

'Andrew Rixon – A life in poetry'

*A collection of poems by Richard J Stanley dedicated to our glorious leader,
President Andrew Rixon*

Poem I –

'Fierce and proud' -

President Rixon, fierce and proud,
There'll be no trouble when Andy's around,
Standing tall against his foes,
Crushing his opponents with terrifying blows,
President Rixon, he is the best,
He doesn't like to ride horses though,
President Rixon, he really is the man,
He'll use his giant fists to crush your can of Spam

Poem II –

'President Rixon – King of the pringles' –

Have you ever met a pringle that would dare defy me?
I am the president! You crisps will bow to me!
Do you think I cannot crush you because you are in a tube?
I could beat you easily and not even take a bruise,
I am the king of war studies, the president elect,
I'll cut your veins and drink your blood if rebellion I do detect!

Poem III –

'Can ya' spare a dime?' –

Can ya' spare a dime Mr. President for the hungry and the poor?
Get away from me you peasant! Get off my palace floor!
Can ya' send a rain cloud long to water our thirsty crops?
You ask too much you ungrateful swine! I'll crush you with my cops!
Can ya' tell us Mr. President why we're in rags and you in riches?
I'm the king of war studies and you're nothing more than witches!
Can ya' help us out instead of oppressing us with you army and your tanks?
I am Andy Rixon! Give me your taxes for I'm heading to the bank!

Poem IV –

'I lost my baby on the railroad blue' –

Cheese, cheese
Blue cheese, red cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese

I am Andy Rixon and I'm looking for some cheese,
 Where is the cheese?
 This is an electronics shop sir.
 I am Andrew Rixon. President Andrew Rixon.

Poem V –

'Soft life Stalin's moustache' –

Stalin's moustache (softly, softly)
 A snowflake falls covering the Urals with a blanket of white.

Poem VI –

'Green – my kinda' colour' –

Red and yellow and pink and blue,
 President Andrew Rixon's got his eye on you,
 Gold and silver and black and green,
 I'm the greatest leader there ever has been

Poem VII –

'You can call me President Andrew Rixon' -

'Sir' or 'Mr. President' simply won't do,
 If you're writing a letter to me from you,
 'Andy' or 'Mr. Rixon' I just cannot stand,
 In a letter of thanks written by your hand,
 To my friends I am 'Master' just like President Nixon,
 But to you I am the President, Andrew Rixon

Poem VIII –

'King of King's' –

Brought to power back in two thousand three',
 Tell me which mo-fo wants to mess with the pres-i-dent-ee?
 Yo and I command a squad of rock hard troops,
 We're gonna crush your spirits yeah with our jackboots,
 Yeah and I'm the boss of the war studies posse,
 Cross us holmes? You better leave town in a hurry,
 Oh we're the snap, I think you'll agree,
 President Andrew Rixon? Yeah that's me!

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 President Andrew Rixon, all hail President Rixon!

(Dorling Kindersley : London)