

CHILDREN  
OF  
PLUTUS

OR,  
SOME OBSERVATIONS  
UPON THE  
PRESENT  
ADMINISTRATION

BY  
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# Children of Plutus

or,

Some Observations upon the  
Present Administration

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The Maui Company  
Maui, Hawaii

First edition, August 2018



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ISBN 978-1-724-40882-2

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or,

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For fifty years they forged their nickel steel  
And cast it high to form a shining wheel;  
For fifty years they fused the Titans' dust  
And animated it with martial lust;  
And Arguses they wrought, at last to cry  
The coming of the battle from the sky;  
With inorganic messengers they peered  
Afar into the places that they feared  
To go themselves; instead, they sent their tools,  
Their cowardice enabled by their fools!  
Like mayflies from a garden pond, these spun  
In circles from their little world of one,  
Till all the motes of dust they called by name,  
And placed them to the credit of their fame.  
Out on a silent path a robot stirred,  
Turned all its eyes upon an ice-locked world,

Evoked the god whose name in ages past  
Had branded it, the utmost and the last,  
And failing in its end, the mighty spell  
Called forth another who would do as well.  
He woke and stared: his vision leaped the void,  
Dissected in an instant this new toy,  
What men had shaped it, to what timid task,  
And what such men might of an old god ask.  
Cupidity he smelt upon their trail,  
He knew them for his own, their greed unveiled  
In all the fabric of the shining thing,  
Its golden skin a votive offering.  
And then old Plutus laughed, and turned upon  
His couch of hydrocarbon cabochon;  
It seemed that Hades was no longer served,  
But he himself had never been so loved.  
The prayer that men wove had raised his head,  
Though not that of an elder god long dead.  
For now men thought of wealth and not of doom,  
Sought plenty in the heavens' endless room--  
"Thus be it!" he cried, flashing into youth,  
"Let havoc be their new-found portion, who  
Have served me well, and waited not in vain,  
Let gold and graft immortalize their names!"  
In flesh he shaped a form ill-graced and old,  
With no distinction but its fabled gold;  
Gave place and power to this empty shape,  
Grinned mirthfully at such a cunning jape,  
And called about this man his acolytes  
To school him in his lucrative delights.  
Among these Tillerson was first, a friend

To all who oil pump and pipeline bend.  
No sanction ever passed across his desk--  
The trading balance needs must be redressed!  
His Oxfords leave a scum upon the floor  
That one might trace again to Exxon's door,  
While all around him slender naphtha fumes  
Condense as Mobil earnings statements loom:  
Ambassador for these United States,  
And for petroleum conglomerates.  
For "*Salve lucrum!*" screams his hungry crowd,  
Their silvered heads all dropsical and bowed,  
They grope for blackened wealth in Hades's  
    vaults,  
With Tillerson behind to shore their faults.  
All things that shine and glisten dark he loves,  
All gloom beneath an iridescent glove.  
The gleam alone he'd surely find a bore,  
Without that bit of darkness at its core.  
The Caspian he sets all in a boil  
To make it suitable for cruder toil,  
And much as climbing derricks give him  
    pleasure,  
He reaps its waves to harvest other treasures:  
A sturgeon flayed upon a floating tomb  
That he might pluck her eggs from out her  
    womb.  
So much to be destroyed, that he might find  
The bursting on his palate of the brine.  
"And may I rape the earth?" a driller pleads.  
"Of course!" Rex cries. "To fill our petro-needs!  
Bestride it, take it, blow its innards out!

And when your hole runs dry, a second bout  
Is yours--as many as you like, in fact!"  
He overflows with bonhomie and tact.  
That was, of course, until the frackers came  
To Bartonville, to rear a lambent flame.  
Unbearable he called them then, unsafe,  
Unreasonable, nuisance, and, to save  
His home from their financial depredation  
Forgot the vital int'rests of the nation.  
The forest he saw not; as for the trees,  
Sierra Clubbers can supply *their* needs.  
Inconstant, yes, but policy depends  
On cheating reason to pursue one's ends.  
And thus he flies to Moscow, to entice  
The Autocrat to treat his master nice.  
No other of his colleagues knows so well  
The workings of that *chekist's* mental hell.  
Now with the Russian poisons pricking fast  
Through freed men's veins till life is gone at last,  
He speaks, he shouts! Rebukes the Autocrat;  
At once his master hands him back his hat.  
"Do call again," the butler says, deadpan:  
A wanderer denied his Promised Land.  
As he drops winded from the fearful race,  
A hangman by profession takes his place,  
A pompous, violent man, too cruel to learn,  
Who sates himself with pain while others burn.  
Pompeo makes a pair to Beauregard,  
The nation's Cato, censor, moral guard,  
The upright man, the Southern chevalier,  
The truncheon of the law without his peer.

