

A D L A I

He sits behind his country's name  
In the General Assembly Hall  
Ex-candidate of far-flung fame  
The nation twice refused to call

To be its Chief of State  
He sits, with troubled unsure hands  
Fondling his troubled head, irate  
At the charges and demands  
Debasing the whole debate

For he begged for calm and reason  
Courtesy and decorum  
To mark the Assembly season  
Speaking early, in this forum

He begged for moderation  
Lincolnesque, sad and grave  
Addressing every nation  
He begged them to behave

Yet some spoke of Cuba with passion  
Called the spade an American spade  
David-and-Goliath fashion  
And some spoke of the terms of trade

They spoke of China--Asian giant--  
Demanding sanity preside  
Disrespectful and defiant  
They hammered away at apartheid

They spoke of Angola and Mozambique  
And denounced a NATO member  
Of NATO napalm they did speak  
(And still will in December).

They spoke of thermonuclear tests  
Copper needles, space activities  
Of African leaders under arrest  
And preventive-war proclivities

They spoke of poverty and great wealth  
And the ever-widening gap  
They asked for literacy and health  
--All this in Adlai's lap!

He fondles his head, that noble dome  
And wishes to God that he was home  
ADA idol, now hapless delegate  
So-called liberal but morally delicate  
Champion of Freedom and Democracy  
(And a frequent flood of hypocrisy)  
This martyr broods and frowns and glooms--  
Debate in these exalted rooms  
Has become a chore, a bore, a drag  
It leaves him dirty as a kitchen rag  
(HOW the Afro-Asians nag!)  
Heaven help the American Flag  
In the hands of this exalted...Ambassador.