

# OUCH! Congressman Sisyphus



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by Reg Green

**Myths, we know,** are not to be taken literally.

No one in my family has ever doubted, however, that there once was a Mr. Sisyphus, fated to push a boulder to the top of a slope only to lose his grip at the last moment and see it roll back to the starting line. Keeping the kitchen clean is a daily corroboration that this is no Greek fairytale.

Just as the counters are spotless enough that you could confidently perform a heart transplant on them, so crumbs, plates with traces of marmalade, cups with vestigial portions of coffee appear, each one a reminder that the road winds uphill to the bitter end.

This past week has brought new proof. No sooner was one round of begging bowls for high-living politicians filled to the brim with widows' meager mites and orphans' pitiful

inheritances than they were back, empty and polished with spoons till they shone again.

Dickens did not paint a big enough target. Every American politician is saying it ceaselessly. " Please, sir (or madam) I want some more."

PS: Please forgive my obsession with politicians' insatiability. OUCH! promises to stop talking about it when they do.