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Of a Nemesis

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of a nemesis

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This is the man many have mangled
in sweet drifting dreams.
Here he rides, what lies in store?
Lies and great drama.
Now he derides, then cries on the floor,
lying in fake trauma.

Watch him dissect texts and resurrect
an ancient grudge into new mutiny.
Understand;
the stand against is growing,
and it's clear there's soon to be
a flood of dissent flowing
online.
While there's too few to see
those actually standing.

See the tweets just make deceit sweeter to sell,
as he architects arguments harping his hell,
and as far as I can tell—
The only tonic to his histrionic thirst
is a terse, unversed punch to the face.

So here's my amontillado
for the spry man we all know
is broken, misspoken with his hand
in the spokes and a rope on his throat.
Cause his feverish passion
never nets a truce or fix.
It either fashions a noose to nix
or a fucking crucifix.
For the flustered filibustering
he’s mustering weekly and *never meekly*.
This boy is feeding on feeling
and I cannot keep conceding
to the coy pries of his pleading,
cause his ploy refuses retreating.

Violence may not be the answer,
but I swear
I’ll be the one to personally virtuously
silence this bastard.