

Ode to the District Attorney of New Orleans

South of Mobile, east of Dallas
Glistening at the gateway to the Gulf
Lies that jewel, Orleans Parish
Lies that Jolly swinger, garish
Garrison, the Green D.A.

Jolly, jolly, steeped in folly, tell us, pray
How many assassins did you catch today?

Once upon a jet with Russell Long he met
A fateful tete-a-tete for Jim the Big D.A.
Two masterminds of zero in supersonic time
Conceived that Jim the Hero would solve the Dallas crime.

Thus burst upon the scene the Giant, Jolly Green
In words incendiary he fingered David Ferrie
Who shuffled off his mortal coil post haste
Enlarging headlines to the D.A.'s taste

Though Garrison missed his Ferrie, along came Russo (Perry)
Merry, merry, Russo, Ferrie, Bradley, Shaw, and Thornley (Kerry)
Along came Lane and Marochini, and NBC (that rotten meanie)
Sheridan, Townley, Ramsey Clark--Popkin whistling in the dark
Dean Andrews, and Away We Go! with the right ta-ta but the wrong ho-ho
Bundy, Chetta, Cheramie--O back to Dallas, carry me!

Thicker they came than a locusts' plague--Cubans, Crisman, Roger Craig
Beckham, Davis, Esmond Fatter (Mirror, who's the maddest hatter?)
Gurvich, Boxley, Loran Hall, Jim's pride groweth before a fall,
Arcacha-Smith and Leemans (Fred), Strangeloves in the D.A.'s bed,
Mercer, Turner, James Earl Ray--all roads lead to C.I.A.
Martens, Meffit, and Carlos Marcello--
Jim says he's a Jolly Clean Fellow
Bagert, Braniff, O'Hara--jurists (Mirror, mirror, who is purest?)
Code and manhole, grassy knoll, up and down the Harris pell,
Dulles, Helms, and LBJ, emissaries from RFK,
Double, double, toil and trouble, and double Oswalds
Troubled Giant, who has himself has feel for client.

To Garrison, Jim (nee Earling Carothers)
Specter and Henry Wade are brothers
In law, veritable kin under the skin

All Hail Garrison! master of the summons and the tort
Give thanks, Chief Justice of the Highest Court
To Jim, who rescued and reprieved your false Report
Praise him from Minsk to Mauritania
For tireless tongue and megalomania
A-hunting, yes, a-hunting he will go
Let bugles sound the daily subpoena
Felony may ebb and flow, and minor misdemeanor
But the mortal combat of the Lone D.A.
Is pledged against the C.I.A.
Ubiquitous, iniquitous, and never inconspicuous
--Jolly Green, you would have made a lovely Queen.

14 January 1969