Trumped Up Charges

By John T. Wurzer

I was Clinton’d and Donald’d ‘til I lost my will

Trumped up issues pushed me over the Hill-

-ary left me so certain that I couldn’t trust her so I

Voted to make America great or bust

Now I’m busted

With the rest of you who trusted

This commander in chief and his rusted

Ideas and the fence around the borders of his mind

My own views

I’ve been told have been sold as fake news

For so many years that they are refuse

And he has no use for my kind

Bush league candidates had spoiled my day

All my rough edges were Sandered away

You’ve got to admit that Ivonka’s hot

-ter than Chelsea or her ma

I was Obama’d

When I expected to be Dhali Lama’d

Now I’m sitting here thinking “Oh My God”

I can’t believe that it is going down this way

I feel like a crazy working class bum

Just a rat in a maze and under his thumb

I’m hoping it’s a phase and he’s gonna become

A real president someday

Executive orders now stream from his pen

Saying the same things over again

He’s gonna wall us in to make sure we’re free

And protect America from people like me

I’m busted with the rest of you who trusted

This fast talking thief with rusted ideas and a fence around the borders of his mind

It’s four years and it will probably take four-thousand beers

Before I make peace with how this appears, and consequently drink myself blind