

Last night was Pacifica's quietest "night before the Fourth" in recent memory, leading me to jot down this little poem:

The Night Before the Fourth

By Ian Butler

'Twas the night before the Fourth and all through the town,
not a creature was snorting or sporting a frown
from bombs that were blasted or sounds that kapowed
or from light beams a-lighting the frightening crowd.

No, the cats on the laps weren't a-shiver and shaking,
nor dogs in the closets a-quiver and quaking.
The silence was deafening and leading one to wonder
what's different this year: Why less bombing and thunder?

Had the task force assembled to tackle this mess
somehow successfully scored a success,
creating a culture where folks simply said
that they'd rather be safer and saner instead?

Or did something else happen that changed how we feel
about blowing stuff up and it's lost its appeal...
maybe we're just feeling down in the dump
...and taking the year off in protest of Trump!