

I woke up ... a bit groggy, though I hadn't had a drop to drink the night before ... turned on TV, only to see a grotesque-looking creature ... cheesy suit ... stupid hat ... orange hair ... angry face ... shouting ludicrous accusations about Mexicans ... walls ... Mexican walls ... hand / arm gestures like he was physically handicapped, garbled words ... incoherence personified - about immigrants, muslims, emails, rigged elections, Russians, golden showers, groping women, grabbing crotches ... a blur of blather punctuated with grunts, pointed fingers, nonsensical claims, flailing arms ... like an orchestra conductor off his meds, leading a staccato, pianoforte piece accompanied with 'OK' hand signals and hyperbolic, echolalic gibberish ...

Man, I needed an antidote, and quick! I poured a cold glass of milk, downed it ... but he, she or whatever this freak was continued to rant and rave ... repeating himself ... like I didn't get it the first time ... so, so great ... the greatest ... totally great ... oh, so, so ...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, STOP, I get it – you think you're bloody great, you bullocks ...

Can there really be a nation so dumb as to vote such a freak into office? We've grown cabbages smarter than this idjit ... and the people around him ... make him look sane ... NAZI armbands ... tats / t-shirts saying 'don't tread on me' - as if anyone would want to get any of their 'stuff' on one's shoes ...

I tried to turn the TV off but the remote didn't work. So, I unplugged it - but it stayed on ... the same idiot, still raving ... a gaggle of mindless bigots behind him all jiggly to have this clown be their parade marshall on their lemming-like MAGA march to the sea.

Honestly, not since MAD magazine - and, worse, I couldn't shut it down!

I texted our girls ... same thing in Texas and Maine. Nothing silenced this putrid pile of prevarications. I turned to social media - big mistake, like driving down the wrong side of the road in rush hour.

Finally I turned to god ... sang Te Deum's, Mea Culpa's ... but no answer ... when a guy named Barr breaks in ... says gun-toting skin heads, good - Dakota Indians, bad ... those aren't Russians in the White House stealing the crown jewels, it's a Biden in the boardroom, EGAD! ... swastikas? just quaint designs ... not to worry, our savior is here ... an orange-haired orang - who'd a thunk it ... that's not a stench of race-bating tax cheat – it' a heavenly perfume ...

OH, GOD ...

It was then I realized, against all odds, the end had come ... the experiment, over ... Rousseau, Locke, de Toqueville – all trashed ... Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln– all wrong ... Francis Scott Keyes ... a crack-pot composer, should have stuck to advert jingles ...