

Poems in Honor of Tax Day

By Robert W. Wood



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In this tax humor article, Wood provides tax poems in honor of tax day.

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Tax Day

Tax, like fine wine, has a schedule, a time.
Deferring is good, tax-free is sublime!
Income or excise, gift or estate;
Pay not too soon, and pay not too late.
For if you are tardy, they slap on a fine;
And interest as well, come rain or come shine.
So on this Tax Day, sit back, take a breath;
It's done 'til next year, or maybe 'til death!

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On Tax Day we let out our own strangled cheer,
The economy falters, some might even sneer.
We made it this far, to Tax Day this year;
We're done until next time, both distant and near.

* * * * *

As mere tax advisers our job may seem small.
We advise about taxes, we serve clients all.
We do our utmost, in tax we stand tall;
We toil at our desks: summer, spring, and fall.
On Tax Day we sigh, with relief we may say;
"We filed every form, did our part in our way";
Put down your pencil, your keyboard away;
We made it to Tax Day, now on to May!
Here's hoping your life is calm and not taxing;
With few big assignments or e-mails or faxing;
We might go outside now, so better get waxing;
Or maybe a trip? Sans tax code, get packing.

* * * * *

As another Tax Day comes and goes with a sigh,
And the deficit looms up above us so high,
Returns and transcripts are the only real wealth;
They fill up our wallet, provide our good health.

On Tax Day this April may your blessings be many;
Your troubles be small, your tax just a penny.
Here's to audit-free living for all you hold dear;
To tax bills so low you'll be full of good cheer.

* * * * *

Tax Day is upon us, best day of the year;
For all of us tax nerds, we hold this day dear.
It is nearly religion, returns far and near;
Just like the North Star, we use them to steer.
There's a bit of catharsis, mixed fun and fear;
At the end of our season, we might drink a beer!
When clients in the headlights act like a deer,
We show them we're boss, we file and we cheer.

* * * * *

Come EA, tax lawyer, and CPA too;
It's Tax Day again, and you made it through!
The IRS hopes that next year you'll be back;
To file more returns, to build up the stack.

* * * * *

To a Tax System Dying Young (with apologies to A.E. Housman)

In past glories you taxed us, collected galore,
When working to pay taxes was truly no chore.
We smiled and we paid like the Canucks next door.
But today? Not so much, keep paying? No more.
Past collections galore yielded rich revenue,
So we cheered and kept spending, a tax ingénue,
With nice social programs and broad welfare too,
To the deep public trough, we all shouldered through.
Today, down the road that all tax systems must come,
Holding our nose, we bring you back home,
And consider the scrap heap, consider the dump,
A fairer tax system? Hey, am I a chump?
I wish we could say, "How simple, how fair!"
Our tax system works, just pay your fair share!"
Broad based, not quirky, special interests, not so!
Sure, taxes are needed, we get it, we know.
But let's try a reboot, call it Tax 2.0,
We can't just keep at it, just go with the flow.
A flat tax, a fair tax, a rose is a rose,
And *Tax Notes* will say it's the system we chose.
Our old tax system is failing, honestly now,
Recall Herman Cain, say wherefore art thou?
I wish he'd come back, to just show us how.
Like a newly tossed pizza, give taxes some "Wow!"
Our tax system looks old in the stark light of day,
It's hardly a newbie, it's wrinkled, it's gray.
We'd better like leftovers, we tax system cooks,
Until we've one better, 'til new law hits the books.