

Unkkkle Sam's Travelling Circus

Jake M.M. Griffin

Headspace gathers topsy-turvy when pinwheels curly-wurly
Itsy-bitsy secrets are the wood-lice in hoodoo
Beset with hocus-pocus UFO beams dilly-dallying,
I'm issued with a Rorschach at the splash of an *achoo*—

Attention's rendered misty-twisty at the open conspiracy:
Poltergeists have overridden all the rides so *hush, boo*—
Rollercoasters can't halt for claims of heebie-jeebies
Nor for notions of an up-and-coming nosedive boogaloo

Conmen congregate for waived admission freak shows
Jugs of foreign policy duct-taped to their claws
All chant: "Oil, oil for Transatlantic Paradiscos."
Trading blood-of-ancients for still-birthed law

Terrorists wield teddy bears and striped cotton pyjamas
They're seen on posters, live streaming into cyberspace
Hawking serpent-oil, bottled-clouds and alligator-tears
Unkkkle Sam's soon opening a terrorist-orphanage

You never begged a ticket, bless your sideshow view
Love it now or love it not, the circus needs *you!*