


Substantial Disruption



'Twas the Drink before Christmas *(With Apologies to Clement Clarke Moore)*

By Mike Tully

'Twas the drink before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was sober, including the mouse;
When ballots were cast by the voters with care,
The poor folks elected a crass billionaire;
As Midwestern voters lay snug in their bed
American Democrats wished they were dead;
And Mama in her stupor and me in my cups,
The world has gone crazy and now downs are ups,
When out on the Twitter arose such a babble,
The Billionaire Blondie was rousing the rabble.
To cable news pundits I flew like a flash,
Both Rachel and Lawrence developed a rash.
The moon lit the face of the happy alt-right
And, somehow, incredibly made them more white.
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
A plebiscite grounded in malice and fear,
A Twitter-based con man who knew just the trick,
I knew in a moment that I would be sick.
In days that would follow his heroes they came,
And he tweeted and bleated and called them by name:
“Now Putin! Now, Ing-Wen! Now, crazy Rodrigo,
So sorry, Enrique, you ain't my amigo!
Go gather your pesos and build me my wall!
The Dreamers and desperate I'll send you them all!”
As leaves in the path of a leaf-blower fly,
He'll deport them all in the blink of an eye;
To DNC servers, the hackers they flew
For snarky bromides and some Risotto, too –
And then, in a twinkling, from Russia they came,
Electing the Blonde One was clearly their aim.
A gold escalator delivered him first,
Each one of his rivals said he was the worst
A gilded, short-fingered vulgarian type,
Intellectually empty and thriving on hype;
The model Melania stood by his back,
While he, with his tweets, quickly went on attack.
His eyes – how they squinted! His lips, how they puckered!
He'd add all the voters to those he had suckered!

His droll little mouth like a fish's it looked,
Ironically, millions of voters got hooked;
A fried chicken leg he held tight in his teeth,
And fast food encircled his waist like a wreath;
His heart worked to manage his corpulent size.
Melania purred, "Donald, have some more fries."
He was chubby and plump with a great, gilded do,
And I laughed when I saw him; I'll bet you did, too;
The threats that he made and the things that he said
Soon gave me to know there was much here to dread;
"I'll do it my way," was the message he sent,
Inviting his kids to the new government,
Ivanka and Tiffany, bling they're a-wearin'
Don Junior and Eric, and [sad little Barron](#);
To people who made him the head of the pack,
Reward them he will with a stab in the back.
As Charlie Brown might say in stunned disbelief –
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all – *oh Good Grief!*"

© 2017 by Mike Tully