Donald announced his bid for presidency with a racist rant against Mexicans. We always knew that he would one day fire himself out of a job.

Virtual Vérité
fotonovela
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Blowback blew his toupee from New York to L.A.
It’s a good thing we’ve got a handle on this dangerous combover. It is absolutely polluted after being so closely associated with a toxic despot. It almost seems to have a life of its own.

It certainly stinks like neocapitalist rot. The thing is power hungry.

It’s trying to wiggle free to escape the effects of hot smog.

It’s fun to have a deposed hairpiece as a pet. It is addicted to filth, grime, and laissez-faire leftovers. It wants to bite me with poisonous fangs.
Real human hair needs love and affection to grow into wonderful locks. This synthetic tuft thrives on hate speech and was once perched atop the warped head of a man who is the epitome of all that is fake.

It is suffering from delusions of grandeur. This thing is not a royal crown. It is not a painter’s brush. It is truly a weapon of deception. It can hypnotize you into believing that the wearer is sane. We will neutralize this terrible icon.
It is a disgusting object that threatens us all with the residual perspiration that carries the genetic imprint of such a sore loser.

It was used to conceal the hole is his head but now we all know that everything he says is a bald lie.

Trump l’oeil or reality TV? Either way, stop it dead in its tracks before it breeds lethal ideas that can do further harm to the people.

Stomp on it until it until it issues a full apology and renounces the cruel hoax of corporate avarice that is destroying our society. It’s not such a bigwig after all.