

Ballad of Trent Lott

(This appeared in the Philadelphia Tribune (the oldest African American newspaper in the U.S.) as a letter to the editor on January 3, 2003)

I cry not for Trent Lott's timely disgrace
He stained our country and every race
His words were cruel as well as base
I'll not miss his hair or his disingenuous face

To applaud the Dixiecrats of '48
Sealed his political coffin and inevitable fate
And ensured that Strom Thurmond's 100th birthdate
Would remind us that bigotry was his true ingrained state

Now this '48 convention was Hubert Humphrey's finest hour
The Dixiecrats walked out because a platform offered power
To a people who had suffered every moment, every hour
As the little men walked out, HHH became a tower

What people say they really mean
Regardless of excuses or a spin or a screen
Philosophers have observed what is very right
Our past is our present without insight

For Trent Lott's dad was a drunk and a loser
And Trent Lott ran from this life with a boozier
But the words of his toast and his hate dressed as fun
Made it clear as a bell: like father, like son

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