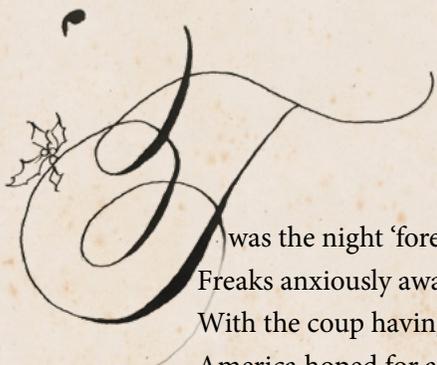


*Twas the  
Night Before  
Inauguration*

*A Tale of Lib Christmas*

*December 21, 2020  
Volume III. issue 3*



It was the night 'fore Lib Christmas, and all through the nation,  
Freaks anxiously awaited inauguration.  
With the coup having failed and the Dems in the clear,  
America hoped for a NEW NORMAL year.

**LISTEN TO 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE INAUGURATION**

READ BY MURF MEYER

**B**ig, tough **ANDREW CUOMO**, on the phone with his brother,  
Growled to his waiter, “Just ten meatballs? Another!”  
“I’ll come on your show, Chris, it’ll be an event!  
We’ll talk about everything ‘cept cancelling rent!  
And you’ll ask me about much—well not nursing homes,  
Not police violence either—that makes my mouth foam.  
We’ll stick to the normal stuff, like what makes me great!”  
And that’s what they did, amidst climbing COVID rates.

“**W**hi hello, I’m important—is this Dee-Dee’s Salon?”  
Sounds like it’s **NANCY PELOSI**: “I need a new ‘do on.”  
“Tonight I’m back on Wolf Blitzer’s gross show;  
If he asks me a question, I swear I will blow.  
I am so sick and tired of folks asking for help,  
\$179 for shampoo? It’s infused with sea kelp?  
Fine! I’ll pay whatever you ask if it’s what my hair needs!  
As for the people in food lines... EW, SCREW-YOU-PLEBS!”

**O**n **MITCH MCCONNELL**’s mansion, the old ghoul bore a grin,  
Though the coal in his stocking’s the same shade as his skin.  
“Joe Biden really thinks he’ll work with us,” McConnell shrieked,  
As he coughed up a lung and his left ventricle leaked.  
It didn’t matter to Mitch he was falling apart,  
Besides, it’s not like this freak ever ev’n had a heart.  
He had gotten his tax cuts, judges placed on the court,  
So what if the phlegm’n his throat totaled over a quart?

*E*rstwhile in Hawaii, **BARACK** smoked his ninth Marlboro,  
Felt comfort and joy having just saved the status quo.  
“Well I did it,” he mused, “cut progressives off at the knees,”  
When in from the bay blew midwinter’s Honolulu breeze.  
The chill then took form—a horrid Ghost of the recent Past—  
Oh, neolib fraud, your legacy’s sealed at long last.  
As winds swept o’er the beach in this lovely season of peace,  
The spectre wailed in a rage: “defund the fucking police.”

*B*eanwhile at Gracie Mansion, where **BILL DE BLASIO** sleeps;  
The Mayor is in his basement, trying to not make a peep.  
He’s wearing his overalls and his blue conductor’s hat,  
And watching his model trains going from there to that.  
O’er the little bridge, and through the tunnel the choo-choo goes;  
A smile comes over Bill’s face, when the little whistle blows.  
“None can find me in here now,” he says with some conviction—  
While the hungry and jobless face the rampant evictions.

*W*ho’s that dining al fresco? Why, it’s **ERIC GARCETTI!**  
Closing another COVID test site just to be petty.  
Despite rampant homelessness, Eric’s just so damn giddy,  
For he’s packing his bags to get out of his tough city.  
“Sure, COVID deaths are rising,” he says, “there’s work to be done.”  
“But I’m leaving this stink town for Joe’s administration!”  
“Although not formally asked, my ambitions won’t cease,”  
“So Merry Christmas to all... nah, scratch that, just the police.”

