a problem:
To convince his peeps of his rights to harem.
Maybe a letter from God? Layin' it all out,
On leaves of gold, to give the words clout.
"I'll read the pages from the bottom of a hat
To a stenographer with the brains of a cat.
We'll declare the new gospel a PS from the Author:
Now when I see a young girl, I know I can boff her."

One awesome trait of the Mormon Jehovah:
The old boy knows when the party is ovah.
He kept black folks out for as long as He could
Then He flipped his race card like it was all good.

But there is one tenet on which He is strict:
You pay to play, or you'll never sit
In a gated paradise that's exclusively kept
For the wacky adherents of one Joseph Smith.

Before any LDS faithful can load a gun, rhetorical or real, please be advised that the Pontiff is an equal-opportunity offender (EEO). The following ballad should enlarge the number of people put off by my verses, but I am compelled to follow the wishes of my cadre of followers and compose away.

Newt Cans Calista, Declarin' I Been Pining for Palin

As klieg lights reflect off your silky French braid
I reflect on the joy of cutting all foreign aid.
The white of your teeth match the white of your pearls;
You love America, just as I hate the world.

It's so hard being a Super-Intellectual
I had to fire my first wife as ineffectual
Having cancer like that was dimming my light
I needed fresh blood to fight the good fight,

Why I canned number two is sort of a mystery
Having to do with my love of old history.
I just have a thing for names that are Roman.
I met Calista and could think only of bonin'.

But that's over now, Hon, I can move to Alaska
About the divorce, don't worry, I'll ask her.
I want to be your little moose shooter
You with an Uzi: what could be cuter?

Darling, we two share the same ideals:
Turning notoriety into huge book deals!
On one book, you and I will make a pile
"Hypocrisy, Newt & Sarah's American Lifestyle."

The current campaign must be so gratifying for Newt as he can look down on every other candidate with utter disdain, which is his preferred posture on all personalities and issues. Newt reminds me a lot of Pat Buchanan in that he is a nouveau patrician who abhors the soiled classes that provide the bulk of his support. His greatest nightmare would be to be trapped in perpetuity with his acolytes. But enough of politics. There were just as many votes for falling-out-of-love songs, such as "Indigestible You."

Indigestible You

When I took you to the opera you said it was too loud
When I flew you to the Derby you didn't like the crowd
In Paris, it was too much rain.
As for Portugal, it wasn't Spain.
Moscow was cold and stupid;
Egypt was old and humid;
Across Africa you pretend to have the flu;
What does it take to propitiate indigestible you?

We go out for Chinese, you order food in Russian
In front of the priest you wouldn't stop your cussin'
At parties you're randy
And drink all the brandy.
When you start shooting Scotch
You grab for your crotch
Like it's the natural thing to do.
How do I endure the allure of indigestible you?

If I sailed us out to sea
And you went missing in the dark
How deep my remorse would be:
Eating you would kill the shark.

I'll miss your little pranks and funny, running gags
Like wrapping my head in an old dry-cleaning bag.
Or giving away my clothes
To indigent Eskimos
Or when urinating
On our family painting
While emitting howls heard in Katmandu:
What a blast I finally passed indigestible you.

Ah, love. No other subject has inspired so many lyrics. And so it is with our winning song titles, the last of which tells a tale in itself:

I Know I Broke Your Heart But Please Don't Bleed on My Carpet

You shoulda called before coming over
You know that I'm well armed.
When I saw you kneeling behind the sofa
I kinda lost my mind.

I only shot you twice, you lug,
Stop bleating like a little lamb.
And you'd better get off my rug
Or I'll shoot you twice again.

I can't tell you how annoying
I find your persistent cloying.
I know I broke your heart but
Please don't bleed on my carpet.

You can can it with the cryin'
Cause I ain't givin' back the diamond.
I know I broke your heart but
Please don't bleed on my carpet.

Next time tape a note on the door
Or text me if you must
Look, you're dripping on the floor!
Why must you make a fuss?

This dropping in just has to stop
I only wish you'd brought a mop
I know I broke your heart but
Please don't bleed on my carpet.

Well, those were our winners as of today. Weirdly, all but 5 titles received some recognition from our illustrious panel, demonstrating once again the rich diversity of Nature. – Jackson Hogen, November 28, 2011