

“Farewell to the Donald”

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Election day had come and gone
But Trump’s supporters laboured on
To prove a landslide he had won
Until the final count was done.
And when it seemed he’d come up short
They all prepared to go to court.
Suit after suit they filed in vain
Rejected time and time again.
“There’s massive fraud,” the lawyers cry.
“No evidence,” the courts reply.
So off to Congress then they go
To carry on the futile show.
Congressmen upon the stage
Howl with simulated rage,
Pretending that the vote’s unreal
Calling loudly, “Stop the Steal!”
For in the Presidential race
They vainly try to make the case
That Trump has won, and Biden lost
And many ballots should be tossed.
They say corruption can be shown
In Biden’s vote – but not their own.
If faulty votes were counted in,
So Trump would lose, how did they win?
Now if their grasp of logic’s lax
They always have “alternate facts.”
But as they gather in the hall,
To ratify for once and all
The Presidential vote’s result,
“The Donald” speaks as to a cult.
He urges his supporters there
To say th’election was not fair
And tells them they must go and fight
To see the matter put to right.
March to the Capitol for me,
For otherwise you won’t be free.
But would he lead them to the Dome?
No, he would just be going home.
But when the crowd had reached the Hill,
With some there in a mood to kill,
They overwhelmed the few police
Who vainly tried to keep the peace.
The marchers quickly breached the lines
With racist flags and Nazi signs

And some for sure had come there armed
Which should have made us all alarmed.
Eventually Trump counselled calm
And told supporters to go home.
But not before he offered love –
No fist within his velvet glove.
They all were special, he averred
And they should take him at his word.
He still maintained he'd won the vote;
Of that his backers should take note.
He then retreated to his room
And pouted two more weeks in gloom.
Then having been impeached two times
He headed off for warmer climes.
Not staying for the swearing in
Of one he still says didn't win
In early morn he slunk away
On Joe's Inauguration Day.
Twenty-one guns were made to shoot
And Hail to the Chief was played to boot.
A narcissistic way to go
A fitting ending to the show.
But wait, the sky is turning black:
He's threatened that he might come back.

Is there hope? We must not doubt it.
We can do better, we must shout it.
We can handle any fault
If we have a glass of malt
And we can sing in hopeful chorus,
"Surely haggis can restore us!"