

A Night Before Sarah (by Joker)

'Twas the night before Sarah Palin's visit, when all through the town,  
Not a teabagger was stirring, not even Anymouse  
The stockings were hung by the chimneys with care,  
In Hopes that Saint Sarah would soon be there.  
While visions of taxbreaks and big guns danced in their heads  
And mamma in her Bush sweatshirt and I in my Dick Cheney cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,  
When out at the Fred Meyer parking lot there arouse such a clatter,  
I sprang from my sleeping bag in the back of my Escalade to see what was the matter,  
Away to the window, I flew like a flash,  
Rolled it open in two seconds flat  
The moon on the breast of new fallen snow  
Gave the luster of a Fox new show,  
When, what to my wandering eyes, should appear,  
But a helicopter, a pair of breasts and eight thousand dollar cashmere  
With a little foxy mama, so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Sarah,  
More rapid than eagles, her handlers came,  
And she whistled, and shouted and called them by name;  
'Now, Hannity! Now Rush! Now Glenn Beck, and Ann Coutler,  
On O'Reilly, on Lou Dobbs, and Laura Ingraham  
To the top of the jewelry center! To the top of the TV wall.  
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!  
As falsehoods that before a media hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount up some lies

So up to the front of Fred Meyer the spin doctors flew,  
With a sleigh full of NRA memberships and economic voodoo, and St. Sarah too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard,  
The prancing and preening of each little stooge,  
As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,  
Down the HVAC St. Sarah came with a bound.  
She was dressed all in furs, from her head to his foot  
And her clothes weren't tarnished with ashes and soot  
A bundle of books, she had flung on her back,  
And she looked like a peddler just opening her pack.  
Her eyes – how they twinkled! Her dimples how merry  
Her cheeks were like roses, her nose like a cherry!  
Her droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And her creamy breasts were white as the snow;  
She had a beautiful face and not a hint of a belly  
She was a goddess, righteous young elf,  
And I laughed when I saw her, in spite of myself,  
A wink of her eye and a twist of her head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;  
She spoke not a word, but went straight to her work,  
And signed all the books, prepaid of course, and then she turned with a jerk,  
And laying her finger aside of her nose,  
And giving a nod, up the HVAC she rose;  
She sprang to her chopper, to her team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard her exclaim, ere she flew out of sight,

*"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night. Don't forget to vote for me in 2012"*