

Humpty Trumpty

by Dave Thompson

Come gather round children, come sit near us folks;
We'll tell you of truths while omitting all jokes.
To a land that we know, that is dear to us all,
Came a small band of refugees heeding a call.
The Pilgrims sought solace along Plymouth Rock;
Myst'ries of survival began to unlock.
With thanks to Squanto, these refugees thrived,
But then, the natives had to fight for THEIR lives.
Thousands from Europe fled fast to these shores
Seeking asylum from tyrants 'mid scores
Of sad abuses and conflicts and drought;
They built a land full of power and clout!
The French sent a Lady who lifted a flame
To welcome the broken, the tired, the lame.
Ellis Island became a sweet welcome sight
For Irish and German and Jewish alike.
These immigrants forged a powerful tool
That toppled the Kaiser; he looked like a fool.
The Axis' attempt to conquer the Earth
Was stopped by the Allies' anger and girth.
Democracy stood like a bright shining light
Guiding those in the storm; shielding them from a fright.
A home to the "masses" who wish to "breathe free"
Was the call from the lady who stands in the sea.

Then something changed...

We're not sure just how...

People different from us...

Some would not allow.

Humpty Trumpty stepped down from his ivory tower
To rally his clan, to take hold of his power.
He climbed up on stages, his orange skin aglow;
He told his legions what he thought they should know.
"They are coming to hurt you, to rob you of jobs,
Gangs will take your things! You'll be left with the sobs

Of your wives and your loved ones ringing loud in your ears
As the caravan advances and brings you to tears!
But don't panic my friends, I know just what to do;
It's easy, I say; Mexico pays for it, too!
You know what I want! Remember our call!
If we 'Build a Wall' then for sure 'Crime will Fall!'
So chant with me minions! Chant with us all!
We must Build a Wall if we want Crime to Fall!"

Then Humpty Trumpty decided to grin;
He knew right away they'd ignore all his sins.
He stuffed all his money inside his white shirt
And climbed his gold stairs to be far from the dirt.
He laughed at the fools who believed all his lies;
He'd keep playing golf till the day that he died.
He liked pretty women, the way that they'd dance;
He drooled over Stormy in her tight, white pants.
He laughed like a fiend to the top of his stair.
He kicked up his heels feeling lighter than air.

Gasp!!!

The mob down below were shocked when they saw
Humpty Trumpty above beginning to yaw.
His balance uneasy; his grip? Not too tight.
The crowd down below caught a terrible sight.
Trumpty was falling - to Earth far below.
The rest of the story you shortly will know.
The king's horses and men were nowhere around;
They sat at home 'cause they'd been shut down.
Paul, Mitch, and Mike were asleep at the wheel
While Chuck and Nancy were just starting to deal.

Panic was rampant! The crowd screamed and ran
When suddenly, calm was restored to the land.
From high above came a feeling of bliss;
A gentle reminder, "We're better than this!"
A face fit for Rushmore appeared to the throng
And said, "Now is the time to right all the wrong."

So Humpty Trumpty, that cracked orange mess,
Was rubbing his sores on his legs and his chest,
While Magnificent Mueller was reminding the crowd

That America has always been strong and proud.
“Our greatness,” my friends, “can’t be built like a wall;
Our greatness, remember, is the sum of us all!”



“Humpty Trumpty” by Dave Thompson
Published by Enceladus Literary LLC
©2019
All Rights Reserved