

# **Vlad the Failure**

by D.E. Morgan

*a 4pagezine*

What is it like to have  
the pretense of the world  
in the palm of your hands,  
so magnificently deluded?

It must be a pleasure  
to have the luxury of being  
the toast of the entire consortium  
of bottom-dwelling fools.

I roll my eyes down to my balls  
as I see your impudent desires  
cut down one by one  
but gobbled up like so much hay.

I do not have the luxury to ignore you,  
but I do have knuckles to crack  
in your obnoxious, smiling face  
as you glower threateningly.

I have things to attend to--  
matters of greatest importance--  
such as how much flax milk  
to pour into my coffee

I know enough about your type  
to know that you feel not a hint  
of remorse for any pain you've caused  
or the thousands who lie dead.

But it seems a bit strange  
that you would take this side at all  
when there are bountiful riches  
and *those* are what you care about.

Have you been locked up  
with your cadre of yes-men lunatics  
a bit too long for comfort  
in your tidy, tidy rooms?

Stupid nationalists with dreams  
bigger than their abilities  
have convinced you to go  
and get yourself destroyed.

I know what it's like to fall,  
and I know what it's like to rise again.  
I would like to have a word  
with your Bitcoin-rich sponsors.

No one likes you anymore.  
I mean, they really do not like you at all.  
They think you're a failed fool  
with no plan or vision at all.

Even your countrymen  
sneak onto VPNs  
to say not-nice-things about you  
all over the Internet.

Was this war all a distraction?  
Was it a meat-grinder to send  
the discontent to perish  
instead of them storming your palaces?

I really can't say, I don't read minds--  
at least not yet, at any rate.  
But I do wonder what the point is  
of this ridiculous mess.

You showed your ability  
to meddle with the world,  
to threaten the rule of the people,  
and to threaten the rule of law.

You seem to be forgetting  
that the world has wizened up  
to your attempt to bush-whack  
the rule of every law but yours.

And really, do you follow law?  
Even your own intolerant law?  
Even your own pathetic decrees  
which you rattle off like lost dreams?

What of the lives that have been lost?  
I know you care not for those.  
I can only imagine the shrug  
that would accompany mention of them.

Are you feeling old, gray,  
a little closer to the ground  
than you would like to be  
when you remember your high horse?

You've shown the ability to destroy,  
but not the ability to win.  
You've toyed with the world long enough,  
and now the world toys with you.

You're like one of those people  
whom when you ask something important  
brings up some hogwash about Atlantis  
and how it was actually their homeland.

People make jokes about you  
falling down stairs  
and defecating your pants  
like the old man that you are.

But while some age like wine,  
you age like bread.  
It's only a matter of time  
until you're truly and rightly dead.

The battle lines were drawn.  
You drew them yourself.  
Then everyone stepped over them  
and made you look like an fool.

Tell me: what are you going to wear  
to your victorious funeral?  
Where people remember your deeds  
and then come to spit on your grave?

The world grew weary of you  
as you bit off much more  
than you could chew.  
Now, my failure, choke on the morsel.

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**Website:** <https://demorgan.site>

**Etsy:** <https://dryeyes61.etsy>

**email:** [demorgan@protonmail.com](mailto:demorgan@protonmail.com)