The M&Ms alternate, red-green-red-green,  
That ol' **HUNTER BIDEN** aligns on his peen.  
He forgets not to put out for Santa a snack,  
Nay cookies, nay milk, but here: a pipe full of crack!  
"I'm the DNC Jesus!" he screams in the nude,  
'Til President Daddy tosses him a qu'lude.  
Ukrainian musings fade, as he starts to pass,  
Slipping into rev'ries of Miz Claus's thick ass.

Lo, **CLINTONIAN** daughter centrist, there is she—  
It's none other than pseudo-feminist, **CHELSEA!**  
She does hail egalitarian rights where convenient,  
Kathy G. fake beheads a fascist? Her values get bent.  
*It's an outrage! She's a scoundrel! A traitor! A whore!*  
Tweets she whom SNL did deem less-hot than Girls-Gore.  
Chels now offers: "Fuck Ivanka," and here is her reason:  
There's room for just one complicit First Daughter this season.

"Another tweet sent, and thus another mind changed,"  
Said the boys at **THE LINCOLN PROJECT**, so deranged.  
"We got his ass elected and now we are owed,"  
"AOC will soon call," speculated that chode.  
But wait, now that the Dems were in power again,  
What kind of lib money could these Repubs rake in?  
"Well we'll pivot and pivot and pivot anew,  
Scamming cable news watchers is easy (and fun) to do."

Ark! Here is **LIZZY**, head of the **WARREN** Dem team,  
Hanging a festive garland in Liberty Green™.  
Pinky-swears with a neighbor girl, her fake smile frozen.  
Passed on for Cabinet positions—over a dozen.  
She pegs Bailey with a snowball to get out her rage,  
Mayhaps she should not have played up her Native heritage?  
In her best Patagonia—she's having a ball!  
She sold out the Left and in turn got fuck all.

Now out on the lawn, looking way up at the sky,  
The libs fav'rite African American guy.  
It's **ELON MUSK** and his dream to colonize Mars;  
What's cooler than a billion bucks? Owning the stars!  
He's on another level with Grimes and their son;  
Hacking brains 'til computers and people are one.  
When that shit happens and singularity's nigh,  
The libs will say, "Yay, Elon did it!! Wait, but why?"

And lil' **MICHAEL BLOOMBERG**, your Dad's favorite Dem,  
Was counting his billions but feeling very grim.  
"I wonder," he thought, as he stared at the white snow,  
"If I fucked up in Florida, Texas, Ohio.  
I gave one hundred mill, but the states still stayed Red...  
...is there somewhere else that cash could have gone instead?"  
He came to his senses, at himself he did scoff,  
"But it WAS so well spent! It's a big tax write off!"

And **LIN MANUEL MIRANDA**, of *Hamilton* fame,  
Briefly thought of a new schtick then stayed just the same.  
“My dope raps helped bridge the gap ‘tween nerds and the hip.  
Only musical theatre can help right this ship!”  
With a flash of his ballpoint and flip of his tongue,  
He created a new show, appealing to none.  
“What if it’s Congress but crunk,” said Lin to the walls,  
As New York City, New York, turned into a mall.

“Wake up, Mr. West!” **KANYE** woke with a jolt  
In his beige bed with his beige wife and beige cult.  
“You didn’t win, Ye. You just bothered the world.”  
Kanye’s smile unfurled, and the corners soon curled.  
“Call up dear Virgil, for I have quite a plan  
To be the most useless team Twitter could stan!”  
“Change democracy for the best, Mr. West?”  
“Nah, I’ll just design the White House like a nest.”

When there was San Fran’s **DIANNE, FEINSTEIN** her name last,  
Trapped in a memory of inaugs of years past.  
“Our first Black President! How exciting! How grand,”  
She shouted while cooking her iPhone in loose sand.  
“So eloquent, well-spoken... what happ’ned to my soup?”  
Feinstein, Dianne did ask, while ladling her poop.  
“I’m confused. Where am I? I’m angry. And I’m tired,”  
She mumbles while texting Coney Barrett “you’re hired!”

