

The King's Snit

by David Ackley

The king was in his countinghouse,
pouting.

“Very! Very! Sick!,” said he, “of all this
Shouting!”

“Perhaps they think” pondered his
minister,
“you are, Your Youness, just a little bit
sinister?”

“I used to like them, but they're not very
Nice!
To the royal me, they are nothing but
Lice!”

And he leaned out the window to yell,
“Lice!”
Adding for emphasis , “ Very Not
Nice!

But who's at the gates, what's all the
Noise?”
“With pitchforks and hoes, Sire, a mob of the
Boys.”

“Hoes? My word, that sounds very
Yummy!”
“Not that kind, My lord; these aren't so
chummy.”

“Mine is the finger. Mine is the
button.
I'll turn all you sheep into plates of roast
Mutton!”

“Time for a change,” Murmured the
Minister,
“Sire, your new attendants, Bubba and
Finster.

And the latest wardrobe, a very nice
Jacket,
See how the sleeves tie in
Back. It

fits you so nicely. With your new room of
rubber,
all by yourself you can tweet and can
Blubber.”

forward-
Away the king goes, his minister quoth, “Friends

Hence,
we'll forego the billions, and make do with
Pence.”

