

The great Black Mamba's candid eye  
could see the well-fed rounded lie  
longing fervently to bask  
in the attention of the crowd.

Warming to his task,  
Black Mamba quietly began to hone  
each question like a sculpted fang  
and, raising the microphone  
with smiling agility,  
he swiftly sprang.

The mask of plausibility  
was stripped away and once again  
truth had triumphed. Many were proud  
to see the dawn of such a day.

A deputation of admirers made its way  
up to Black Mamba's high secluded cave -  
a place of stone and simple furniture.

With noble chin and eyes demure  
Black Mamba kept the messengers in sight  
and when they arrived and placed their plan  
before his watchful frown -  
that he might be the nation's judge of right -  
his seldom seen and unaffected charm  
took the timid envoys by surprise:

*You over-dramatize  
the virtues of this fragile man.  
What I have seen and heard has worn me down.*

Smiling at their innocent alarm,  
he invited them to be at home  
at the foot of his leather and chrome  
one legged stool:

*Were I to accept your brave request  
and bathe in the shallow pool  
of public glory in this wretched land,  
who could confidently state  
that loyalty would stand the test  
of power? The stony hand  
of treachery would lie in wait.*

They raised Black Mamba high  
on his black leather-cushioned seat  
and curled and wound their way  
in an elaborate feat  
down to the people with a resolute cry:

*Black Mamba's bitter judgement must be said!*

The people gathered on that day  
to see Black Mamba candidly assess,  
with solemn inclination of his head,  
their integrity and worthiness.

His smile revealed an unexpected sight -  
a mouth the colour of the night.