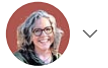


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SATIRE

# Smash It, in Jesus's Name

The election is over, Former Congresswoman Bachmann, so pound it.



Lucie Frost

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*I ask, oh God, that you would take your iron rod and I ask that you would smash the clay jar of deceit in America, smash the clay jar of delusion in the United States of America, smash the delusion, Father, of Joe Biden as our president. He is not. . .Smash it, in Jesus's name.*

-Michele Bachmann, November 9, 2020, video shared by Right Wing Watch,  
<https://twitter.com/RightWingWatch/status/1325811083492401152>

I ask, dear people, that you take your partners and smash it, in Jesus's name.

Gentlemen, take your iron rods and insert them into the clay pots of your lovers and smash it, in the name of the great one.

Grab your bride's heavenly protuberances, grind it a little bit, then bang it, right there on the living room couch.

If your kids come downstairs, maybe remove the iron rod and stop with the smashing and the banging, so you don't have to answer too many questions. But once they leave? Smash it again. Bang it out.

And when you're done with that, you two lovebirds should slam it, in the name of the mighty one.

Gentlemen with your heavenly crooks and ladies with your beguiling basins, join together and slam it, right there on the kitchen counter.

Concerned about cross-contamination? Then move yourselves over to the living room floor, brother with your wand and sister with your witchy vessel, make a little love, and bash it, in the name of the alpha and omega.

Like your love-making a bit more dangerous? Head over to the Walmart parking lot and blast it. Right there for everyone to see.

Now you're in jail?

Dang, sit tight.

You've been sprung? Head yourself back home, he of the shaft and she of the gears, and wham it.

You couldn't hold out? You pulled over on the side of the highway and boomed it?

Now you're on the lam, living in a ramshackle cabin in the woods of Montana, surviving off foods found in faded tins? Go ahead and whack it. You earned it.

You've found bomb blueprints? And while explosives aren't your thing, you've become a bit intrigued with the science of it? No harm in setting up a pile of rocks, with a wee bit of gunpowder on the inside, and exploding it. Excited about the fireworks you created? Celebrate by slapping it.

Your little science experiment made a roar that resonated across the canyon? And now your hillside is swarming with federal agents, determined to take you down? Go ahead and crack it. It may be your last chance.

Now you've been re-arrested, hauled to the pen, and are getting a strip search with digits and all? That's kinda hot, so go ahead and burst it.

You've been put in shackles, walked by the cages of cat whistles, and you're in solitary, to face the rest of your days dark and alone? Might as well bust it.

Your staff is weary?

Sweet Jesus, let it rest.

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## Written by Lucie Frost

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Lucie is a former employment lawyer, now ha-ha writer, in Central Texas. You can find her on all the socials (@lucieHfrost) or at her website: [luciefrost.com](http://luciefrost.com)

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