

The Jabberblog

(Based on the poem "The Jabberwocky" by Lewis Carroll)

'Twas Brandon and his slimegrebbed bros
Did gyre and gimble in the DC glade;
All fake and mimsy were the media schmos,
And the lobby rats outpaid.

Beware the Jab-ber-blog, my son!
The deadly prick, the toxic bite;
The slithy troves of words that glim
And virtue-signal through the night.

Beware the Jubjub tube,
That blows your lungs apart,
And shun the frumious Prion-snatch,
That eats your brain and heart.

With vorpal phone in hand,
Long time the Faucian foe our hero sought.
He searched through archives of the dead,
Of data lost and silence bought.

And in the forest of his veins,
He spiked upon a protein park,
That luminesced and grew like snod
Into a human fetal-zombie snark.

The snark came wiffing through the woods,
Upon the wings of Wuhan bats,
And as it came, it burbled out a Faucian fart,
Whose stench was worse than ten dead rats.

Snick-snack, snick-snick! His vorpal phone cut off the 5G head
Of that evil Jab-ber-blog,
But sad to say, the brimstone stench of Fauci's fart
Left millions dead and millions more without a job.

"Hast thou slain the Jab-ber-blog, my son?
Oh, come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
The father chortled in his joy.

And then he died
Of cytokines and comorbidities, all double-jabbed and double-blind –
Another victim of the Great Reset,
Who blindly bought the party line.

"Let's go, Brandon!" that's what they say,
And when Big Pharma speaks, we listen to their schlock;
And yet, it seems our honored president had something else to say...
But Brandon just forgot.

Here's the original poem:

Jabberwocky
By Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.