Or so his glass informs him, and his soul  
Confirms him in belief so very droll.  
He likes to see the peasants kept in chains;  
To speak for them, he suffers grievous pains.  
“For Ham was cursed by God” --that is his rule  
When teaching little children Sunday school.  
The only god he knows is one of power,  
Who strives to grind men into pliant flour;  
And as that archon’s miller in the world,  
He suits his actions to his master’s word,  
A violent rabbit armed and on parade,  
In urgent need of holy hand grenades.  
No matter that the prisons overflow,  
That hisses follow him where e’er he go,  
That millions suffer in a man-made hell,  
That public money pours away as well,  
“All this is good and true,” is his last word--  
“Vengeance sure is mine, and I’m the Lord.”  
And to this end his prosecutors grinds,  
To drive them to excesses of all kinds;  
The quality of mercy he rejects,  
To any lightened sentence he objects.  
(Unless, of course, that mercy is applied  
To Joseph’s salt-and-sand-encrusted hide.)  
The law itself is not his spring of life:  
He keeps it as a mistress, not a wife,  
A summer plaything to be set aside  
When policy demands his override.  
“Take not,” the Constitution says, quite clear,  
“Before a jury’s judgment you shall hear.”  
Does Honest Jeff perceive this? Not a bit!

Remind him, and 'twill send him into fits.  
He teaches men to steal without remorse;  
There is no punishment he won't endorse.  
Within this mighty man there dwells a terror  
Arising out of ill-lit youthful error.  
Unlikely as it seems, he fears a weed;  
No horror is as potent in his creed.  
For long ago it may have set him free,  
Brought all his inhibitions to their knees,  
Showed him the world as it might one day be,  
Held out to him the branch of liberty.  
Or else he sat and watched its vapors course,  
Undoing all the things men tried to force.  
He trembled at its might to overturn,  
And vowed to help a wicked world return  
Unto a past where leaders, when they spoke,  
Could not be turned aside by puffs of smoke.  
A plant to storm the citadel of state?  
Our Jeff would rather clip it soon than late.  
Conservative, he only tamed the Klan  
On learning that they smoked among that band;  
A vampire that feels the spurgin's kiss  
Could not respond like Jeff to cannabis.  
A drug that kills is only a regret;  
A drug of peace, an existential threat.  
The nurturing of fear is much beloved  
By all of those whose thoughts have ne'er  
    evolved:  
Abroad, that task fell gracelessly to Flynn,  
Who swore that fear was necess'ry to win.  
A wild, sneering, snarling figure he,

A Turk in spirit and in salary,  
His grin alone a thing of mortal shock,  
Well worth a full battalion in Iraq.  
If he likes not reports his staff prepare,  
He plucks a better one from out the air.  
A loose relationship with facts, indeed!  
What price the fact convenient to the need?  
That price we know; 'tis posted on his door:  
He'll come for forty thousands and five more--  
But only by the night. His long-term fees  
Are half a million more. Plain env'lopes, please!  
In prostitution's garb he soulless flies  
From side to side as swift as he can lie,  
And if he sides with freedom at the start,  
He's sure to cheer the coming of the dark.  
Another worshiper at Order's shrine;  
Is this what Plutus truly had in mind?  
It must be so, for in his lust for cash  
Flynn sold himself to Turkey. That was brash.  
Ingenuously, he sold his son as well:  
Two footmen answering their master's bell;  
Two bravos, rather, in the Borgia mold,  
Prepared for any action done of old.  
They schemed to steal a preacher for a price,  
And ship him to his enemies on ice;  
A man the state refused to extradite,  
For fifteen millions they'd mail overnight.  
The shortest in his office he's now ranked,  
His virile promise turned to witless prank.  
Is Flynn a liar, or just merely blind?  
His comprehension stops at highway signs.

He vows that placards writ in Arab script  
(He saw them on a southwest border trip)  
Dot secret roads that span the U.S.A.  
In preparation for a coming Day;  
And when he's proven wrong, he yet persists,  
To find a road where no such road exists.  
Ah, happy the commander who can change  
The earth itself around his firing range!  
The nat'ral path from Syria, he swears  
Must transit Mexico ere it appears.  
A hundred thousand miles of free coast  
Are no temptation to those foreign ghosts,  
They must be quite as hydrophobic as  
The general indubitably is.  
Mistaking stars for pinions, he swept on  
In borrowed glories through the Pentagon,  
Promoted far beyond his intellect,  
At last to find himself a loathed reject.  
To cover all this multitude of crimes,  
They bought themselves a stallion for a time,  
In hope the primal volume of his screams  
Would wake the press from their progressive  
dreams.  
He came, he saw, he trumpeted!--and then?  
In days bold Anthony was gone again.  
A vulgar man, no gallant Scaramouche,  
His name deceptive, his behavior louche.  
How flexible his mood, his timely shifts,  
Which gave the President a pleasant lift!  
Divisive, he had called him, crazy, too;  
But let him win, and Tony's born anew

