

# A PRESIDENTIAL SPEECH: Rehearsed Echoes Behind Bulletproof Glass

Before me sprawls a sea of statuesque, self-important souls,  
polished façades poised in pliant, scripted roles —  
anticipating the upcoming rhetorical performance  
with wily cynicism and willful wist.

In the spotlight, a colossal podium is yoked,  
an altar to ambition, draped in ambition's cloak,  
flanked by cameras, eager and unblinking,  
like a hungry flock of crows, ready to feast  
on a menu of cunning lies wrapped in well-crafted prose.

Secret Service guards stand around the podium  
eyes sharp while scanning conspicuously  
Behind a veil of glass, the president breathes—  
a calibrated breath, each inhalation guarded,  
skillfully masking any feeling of odium.

One sheet. One script.  
Dressed in silken grandeur, stitched with hollow promises—  
each phrase polished to a smooth sheen,  
every pause a trapdoor hiding practiced deceptions,  
each syllable another stone on the grave of spontaneity.

But deeper still, behind the podium,  
a trembling hand shakes, struggling to hold on.  
A small, silent confession hides from the gaze  
of the audience, shivering for a fleeting moment—  
the only honest thing near the dais.

Four friends sat in front of an old-fashioned television watching the president offering his state of the union address. Sam burped, then said cynically, "Typical. It's exactly what I expected—another grand circus. They're all just puppets reading from a teleprompter while the world burns. Honestly, why do we even pretend that anything said behind that glass actually matters?"

Terri ambivalently added, "I don't know, Sam. I agree that it feels staged, but there's something tragic about this, isn't there? It makes me wonder whether most politicians are even capable of being honest anymore. America feels like it's stuck in a loop that demands perfection and substance, but we've built a system that only rewards only rehearsed performances. It leaves me wondering if the 'truth' is just a casualty of being in power."

As hedonistic as ever, Kris commented, "You guys are killing my vibe. Who cares if anyone is lying? The show was great and the speech had a solid rhythm to it. I don't care about 'hollow promises.' Didn't the ceremony look cool? Did the crowd seemed posh? It was entertaining performance. That's enough for me."

Tim laughed, then said in a fake southern accent "Y'all are overthinkin' this big time. All them fancy words in this poem? Just sounds like some college-boy jabberin'. That guy behind the glass? He's just doin' what he's told so he can keep his fancy job. Don't matter if it's true or a lie—it's just noise. I'd rather be out workin' on honest blue-collar labor than sittin' managing a ton of bullshit at the top. Who gives a damn about a politician's nerves? They're all the same."

- T Newfields

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