

The Davids At The Bat

The outlook wasn't brilliant, for Curry in years past,
The coffers were near empty, and each year might be its last.
Some had gotten up and went, leaving here the rest,
with the hope that springs eternal, within the human breast.

If only new commissioners, could get a whack at this
If only new commissioners, could restore a state of bliss.
New commissioners did take their place, upon the mighty throne,
But many were just unable, and most lacked any backbone.

Then from Moore Street, there went up a joyous yell,
It rumbled in the mountains, and rattled in the dell.
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the beach,
The Davids were proclaiming: salvation was in reach.

The taxpayers wanted input, in what the plan should be,
But only at the deadline, would the Davids let them see.
A split rate property levy, the Davids said must be,
Lengthy discourse would follow, full of the pronouns I and me.

So every taxpayer waited, their ballots in the mail,
While the Davids touted that, their plan could never fail.
There came the count of ballots, the first time it was May,
And to the surprise of no one, the taxpayers said "no way".

Once more the Davids stalled action, until the very last,
And once again they talked to no one, as in the recent past.
Again they counted ballots, this time on a November day,
And again the voters shouted out, a deafening "no way".

Once more they tried to do it, this time how could they fail,
This time they asked for less, and then only for the jail.
Confident of victory, and expecting resounding praise,
They hired and promoted, for themselves a splendid raise.

They traveled up to Salem, they wrote to Congress in D.C.
But if they ever talked of savings, wasn't where we could see.
Again they counted ballots, this time late in the Summer,
And when the count was over, the outcome was a bummer.

Oh, somewhere on this coast of ours the sun may burn bright.
A band will be playing, and our hearts will be the light.
And folks will be laughing and children all will shout,
For the time has surely come, to throw the Davids out.