Woe! Doom secured himself a spatial home —
White, loaded, markdown, near a plaint palatial dome;
Right's blighted (quaintly fast) eternal East,
Where ringside sinners rule the last, the lost and least,
Souls cast outside The Man's Infernal Feast.

Doom's Oval Office, rank with worldly ill decrees
(Heart-core unhero's words that rally not!)
Cranked out and leaving people hurt, upon their knees,
Stone dead, aground, our lavish Ship-of-State forgot;
Half-dast, incumbent's words are meant to thrill;
Real People bleed-out, ravished, then bequeathed to rot;
Half Staffed, unsound, or bent, unhelpful Hill.

No statesman outsourced slick campaigning face,
While turning tricks for office clout within this place;
Right's shrewdest rifle wallets touting, "Truth Is Lame!"
While smiling rude pretenders show-off'sly disdain;
Crude bareback riders stifle laws to hide their shame,
While new contenders learn to screw the poor insane.

EXHIBIT F-15
To be continued...