W

hile o'er the neoliberal river, the Democrats roam,  
In Arizona, there ponders a thinker called **NOAM**.  
**CHOMSKY** seems to be unbothered by tweets that are sent,  
But deeply concerned with *Manufacturing Consent*.  
In a whisper, he shares with the next generation,  
Capitalism's rot of our imagination.  
Even as Socialist Gandolf opines o'er the phone,  
Hack podcasters—for clicks—claim he has been fuckin' OWNED.

As

that 9/11's may'r fist-fighting racoons?  
Wow! **RUDY**'s landing blows! Shouting "here comes the boom!"  
That dumpster's **GUILIANI**'s, those rats should've known.  
This Tim Horton's—his kingdom. This dustbin—his throne.  
Where crullers die Old Corn Teeth rules without question.  
Jerk off on some stale donuts? "A pleasant suggestion!"  
So he ookied his cookie, drained his hog real good,  
Looked up at the sky, screamed "Don, I did what I could!"

"

H

ello from Christmas town, It's me: maverick **JOHN**;  
Family told you I died, but that was a con!  
It is not what you think, it's really complex;  
See, my daughter is Meghan, she is my dark hex.  
So I joined Joe's campaign and helped him to win,  
Felt good after faking my death to my kin.  
The rest of my children could never give me a sigh,  
But have you met **MEGHAN MCCAIN**—I mean wouldn't *you* die?"

**T**he **POD JONS AND TOMMYS** were snuggling in their shared bed,  
Visions of bipartisan legislation danced in their head.  
But a tiny thought sent their slumber into a free fall:  
“What if Biden won’t have use for faux-progressives at all?”  
The boys sprung up from their bed and worked all through the long night,  
Time for Crooked Media to pivot hard to the right.  
Right-of-Center Media would be their new brand and name,  
“We’re not selling out,” they said, “we’re only playing the game!”

**O**ut in his steam room sits a sweaty **JOE ROGAN**,  
Day dreaming of fightin’, tank-floatin’, and token’.  
But his number one pod has taken a crazy dark spin,  
With blackpilled grifters, alt-righters, and Poole, comma, Tim.  
“The world has gone crazy, so I remain in the middle,”  
But I’m afraid this cool dude is gettin’ played like a fiddle!  
So if you are CANCELLED head straight to Joe’s mighty man-cave,  
Before ANTIFA ends free speech and Alex Jones has to save!

**S**eanwhile on the forums, with a glass of warm bleach,  
**Q** settled in slyly, and started to preach:  
“Trump actually won! Prepare for the Storm!  
Soros and Clinton and Obama be warned!”  
He typed and he typed, from the comfort of home;  
He, crying and wailing of adrenochrome.  
“Libs get it from children, they’re quaking with fear!”  
Q sat back and mused on one hell of a year.

While **NEERA TANDEN** downed an Addy and wine,  
And sat down, excited, to get mad online.  
They'd left out the Lefties, they'd stopped Stop the Steal,  
Her new bestest friend Liz had been brought to heel.  
She could finally reap the hard work she'd sowed  
At the "Center for American Progress" (lmao).  
"So why don't I feel joy? Not even much glee?"  
Neera pondered, raging at randos 'til three.

And with a bang of the gavel, and a flick of their wings,  
**HEAVEN'S COURT** was in session—in Nirvana justice sings.  
RBG, Kobe Bryant, Sean Connery, Hermain Cain,  
Chief Justice Applewhite rule in this bureaucratic plane.  
They don't do much here, mostly exist in liberal minds;  
Though each morning they pose for some Centrists' Etsy designs.  
Patron Saints of Lib Policy, who never asked for this;  
Dead Dem Heroes, eternal memes, in the online abyss.

