



MUMBLES
by George Jack

The Boston Mayor, on the surface, doesn't seem Mean-O
I doubt he'd kick an animal, or, a Filipino,
Though his English diction lacks compared to
(Former Philippines President) Corazon Aquino
For when words to his lips do travel
His sentences, they do unravel
Like his mouth's full of Boston Sand and Gravel
The Mayahh, Tom Menino.

Nobody would mistake him for – a Valentino
Or even Doogie Howser's pal – Vinnie Delpino
He's more like a cross between Dom DeLuise and Emperor Hirohito
Except the Emperor, you see
Spoke English way more fluently
Not all mangled and mum-bel-ley
Like the Mayor, Tom Menino.

His elocution's dull like he's been – imbibing vino
Oration skills that sound like his – mouth's full of maraschinos
His speech sounds strewn about by some rhetorical El Nino
His accent? Random Boston slob
Each time, I feel my eardrums throb
When he says – "Give us the tools – and we can do the job!!"
Hizzonah, Tom Menino.

In '04, he led a Lansdowne prayer, so peachy keeno
When he spoke I shed me many tears of Pellegrino
“Lawd, please bring a world series to Boston, and lift the curse of the Bambino!”
He says Red Sox event parking costs are outrageous
Though when Sox owners buy him beers, it's less hellatious
I hope his marble-mouthishness isn't contagious –
Hail the Mumbles, Tom Menino.

I could tell more of how he speaks less well than Fred's dog Dino
But I'm starting to run out of words that end in – Ino
A sign this poem should be, as the Spanish say, finito
This verse is soon ending, but don't you be bummin',
I'll just let the Mayor himself do the summin' –
With a hearty “thank you awll for commin'!”
Mumble on, Mumbles Menino.