

Man of the Hour

by Kara Mathis

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High-pitched fast talking to cover the lies
Fallacies lurking like truth in disguise;
Inflection patterns, wild, intense eyes,
This meme persona of yours is a poor man's disguise
For all the hate festering beneath your cap,
Primetime propaganda takes a seat on your lap.

Did Harvard indoctrinate you?
My friend, I think not;
Your "truth" is revolting,
Your soul steeped in rot.

Hollywood stars, they twinkle so bright,
A privileged valley boy running his mouth every night;
One minute the Constitution, the next Cardi B
All to promote your deep misogyny.

When people protest the words that you say
Self-reflection, my friend, goes a long way;
Rhetoric that rides like the front of a storm
Is self-loathing your safe space?
Do you feel cozy and warm?

Life marches on... like sewage in the drain
Such a waste of an otherwise intelligent brain;
But fear not, there is one commonality
The alt-right hates you just like they hate me.