

The Inslee

A poem by
Tim Rutledge

The Inslee

On top of Mount Covid,
The Inslee he stood;
Disturbed that the Moppets,
Weren't doing as should:
Ignoring his edicts,
Not doing as told;
He scowled from his balcony,
In vain did he scold:
He said, I'll show them,
They cannot defy me;
I must stop the churches,
How sorely they try me!

“They hide behind The Snaza,
Who says he'll ignore;
Each mandate I make,
I must make some more!”
The Snaza, in Moppetville,
Stood tall and firm;
Like a worm on a hook,
The Inslee did squirm:
He bluffered and blustered,
But all was in vain;
The Moppets resisted,
With utter disdain!
Churches kept meeting,
The Inslee said, “How?
Don't they know who I am?
They sing anyhow!

They worship in open,
Despite my decrees;
And say what I will,
They do as they please!”
From his perch over Moppetville,
Severely he scowled;
At the Moppets below,
How harshly he growled!

They heard him below,
The Snaza just smiled;
The Inslee, when seeing it,
Went all the more wild!
He ranted and raved,
Like thunder he roared;
But the more that he did,
The more they ignored!
But unlike The Grinch,
Who finally repented;
The Inslee did not,
He never relented!

From the top of Mount Covid,
He still can be heard;
But the Moppets below,
Can't make out a word:
All they hear is thunder,
The Inslee's no more;
His bolt has been shot,
He's been reduced to a roar:
Hooray for The Snaza!
Hooray for the Moppets!
Showing The Inslee,
That they are not poppets!