**3 DOORS DOWN** drowns their sorrows—no Trump gig tonight.  
They screamed at the bartender, "No, no. 'Kryptonite!'"  
Asking for one more free round—frowns laid bare unmasked—  
Said, "Maybe you remember, our song 'Be Like That?'"  
Neocon rockers, later, snug in their trailer,  
Clear nightmares of the Steal swirl—a total failure!  
For about one-fifty bucks, these "artists" were bought.  
But hey, they were sure somethin' in the early aughts.

*A*nd the Biden's German Shepherd, **MAJOR THE DOG**,  
Laid by the VCR, to start licking his log.  
"My guy's foot turned to dust, after I crossed him all up,  
I broke the man's ankle," thought the First Rescue Pup.  
Should've gone easier, in the future he shall;  
A POTUS with shattered shins is bad for morale.  
Dogs back in the White House—oh what an occasion!  
Let's hope no one unearths Major's tax evasion.

*W*ell **LITTLE PETE BUTTIGIEG** sat and looked at himself,  
And said, "Chasten, it's Christmas, let's play Elf on the Shelf!"  
But Chasten replied, "Peter, my sugar plum fairy,  
They've named you the new Transportation Secretary!  
We've sold your one soul, now let's collect on our debt:  
A blood-stained seat in old Joe R. Biden's Cabinet!  
We'll build roads and rails, over the hills and through the pits,  
A Merry COVID to all, and to all (who want it)!"

*N*ow ol' man **CHRIS MATTHEWS**, no longer Hardballing,  
Smiled at the thought of Senator Sanders' falling.  
"He meant to beat me, to eat me, skin me alive;  
Thank you God for Joe Biden, thank you for KHive!"  
With a cinch of his tie and a tug on his cuff,  
Matthews set off to begin his next brilliant bluff.  
"It'll be the new news," grumbled Chris to a tree,  
"Only no more MeToos, and I'll smear AOC!"

She steps onto the terrace; it's Christmas in Malibu.  
*Charmed* star **ALYSSA MILANO** shouts to no one: "me too!"  
Alone and outdoors is the one place she'll admit,  
The #MeToo movement is real, and not just a blip.  
When the Dem candidate for Prez can't stop sniffing girls' hair,  
One's morals and one's ethics and one's resolve disappear.  
Even if Scranton Joe assaulted a young Tara Reade—  
'Lyssa tweets: "build back better is what America needs."

And over in London, a raucous party was startin'  
By a good boy from Devon, who's named Martin—**CHRIS MARTIN**.  
He and his English boys, collectively known as Coldplay,  
They all looked really cool, not even a little bit gay.  
"Consciously uncouple *this!*" Chris yelled right into the mic,  
And he ripped up a photo of The Cheeto and his wife.  
You see, Chris wanted to be Bono, better yet, The Edge,  
But really all he was, was *A Rush of Blood to the Head*.

In a Twin Cities blizzard her staffers, they toiled,  
For **KLOBUCHAR**'s Cabinet hopes now had been foiled.  
Dodging staplers and threats, her aides begged her to leave,  
"But Madame," they cried, "It's Inauguration Eve!"  
That night **AMY** awoke, a ghost showed in her home.  
She reached for a weapon but found only a comb.  
"I'm the ghost of Dems' future!" the spirit did pledge.  
Her face froze now in shock: "Are you Pete Buttigieg?"

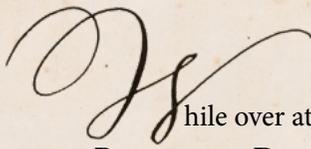
**S**urrounded by china and stationery and bows,  
A single tear dripped down **CHASTEN BUTTIGIEG**'s nose.  
Dashed, damaged dreams of a gay White House danced through his head,  
He stashed his Jackie O. keepsakes, wished Dr. Jill dead.  
What could have been better than a *Queer Eye* refashion?  
Old wallpapers, Mapplethorpes—his basic bitch passion.  
What parties does this Secretary's spouse even throw?  
And would she even still come, if he called Margaret Cho?

