

The Intern's Lover

A youth she went to Washington, to power's centre drawn,  
An intern on the White House staff, a staffer on the lawn.  
Bill saw her then, a troubled girl, and from a broken home.  
He said, "I know that sorrow's share. I'll not leave her alone."

Alone they were, or not perhaps, we cannot say what is,  
Or was indeed, or who was touched, or what she saw of his.  
Yet she came on to him, it seems, while Congress, on the line,  
Kept public business bustling midst merriments sublime.  
The Chief worked hard above the desk, but down below the waist,  
She'd seen enough to swoon, and say, "Oh marry me in haste!"

But Bill *was* married, more or less; divorce he couldn't see.  
His country kept him duty-bound, and so did Hillary.  
The Intern had to hide her love, covert, behind the scenes,  
In private trysts, and bookish gifts, and answering machines.  
But even so, those in the know, as they in fear looked on,  
Gave her the slip, with Linda Tripp, into the Pentagon.

Kind Linda was her confidant, an honest friend and true.  
And she, in turn, had many friends, of varied party hue.  
With all she shared her secret tales, and so a secret tryst  
Contrived to put the Intern's name upon a witness list.  
A list a' building since the day when Bill, in Little Rock,  
Another troubled soul had by the state police been brought.

But Bill now had his troubles too, and called for Vernon's aid,  
And Vernon called his business friends, and soon a plan was made.  
The Intern's walls were closing in, her White House welcome worn,  
Her gifts returned, her lover spurned, her affidavit sworn,  
She set her sights upon New York, but ere she could go far  
Her growing fame had caught the ear of earnest Kenneth Starr.

Bill had a family to protect, so, finger in the air,  
He swore an oath the Intern's love was none of his affair.  
He swore it so to staff, and press, and cabinet without fail,  
But righteous pique, and timely leak, kept Ken Starr on the trail.  
The case went on for many months, until the final clue  
Turned up through selfless Linda Tripp - a dress of (mostly) blue.

At that, Bill thought, perhaps he should revise what had been said,  
His words, while true, upon review, now seemed to have misled  
The public and the White House staff, the courts and friends as well,  
But his family first and foremost, on whom our thoughts should dwell.  
(And dwell indeed, and not to let our wayward thinking reach  
Toward what the Constitution says of causes to impeach.)

But no. Said Newt, "This ill repute is sure to make us win,  
The coming poll, if we extol Bill's grave and gaudy sin."  
So he received the Starr Report, grim-faced, but open-armed,  
And swore upon the Sunday news that sacred trusts were harmed.  
Yet voters had their own ideas, and so, come mid-November,  
His caucus sent him packing home, marked with "return to sender".

A smarter boss might cut his loss. But in the G.O.P.  
They chose instead to forge ahead, and show for all to see  
That their party stood for public good, and so with wounded pride,  
They dropped the leaden Starr Report onto hapless Henry Hyde.  
He seized the mantle (dismissing his own youthful indiscretion)  
To defend the Rule of Law he called his panel into session.

At his behest, they meant to test if the oath that Bill has sworn,  
Had been a lie, and a crime most high, and a program to suborn,  
Or nothing more than an empty roar. The choice between the two  
Came to depend, at the weary end, on a vote 'twixt Red and Blue.  
Blue had the tools to decide the rules, so voted to impeach,  
And sent a corps to the Senate floor, for conviction to beseech.

And there played out a closing round, and cool heads had their day.  
They threw it out, without a doubt, and sent all on their way.  
The Intern leaves much as she came, a star-struck Valley girl,  
And Bill can help more troubled souls whom through his orbit swirl.  
And Hillary, the loyal wife, Bill's long co-resident?  
She plans to run, and then become, *elected* President.

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