

Ode to Corporate Tax†

Sweet Corporate Tax we weep to see
You waste away so soon.
You spared the middle class from tax
And made our growth rate zoom.
Stay, stay!
For when your mighty boughs
Are cut from o'er our head
The shelters for the rich shall sprout
In the compost of your bed.

Fair Corporate Tax you fought our wars
and banked our social goals;
You kept the mighty moneyed class
Off the welfare rolls.
You die —
Your par'vane clogged
by econometric mush;
The stem that carried riches
stands hollow as a rush.

Tax pathogens give every tax
a brief and fearful spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
as us, or anything.

Goodbye.
You served your country well;
You made our taxes fair.
And as you glide into your grave
We weep, and some despair.

† Written by Michael J. McIntyre, 1981