

Re: Joyce

Sometimes I feel like Harry Potter – ‘cause my mother’s a wizard
She can walk on water... in a blizzard, across a dock
When I was a toddler, I must’ve thought I was a doggone otter
In the river, hoppin’ across logs that I was probably
Told not to cross, crossly, by my mom and probably
Double dared to cross by my dad, goading me on
But somehow I always knew that I was hardly in danger though
My mother’s love was like a guardian angel, so
My brother and I knew to come running out the thistle
When she’d put her fingers in her mouth a whistle
She *always* had the makings of a master business manager
They call me “master” too, but in fact I’m just an amateur
When I was a grad all I had was peace and quiet
While she lived in a house where she had to police riots
With three little kids, grilled cheese on the griddle
Fights to be settled, and a thesis in them middle
And somehow she still took home the Dean’s Medal
She still found peace, like a Japanese riddle
So what *is* the sound of one hand clapping?
It’s the sound of her political detractors laughing
It’s the sound of my dad tryin’ to practice rapping
It’s the sound of paradox – the definition of impossible
You need only consider it to get philosophical
Now raise your voice and get a little bit spiritual
Broke ministries pray for Joyce instead of a miracle
And I know her new staff is aware of inheriting
The same inherent magic that was there in her parenting
Why else do you think all of Victoria
Was so afraid to cross the will of the WALP Warrior?
But there’s no real reason for her to fear quarrel
A powerful sorceress surrounded by mere mortals
And this creates a weird sort of conflict, a contradiction
That refuses to resolve and confuses her competition
How can someone in such a strong position
Still remain the model of an honest politician?
No one knows exactly how she does it
Those who recognize it, proudly love it
While others doubt – those cowards rebuff it
Moses told us: “Thou shalt not covet”
But if you question me, the one exception should be:
“Thou *shalt* covet thy neighbour’s integrity”
‘Cause I often look to her when I need to better me
And I’ll never be shy when I meet someone on the road
To say that my mom’s the smartest woman I know

And lately I'm never home, but as I come and go
I always keep in mind my mother's government role
Especially when I'm strained and have to work all night
And I start to complain about my personal life
But this is Club Med next to her workload, right?
It keeps my introspective job in perspective
I've been ignored lots, but I've never been protested
By angry mobs who are not interested
In hearing where their taxpayer dollars have been invested
Especially when the opposition's doctrine has been ingested
Like cough syrup since the last provincial election
So I'll say it slow and simple, like I'm Robert DeNiro:
"My.....Mother's.....My.....Hero"
If I exaggerate you might think I'm a weirdo
But I believe she could work under the emperor Nero
And still bring the people heat when the temperature's zero
And still bring the people hope when they've been deceived
By everyone from government to industry
She even makes cynics suspend disbelief
When she makes friends with the business elite
And then still defends the people living in the streets
I'm just proud to be one of the limbs of this tree
But I'm never mad at her detractors, just sorry
'Cause Joyce's whole life has been a success story
I've never met anyone more destined for glory
I mean, look what she did when she was just in her forties
MBA, MLA, Cabinet Minister
Business Manager (though that almost finished her)
So I can't think of anyone in worse denial
Than the person who says she isn't versatile
The most impressive public figure that's emerged in a while
The Queen of the Fraser (our version of the Nile)
The stuff of legends, like Cleopatra
Able to achieve anything that she goes after
But you can see that she's her own ego's master
And that's a keystone on the path to enlightenment
A woman of action, passion, and excitement
Who never hides behind a mask of entitlement
And this is vital in this civic assignment
In this critical time, and this political climate
When the Liberal mind lives in a cynical environment
Joyce is our beacon of light, and we can shine it
On people at night, and they can seek and find it
And it's plain to see that she's patient and even-minded
And speaks respectfully to people, even when they've been blinded
By flagrant lies and propaganda machines

Sometimes it makes me want to throw my hands up and scream
But Joyce never seems vexed when she has her hands full
With each next crisis, or media scramble
She sees each challenge as a chance to lead by example
And this is why she's so badly needed by Campbell
'Cause she keeps her energy grounded and soft
Even when everyone around her is lost
So let's have a thunderous round of applause
For my beautiful mother, who's down for the cause
I wish I was there to hear the sound, but I'm not.

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