

He Pleaded All Over Himself

by Mark Edgemon

He pleaded every excuse, dropped every name,
He even conjugated the Pentagon while drinking a fifth of an amendment.
He hid behind air, shielded by the public's lethargic indifference.
He pleaded his case, wearing the flag he stole from a greased flagpole.
And in the end, he stood before God - pleading insanity.
But the God who made his mind, paid him no mind,
Remanding him to the bailiff with short, stubby horns,
Who transported him to the house of many doors;
Even the Christmas pageant stunk!

The End