**A**nd out in the dark woods on this cold winter's night,  
**HILLARY CLINTON** wandered, looking for a fight.  
*How the fuck did he do it? That brain dead old stiff.*  
*And why couldn't I?* She took a drag on her spliff.  
*The American public—a bunch of asshats,*  
She rolled up her blazer's sleeves and showed off her tats.  
Two walking their dog greeted, "Hello, to our friend!"  
She cracked their skulls on a pine and watched their lives end.

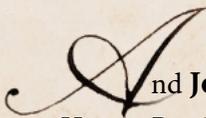
**K****AMALA HARRIS** was listening to Pac's *Resurrection*;  
Of all the rappers alive this was her fav'rite selection.  
California's Top Cop simply loves to prosecute and frack,  
Giving a shout to her chithis; Padma Lakshmi had her back.  
Harris bodied old Joe Biden for his bad stance on busing,  
But now that she is his Veep pick, she has quit all that fussing.  
So instead of a cheerful and a bright merry *ho ho ho*,  
She smugly cries from the rooftops and chokes out, "We did it Joe."

In a small, cozy lake house near the edge of Champlain,  
**BERNIE SANDERS** sipped cocoa, smoked legal mary jane.  
He sat fireside chatting, then dozed off in his chair,  
Dreaming of fair wages and universal healthcare.  
Bernie slept soundly beneath the Vermont winter sky,  
When a sugar plum fairy flew in and cried out "Why...  
How'll the country survive amid such corrupt sinews?"  
Bernie stirred then said simply, "The struggle continues."





While over at the White House, his last night near its end,  
**PRESIDENT DONALD TRUMP** snuggles a gun 'gainst his head.  
His Presidency a failure, death all he desired.  
He exhales, pulls the trigger, and mutters “you’re fired.”  
His husk slumps over the desk as the life left his form,  
Where once stood Teflon Don, now lay a dead pile of warm.  
The “warm” was poo poo, leaving that big cheeto’s asshole!  
How embarrassing. How funny. We felled this damn troll!  
No way! Come on now! You believed that crap I just wrote?  
Donald J. Trump doesn’t care—he just bought a fur coat!  
He knows Joe Biden won’t let ol’ Trumpy go to jail—  
Crime must go unpunished that decency may prevail!  
Trump’s network launches tomorrow, before Joe’s big speech;  
Just enough time for Donald to go on live and preach.  
“There’s big money in TV,” he says, and there’s laughter.  
He’s right. He’ll be fine. He’ll even thrive. Nothing matters.



And **JOE BIDEN** slept easy, naught but mush in his head.  
He was President Elect, though *functionally dead*.  
He’d no vision, no values, no passion at all!  
Just some name recognition and Obama’s phone call.  
As the least inspiring, he had beaten the range;  
Now nothing at all needed fundamentally change.  
But us at the zine, well, we still feel uneasy,  
With fears of complacency; that shit makes us queasy.



*B*ut folks saw through the bullshit, the corruption laid bare.  
And workers the world over, well, they set to prepare  
A new nightmare tomorrow, just at first morning's light.

**MERRY LIB CHRISTMAS TO ALL!**

**HOPE YOU'RE READY TO FIGHT!**

A very special thanks to our  
delightful guest contributors:

David Blurband · Claire Downs ·  
Brendan Gallagher · Taylor Gonzalez ·  
Ryan Hunter · Jackie Jennings · Mury Meyer ·  
Priya Patel · Joey Pew · Josh Sharp ·  
Alex Song Xia · Ted White

Happiest holidays and solidarity  
from Functionally Dead!

Andy Bustillos · Matthew Brian Cohen ·  
James Dwyer · Patrick Keene · Max Knoblauch ·  
Diana Kolsky · Dan Lo Preto · Tim Mahoney ·  
Cathryn Mudon · Brady O'Callahan ·  
Sean O'Reilly · Rosie Whalen