

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 (Ferry)  
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, Moffit, 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 poll,  
Dulles, Helms, and LBJ, emissaries from RFK,  
Double, double, toil and trouble, and double Oswalds  
Troubled Giant, who has himself has fool 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