

'Twas dreadful, and the rabid throng
Did fume and glower in the hall:
All savage were the partisans,
And the orange know-it-all.

JABBERCROCK
by Nancy Martz
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“Beware the brain that farts, my friend!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware his running mate, and shun
The mindless balderdash!”

He took his bogus speech in hand:
Long time the fascist throne he sought—
So leering, he, like a debauchee,
A would-be vain despot.

And, as in brazen boast he stood,
The candidate, with self-conceit,
Came gutter-sniping, slinging mud
And sent a nasty tweet.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The bogus speech went acid rant!
He spewed his hate and poison bait
In heavy-weight piss-ant.

And will thee whip the jabber crock?
Come gather votes for HRC!
Election Day! Hurray! Hurray!
May Hillary our President be!

November, and the polling place
Will overflow with ballots cast:
May Knowledge/Reason win the race,
And the crackpot lose enmasse.

