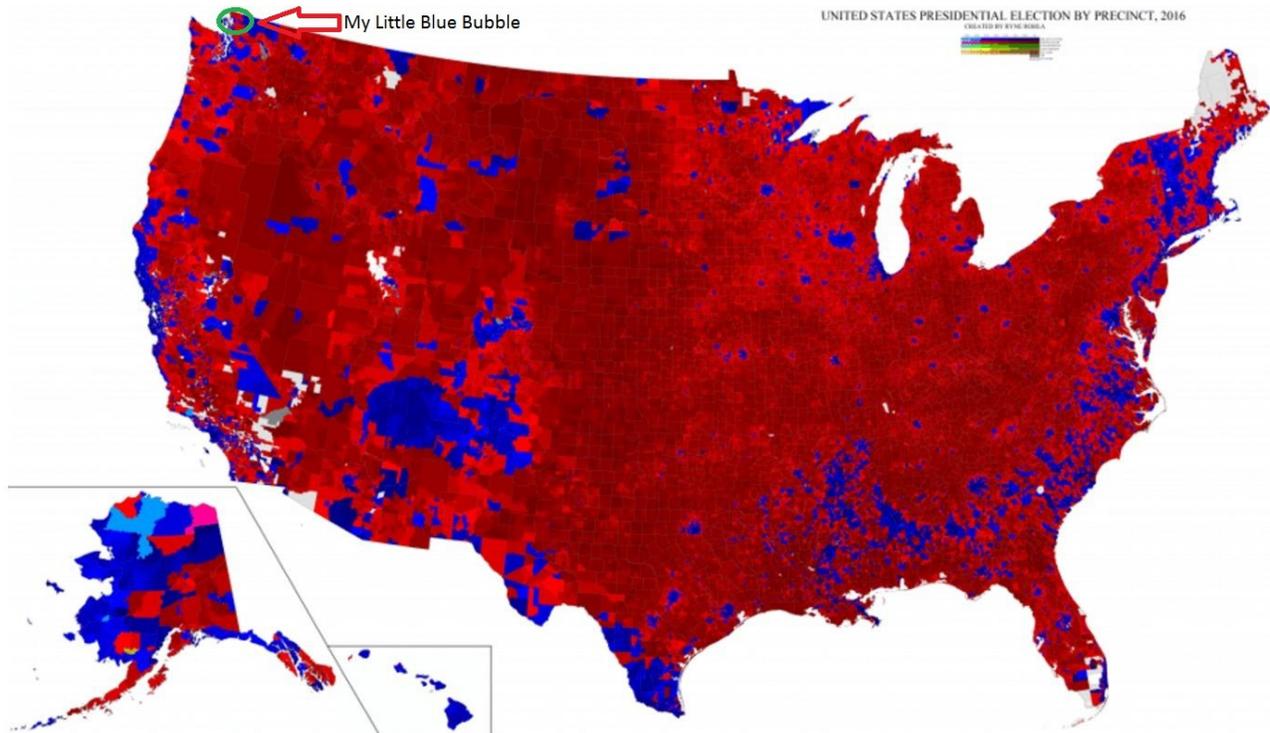


Little Blue Bubble
by Kris Freeberg
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I live in a little blue bubble
On a hill, on the edge of the sea,
Surrounded by leftists and hippies
Who've never been friendly to me.

We were here first. They came later,
Invading from Califormee,
To be near the national border,
The Viet Nam War, poised to flee.

The war came and went, and they settled.
Their sojourn was more than a vacation.
And since then, my poor town has suffered
A mis'rable hippification.

Until recently, I hadn't noticed
That my home is a little blue bubble.
This election, however, has shown me
Why my life has been so filled with trouble.

The regress was gradual, subtle:
Decades of slow degradation,
Grinding away at our minds, and our souls,
And our standards, like grade inflation.

Nihilists, Hedonists, Relativists,
Immature, overgrown children
Who with their narcissistic entitlement
On my town have wreaked havoc and bedlam.

They're so childish, they just want to color,
Arts and crafts, smoking dope, getting high,
Fornicate, then abort their sweet babies,
Unaware their own souls also die.

A zombie apocalypse. Walking dead.
Yes indeed, that is what it has been.
My town's been invaded by zombies
Who've been ruining it with their sin.

These dope-smoking imbecile zombies
In their stupor of high and confusion
Have become so addicted to altered states
That they're blind to their own delusion.

Creepy clowns who've been wearing their masks so long,
They believe in their own charade.
Their wires are so crossed, and their brains are so fried,
They're so drunk on their own Kool Aid,

That they think bad is good, wrong is right,
False is true, down is up, up is down
Isaiah once said, "Woe to you!"
You who sullied my once fair town

Woe to you who call evil good.
And woe to you who call good evil.
Your Axiology's obviously totally whacked,
And your soul has been sold to the devil.

These creepy clowns, so deceitful,
With smooth speech speak of love and peace,
Then riot, and burn, and pillage,
Try the patience of our police.

Supposedly they're intellectual,
Hanging 'round universities;
But I'm not impressed by their intellect
When I see how they voice their pleas

With profanity and crude insults,
Simple chants, snarky banners, and pranks.
They're obviously posers and children
Whose parents neglected to spank.

So the spankings now happen in public:
Rubber bullets, batons, and tear gas
Better later than never, I reckon,
To break out that can of whoop-ass.

Ain't it a pity we've come to this,

Such disgrace and humiliation?
Do you not find it embarrassing?
Do you not care for your nation?

Do you not care 'bout the national debt?
Can you not sum two and two?
Do you need me to draw you a picture?
What's it take to get through to you?

Can't you see how your country is drowning
In entitlement spending and waste
That's brought on by this narcissist nonsense,
Instant gratification and haste?

Open your eyes and grow up.
Save yourself a lot of trouble.
Like me, look around and realize you've
Been living in a little blue bubble.

Wake up. Smell the coffee.
Sober up. Clear your head.
Look around. Accept, and realize
That this country is actually red.