

After-Summit Low

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YOU DON'T HAVE to be there physically to pick up on the post-Summit blues that all of Trinidad is suffering today. (Tobago has for weeks been suffering the *pre-* and *post-Summit* and the

take-that-in-yuh-nen-nen-bitchslap-from-Mariano-Browne

blues.) You can feel that

je ne sais quois

after-exams letdown feeling quite up here in Christ Church. I suspect it is a TT-Diaspora thing, with all of us all over the world who felt some pride at having hosted the Summit also feeling down now that it's all over and it's back to vagrants masturbating or menstruating on Independence Square again. Pity Barack couldn't have stayed longer.

Pity, too, that he didn't bring Michelle. I would have made the trip to Trini if she was there. I love women who redefine beauty and that lady is one of the best; with one look at her, she makes everyone understand that beauty really does come from within.

Not that there's anything wrong with having some on the outside, eh; and she has that, too.

Come to think of it, the First Dog – what's his name? – should have gone to Trinidad, too. He would have done better than even Barack. Mind you, he would have increased the post-Summit blues level; there would be, all around the Savannah now, a bunch of pothound bitches with some presidential dog puppies on the way, and no Bo anywhere to be seen.