

OBAMA BUBBLES

by

Darius James

What my subconscious attempted to say can only be left to speculation. My best guess is it's the combined stress of the quarantined lock-down with the undeserved attention given to the diseased turd clumped on the Oval Office carpet. I am going to simply put this out there for what it is--an *anxiety* dream--and let my shrink puzzle over it later.

The late-night talk-show hosts--Seth Meyers, Stephen Colbert, Trevor Noah, Bill Mahler and John Oliver (Jimmy Kimmel wasn't there. I don't know why)--had gotten together at Mike Tyson's luxury weed resort in California. Mike sat at a patio table, scraping the dried sweat of a Colorado River toad onto a sheet of glass, then sweeping the powered reptile perspiration into smokable piles. Ray Charles and Lil' Wayne, both wearing MAGA caps, sang a duet at a pool-side grand piano. Ray grinned, waved a pistol and accidentally shot Lil' Wayne in the ass.

"That's right, hit the road, *Jack!* America is the mightiest power on earth, second to none!"

As was their nightly habit, the talk-show hosts complained about the unflushable floating in the White House toilet bowl. Sarah Silverman -- I don't know how or why she suddenly appeared -- said he made her nipples hurt ("... like nursing a baby with vampire canines ...") and proposed an idea. Everyone was delighted, finding her idea quite amusing, and committed a quarter of their show's monthly production budget to see Sarah's idea blossom in reality.

"You know what would be funny?" she asked, toking on one of the glass crack pipes Tyson provided his guests. "If every time he held a rally, there was a gigantic soap bubble with Obama's head inside, cracking jokes about his mother. It would drive him crazy!"

Sara adjusted her chair and recrossed her legs, flashing an abundant thatch. It looked like a cheap afro wig.

"Have you seen her picture? She looks like the dehydrated carcass of a dead sewer-rat, all flattened out under car tires, baking in the sun. The Obama bubble would follow him around all over the country, talking about his mother. *Yo' Mama Suck Bigly Dick in Hell on all fours! Uses both hands!* You know how much he hates Obama. He won't even hang his portrait in the White House."

"That's funny!" John Oliver said. "And I think I know how to make that happen! Remember Tupac? And how he was brought back from the dead? That's what we do!"

"Are you saying we kill Obama?" asked Bill Mahler. "Have his reanimated corpse munch on the public's brains? We'd have to pay Kanye West an awful lot of money. Can't pay these rappers today in used Cadillacs!"

“No! No! No!” answered Oliver. “Of course not! We hire a company like Base Hologram to build a digital puppet of Obama’s head rotating inside a large globe, talking like that ‘80s A.I. character, Max Headroom, with the glitchy, Porky-Pig stutter!”



“That’s a fantastic idea!” said Trevor Noah. “Imagine, my reserved and self-composed fellow African snapping on his mama! The psychological effect will be devastating! I say let’s do it! It’s better to rush Barack “Muslim Headroom” out there before Joel Osteen’s Lakewood crew stage a fake biblical Second Coming with a holographic White Jesus strapped with an AR-15! We recruit *Anonymous*, hide them out in a book depository like Lee Harvey Oswald, and project that shit in spectacular 3D on the horizon of pollution ruining the skylines of this country.”

It was settled then. They shook hands, took three hits of Tyson’s psychedelic toad sweat and Lil’ Wayne whined he was bleeding from the ass.

Then I woke up.

Hopefully, as this is a random scramble of images, it doesn’t constitute a *thought-crime*. I mean it’s just a fucking dream. I shouldn’t be *erased* for dreaming should I? But given the nature of the current administration’s drooling, cock-eyed insanity, *one never knows do one?*

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