

The Wicked Newslady

Was ever there a bitch so petty to ever
Rise and fall on each gambol of a pup?
Correcting each every move until all
The play is corrected into crippledness?
And this her voice only! Warped
Into a tangible demigod of hate.
Does her look tear men to bleeding
Hunks of palpitating red meat?
Is she the drill sergeant of
Football coaches and doctor to
The incurably manic psychopath,
Whipping the creature in overkill
Into a mash of observient mush?
I picture her seated in robes with
A law library in her left hand and a
Severed phallus in the right, her
Feet bathed in fuming sulphurous
Think tanks, grinding her teeth
On the dictums of feminism.
Should she ever meet a man the
Gleaming double sword would sing
Her vengeance song, she'd feel another
Beaser lumpen dispatched from her
Growing garden, no rust on the
Green titillations of her brave new world.