

White Christmas

Here's to peace on earth, and good will to men,
(And to women as well, if they're rated at Ten);
That unpleasant feeling of finding a lump?
It's like that each day, observing the Trumps.
But the times they have changed, and it's time to be great;
The new black is orange, so let's celebrate!
Just to make sure our Christmases all will be white,
You might want to toss away all colored lights,
And think twice about donning your cute gay apparel–
The courts will be banning that pro homo carol.
And up on the rooftop, that light pitter-patter?
Not reindeer. They've died. Not that it matters.
That's only the sound of Black Lives when they scatter.
So come now, dear friends, stop complaining like Scrooge;
Let's try to make this year's Yule Season YUGE;
We'll use our own bootstraps, get out of the dumps
Let's contemplate gifts, for all of the Trumps!
For Donald himself? A grab-bag of vaginas,
And more horrid ties, from sweatshops in China;
But they have to be long—have 'em send us a swatch
They have to extend down to cover his crotch
Melania, my sweet, so flushed with new power,
Some sturdy gold bars, for your cage in Trump Tower?
A Google translator to speak English right?
A hefty allowance to stay out of sight?
Ivanka! (whose Dad said he wanted to poke her),
Let's get her a super tight emerald choker!



And that husband of hers—he's so unorthodox:
Our country's the henhouse, little Jared the fox.
And those brainy young sons, Eric and Don,
Who will manage the empire, keep up the con;
But for gifts for these boys? Where to begin?
Some bone reconstruction, to give them both chins?
Now I'm drawing a blank over cute Tiffany
And wish I could conjure some epiphany–
There's simply so little the girl seems to need–
Could we buy her a tutor, to teach her to read?
Young Barron's a good boy! He's not misbehaved,
So this year the lad gets his very own slave.
For the ex-wives, don't worry. There'll be no budget cuts.
You'll keep getting paid if you keep your traps shut.
And for Kellyanne Conway, who's almost a daughter,
Swimming in lies, like a duck in the water–
But what should we give her? A bit of a puzzle.
What do you think? A leash and a muzzle?

I do hope that this message has brought you all cheer;
Good luck in surviving the coming four years.
So from receding coast, to receding coast,
Let's all look for high ground, the planet is toast.
From the ships out at sea, from the angels above—
And a special Noel, sent From Russia With Love,
To the Land of the Blind, and the Home of the Dumb,
Merry Christmas to all, and a Trump pah pum pum.

JR