

JACKBOOTED

BY Timothy J. Muise

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A jackbooted thug in charge of a lamb,
cage him, destroy him, public be damned!
It is so hard to tell the real criminal,
these jackbooted guards should suffer in hell.

Our public believes the thugs face danger inside,
The theft of public coin is all that they hide.
Booze on breath and anger in their soul,
your streets are a danger too much of a toll.

"Who shall stand guard to the guards themselves?",
One great thinker asked as he saw where they dwelled.
Handcuffed, leg ironed, and flat on his face,
jackbooted thugs committed their disgrace.

They beat him, the stomped him, they spat in his face,
his final defiance was to hang from the vent in their place.
Evil jailers spin tales of the dangers inside,
strong men who failed reveal them with pride.

Your jackboots don't scare me, I'm on to your game,
I'll tell your story until the world sees your shame.
Get ready to face the end of your reign,
Barefooted and running our dignity regained.