

## Beware My Son

*by Carole Gauntlett*

When Joan said BEWARE, the Jabberwocky began to recite itself inside my head and to my surprise, every word of the first paragraph was repeated intact. Whoever first exposed me to the Nonsense Poem of Lewis Carroll must have read it in a most dramatic tone because I remember feeling just an ounce of fear whisked into my laughter.

For those of you who don't recall it:

Twas Brillig and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe  
All mumsy where the borogroves  
And the mome raths outgrabe.  
Beware the Jabberwocky my son!

So, here is my take on the political conventions in nonsense rhyme:

Beware the boistering zepublicies

Twas baboonery and the cloving strump  
Did swythe and shumber in the bumble  
All futid where the blether skates  
And the lunk brunts out frumble

Beware next week the donkocrats

Twill be Hillothy and the planking Kaing  
who spool and cribble in the hank  
All putrie where the codwall wops  
And the brack Shtabs out schlank.

And this was my stultiloquent effort.