

THE CIRCUS COMES

(And Beckons!)

by Azriel Rose



Here they come! A gang of crooks, bandits, and plunderers, and in their posse comes another type: their bankers, financiers, and provocateurs.

Gleefully they scurry the commons, amassing a base, an oh so fake base! Poor base! Wretched base! Fooled base!

They seek out thier support, telling platitudes and promising hope. Wretched promises! Wretched hope! Wretched lies!

It comes every four years, this pitiful circus, and the people (the people!), they eat it up. But not a thing has changed, no.

On the contrary, each four years builds upon the last, plundering and stealing from the mass. Legislature after legislature, taking. No giving!

More and more, this circus is less welcomed. Their tickets no longer sell. A few poor people (poor people!) still clinging to the past.

The time will come. The tent will burn. Mass after mass, the herd will overturn. No more circus. No more show. Striking soon, an almighty blow.