



Blow Hard

How The Meshugonoph Grabbed Festivus

*Every Gnome down in Notown craved Marxist hypnosis,
but the Meshugonoph – from Doughtown – cried “Misdiagnosis!”
He didn’t know better – but he knew better than them,
for the lights in their attics burned brittle and grim.*

*The Gnomes hated everything, the Meshugonoph first,
but their plans for revenge had so-far been cursed.
Not Mueller, not Rosie – not even Eminem –
could sway him to yield to The Swamp and its scams.*

*You say he’s a hero? I say say he’s bull-headed.
But The Resistance has more been deballed than beheaded:
They flail and they fulminate, they rage, ruin and riot –
while the rest of the country would prefer they be quiet.*

*Oh, but that’s not for Rosie. Nor for brave Eminem.
He can’t be happy ’til Meshuga is father to him.
And while you might picture Rosie in a manatee’s mumu,
she longs to lapdance that gonoph in a black French Maid’s tutu.*

*Yet the Meshugonoph came and the Meshugonoph stayed,
with The Swamp and The Resistance evermore disarrayed.
But Eminem swore he could douse the conflagration
with a foul-mouthed illiterate rap incantation.*

*He gave it his best, but Harry Potter’s a joke,
even bleached-blonde in a hoodie, head clouded in smoke.
He practiced self-absolution, saying, “Hey, it’s all cool.
We all know hip-hop is Doctor Seuss porn for fools.”*

*But Rosie still raged. She was primed for the killing.
Plus she knew the true star is the berserk second-villain.
“Blow Hard?” she sneered. “Hell, I can blow harder.
As a blowhard, I’m cuter, taller, funnier and smarter!”*

*The Meshugonoph raged at this facile boasting –
unheard around him since Matt Lauer’s last roasting.
“You may yearn to see me laid out on the slab,
but yours is a Festivus no one should grab!”*

*The Meshugonoph huffed and Eminem shivered.
He puffed and Rosie’s proud fatrolls all quivered.
But is his holiday movie too suburban, too bland?
The bad guys fell down, but the structure still stands.*

*The Meshugonoph shrugs – like Atlas, but farcely.
“You elected Bart Simpson. Did you expect Mister Darcy?
It’s Christmas, dumbasses, so be of good cheer!
You can pick up your war of attrition next year.”*