

The New Emperor and his Clothes

In Glamaheim Electors gathered
To choose a person to ascend
The imperial throne; and while they blathered
And wondered who to recommend,
Two tricksters then spoke up, proclaiming
The obvious choice was clear and naming
Their candidate to ascend the throne.
“It must be Bojo, he alone,”
They said, “is fit to rule our nation.
“He’s honest, truthful, without guile.
“He’s dapper, neat and dressed in style;
“His clothes defy imagination
“That only those who’re wise can see.
“He must be Emperor, you’ll agree.”

The Electors thought “Oh gosh, oh golly!
“For though I see no clothes so fine,
“I do not want to show my folly;
“To Bojo I’ll my vote assign.”
And so the tricksters duped the Electors;
And Bojo won with no objectors.
“What ho! How jolly! I have won;
“And now I shall get Glexit done!”
Exclaimed the Emperor Bojo, grinning
From ear to ear with schoolboy glee.
“There’s nobody as great as me.
“My reign is only just beginning,”
Did Bojo shout with pure delight,
And promised all a future bright.

He tried to modify conditions
As soon as he had Glexit done,
To redefine agreed positions
Before the deal had scarce begun.
“That’s what he planned,” the tricksters stated,
“To make those foreigners frustrated.
“And if you look you’ll find a hint
“Within that subtly shaded tint
“You see upon his velvet breeches
“Which they who’re wise can surely read
“Encoded there as they take heed
“Of messages conveyed by stitches.”
“Of course,” the Electors all exclaimed,
“His message is so clearly framed.”

And did we see some hesitation
When Covid first our homeland struck?
And was there some prevarication
While Bojo did the issue duck?
“No, not at all,” replied the tricksters -
That pair of cunning, crafty slicksters -
“He followed science all along;
“And never did a thing that’s wrong.
“And can’t you see that’s clearly written
“Within his waistcoat’s coded hues
“Of greens, and mauves and tinted blues?
“Or are you now with folly smitten?”
“Oh, no,” the Electors cried as one.
“We see the code; we know what’s done.”

But do you hear the people’s clamour?
“It’s heat or eat, not both,” they cry.
Is this unfounded, futile yammer?
And why are taxes now so high?
“Oh foolish talk,” the tricksters muttered
“For on which side their bread is buttered
“Can they not see? Do they not know
“Some things we simply must forgo?
“The world’s in turmoil; other forces
“Are causing harm. Our Emperor cares
“And in their pain he really shares
“And wants to follow other courses.
“The mournful colours on his tie
“Reflect his sorrow; they don’t lie.”

He said that during Covid lockdown
He’d broken none of his own rules.
The facts we’ve heard must surely knock down
The truth of his defense. “Oh fools!”
The tricksters cried, “Do stop your whinging
“And look upon the border fringing
“His finely woven, gorgeous cloak.
“For don’t the colours there evoke
“Our Emperor’s deeply heartfelt feeling
“Both for his people and their grief?
“It really is beyond belief
“That you’re such pettiness revealing.
“Tomorrow when he’s on parade
“You’ll see your doubts will surely fade.”

The crowds had gathered in the morning;
To see their Emperor on parade,
For news about the clothes adorning
His majesty had been conveyed
Throughout the land, exaggerating
The colours and the hues awaiting
For wise eyes to discern their sense.
Then Bojo came and awe intense
Did fill the crowd, all struck with wonder.
But then a youngster's voice was heard:
"Oh what's he wearing, it's absurd -
"A weave of nowt but lies and blunder."
And then the crowd took up the cries:
"A weave of lies! A weave of lies!"

From Glamaheim those tricksters hastened;
The people knew they'd been deceived;
The Electors too were somewhat chastened
And for their folly they then grieved.
"What have we done?" they cried in anguish.
"Oh must we watch our homeland languish?
"A vacuous ego is the drone
"That sits upon the Emperor's throne -
"His clothes a weave of lies and blunder.
"But come now this is what we'll do:
"We'll say to Bojo 'You're all through,
"You're toast! You're out! You're cast asunder!
"For you we utterly reject;
"Another Emperor we'll elect."

The people cried "The Electoral College
"Is full of feeble-minded gulls.
"Come now, it's time that we acknowledge
"With addled brains within their skulls
"They'll likely choose one yet more grievous.
"So let them not again deceive us!
"But throw them out, for go they must
"As they no longer have our trust."
And so the people rose up crying:
"Oh no more throne! Electors go!
"For freedom dawns and shall bestow
"Equality that's unifying.
"In Glamaheim henceforth shall be
"That all are equal, all are free!"