

Obama's Homosexual Encounter With 'Pop'

On this program, I'm going to depart somewhat from my usual programs on Bible prophecy and delve into another one of my interests, which is poetry. I'm also interested in music and sculpture as you know. Quite a few years ago, a young Barack Obama wrote a poem about a homosexual encounter which he had with a much older man. This man was either Stanley Dunham, who was his own grandfather, and therefore, this poem is as much about incest as it is about homosexuality. Or the older man was Frank Marshall Davis who was considered a mentor of the young Obama and he was, at the time, about 70 years old.

Barack Obama entitled his poem 'Pop' and he published it when he was a student at Occidental College. What's amazing to me is that in the discussion about gay marriage, no one ever looks into Barack Obama's past. Does his support for the homosexual agenda stem from an earlier homosexual relationship with a much older man as he himself describes in the poem 'Pop'. The media, it seems, have no problem looking into Mitt Romney's teenage years as a high school student; I guess Romney cut off a fellow student's hair once and supposedly that makes him anti-gay, at least that is what the media is suggesting. But they never look into Obama's past, especially on this particular issue.

There's no doubt that the media is employing a double standard. Of course I fully realize some will say this is just a poem and that this homosexual experience did not actually happen to Barack Obama. And there are some on the Internet who claim that Frank Marshall Davis actually wrote this poem and it describes a homosexual relationship which he had with some other teenage boy. In any event, the poem is fairly graphic. There's no mistaking what Obama is talking about and that's why I will not quote it on this video. If you are interested in reading it, you can do a simple search on the Internet under Obama's poem 'Pop', and you can decide for yourself: is his poem autobiographical? Was it written by himself? Is the character in it fictional? Or was it written by somebody else?

Pop

Sitting in his seat, a seat broad and broken
In, sprinkled with ashes,
Pop switches channels, takes another
Shot of Seagrams, neat, and asks
What to do with me, a green young man
Who fails to consider the
Flim and flam of the world, since
Things have been easy for me;
I stare hard at his face, a stare
That deflects off his brow;
I'm sure he's unaware of his
Dark, watery eyes, that
Glance in different directions,
And his slow, unwelcome twitches,
Fail to pass.
I listen, nod,
Listen, open, till I cling to his pale,
Beige T-shirt, yelling,
Yelling in his ears, that hang
With heavy lobes, but he's still telling
His joke, so I ask why
He's so unhappy, to which he replies
But I don't care anymore, cause
He took too damn long, and from
Under my seat, I pull out the
Mirror I've been saving; I'm laughing,
Laughing loud, the blood rushing from his face
To mine, as he grows small,
A spot in my brain, something
That may be squeezed out, like a
Watermelon seed between
Two fingers.
Pop takes another shot, neat,
Points out the same amber
Stain on his shorts that I've got on mine and
Makes me smell his smell, coming
From me; he switches channels, recites an old poem
He wrote before his mother died,
Stands, shouts, and asks
For a hug, as I shink, my
Arms barely reaching around
His thick, oily neck, and his broad back; 'cause
I see my face, framed within
Pop's black-framed glasses
And know he's laughing too.

-- Barack Obama