

Star-Spangled Fanatics

By Cameron Tobin

Shrouded in crimson caps,
the emblem of their fervor,
a sea of followers listen with bated breath.
Misguided by their spray-tanned Messiah,
black sheep to a darker shepherd,
with proclamations of obvious fraud,
vows to amend their lives,
and a spiritual war
between evil and good, all
to make America great
again.

Though they heed their Great Leader's sermon,
they already know the stakes. Their
country, Their
culture, Their
lives
are all at risk.
They have but one page
left to turn.

As they siege Their
capital, climbing on each other
like crazed apes
just to take selfies,
the real Agents of God,
clad in tactical armor,
wield holy
zip-cuffs to take the Demons
hostage and save Their
democracy from the satanist cabal
rooted in Their country.

So, while the union burns,
Does that star-spangled Banner yet wave?
O'er the land of heathens
And the home of the crazed?