Into a full-fledged wonder and respect  
For one he once dismissed with cold neglect.  
The hack, no doubt, is now a Derby sire,  
The crazy man become the Great Uniter!  
The rhetor who was un-American  
He's proud to serve with both his agile hands.  
Though proud is far too mild of a term  
For one who tried his best to ape the worm;  
He grovelled for eight months to get his place,  
To find it one he could not help disgrace.  
As genius he addressed his noble lord,  
Shed all his shares and cut his Wall Street cords,  
And then went on the record to express  
Contempt for all whom wealth could not impress.  
Amidst the fuss, he failed to tell his wife.  
She left him on the spot for private life.  
Ambition drew her not, and she was cheered,  
Ambition drove him on, and he was jeered.  
Though carrying his child, she preferred  
To keep the boy well clear of father's words.  
Away from her, he turns his roving gaze  
On Kimberly and Roman holidays.  
He ponders what of Blake he'd like to ride:  
Before, behind, or lying side by side,  
The tower or the caverns, slow or fast?  
The young man's trained to check himself, he'll  
last.  
The urban male indulges all his needs,  
An eagle pouncing on a Ganymede.  
A list of guests then wrecked his pleasure-ship,  
Unloosed abuse in buckets from his lips

So potent in its reckless third degree  
He set a record for departure speed!  
Be silent, though: the Sith Lord walks the halls,  
In polyester armed by shopping malls,  
His ears attuned to any compromise,  
The thing above all else he must despise.  
For he alone is pure, and strong enough  
To save the West by being rather rough  
With all its laws, its customs, and its fame,  
Destruction, not replacement, is his aim.  
The world needs borders, he with glee insists;  
(A vile, crawling, stunted masochist!)  
It is his single policy position  
To send man back to feudalist conditions.  
Two hundred nations on this little earth,  
Two hundred states encumbering its worth:  
Lord Bannon would preserve them all with walls,  
Each one a castle dominating thralls.  
No trade to pass among them, and no thoughts  
That might disturb the peace the others bought  
By sacrificing freedom to stark fear  
Of what a different mind might have to share.  
Oh, what a sight, this would-be Parsifal!  
In shape obese, in stature not quite tall,  
Bejeweled and bristling, fouling his own nest,  
Not strong enough to lay a lance in rest--  
Displaying ever contradictingly  
His rampant Aryan masculinity!  
And what of those who follow in his wake?  
Berserkers they? Not if a sloth's awake.  
Like snow they tumble coldly from the sky,

Each one of them stamped from a different die,  
Though utterly homogenous en masse;  
They boast of killing ice within their grasp,  
They threaten man with man with many little  
cuts,  
They riot and they beg for slaughter--but  
When passion turns its heat upon their forms,  
They shrivel into threading, creeping worms,  
Forsaking shape and contour in a bid  
To shift the blame to someone else's head.  
Their touch but scars the earth and then is gone,  
Its permanence so readily undone.  
Meanwhile Stephen boldly self-fellates,  
Or so his foes with eagerness relate.  
What was his function, but to be a dial  
That turned to give his Palpatine a smile?  
Not even that, for his avowed intent  
Showed when he called himself the president:  
A reasonable change, for Palpatine  
Lacked populist credentials, he opined.  
His own credentials, he admits, are flawed,  
But Breitbart somehow manages the job,  
A paradox, an electronic rag,  
A missing vital thrust, a withered nag.  
And now, upon its bony shoulders, he  
Will soar from D.C. to eternity:  
A high-priest thund'ring at a postulant,  
A gard'ner treading on an idle ant,  
The politburo's chief ideologue,  
The one clear mind with policies to flog--  
Why should the office not be his in time?

Why should he tolerate these lesser minds?  
In public he disdains all foreign things;  
In private he grows fat on their cuisines.  
Though China be the main foe of the day,  
His table groans with Chinese takeaway;  
With Indians he'd rather have no truck,  
Except for curry, which he'll eat for luck.  
Japan's aloofness earns his praise, and keeps  
Him piling on the sushi these past weeks:  
With joy the flukes and roundworms surge  
About his guts in bloodlust-driven urge,  
As Antiochus died in agony,  
Or Herod, so might noble, gallant Steve,  
Enslaved to flesh in spirit and in tooth,  
Carnivorous of life and the pursuit  
Of happiness in all forms that require  
The primacy of personal desire.  
Deprived of all the faculties of man,  
He ties his welfare to a patch of land,  
And snarls like a bulldog to defend  
What isn't his, and won't be in the end.  
Beside him trots a highly picturesque  
Barbarian with club and minidress,  
Her words at once a dagger and a cosh:  
A pressman speaks? New Jersey moves to  
quash.  
On days her legs are not upon display,  
She dresses like a soldier to parade  
Her power in the eyes of all the nation;  
Her body language shouts her arrogation.  
By passion she's so thoroughly unsexed

(A contraceptive for the intellect)  
That if 'twere still an age of balls and masques,  
She'd represent the Soul of Petulance.  
These old traditions she forever strives  
By harsh words and by blows to yet revive:  
She'll turn a ball into a gentle riot,  
A-brawling like a drunken fighter pilot!  
Lament, ye sports, the passing of the duel;  
For Kelly'd challenge every mortal fool.  
A spectacle she never hesitates  
To make herself, if she can thus create  
A chance to do her injured hero act,  
No matter how alternative her facts.  
In truth, her master makes her roll her eyes,  
But he's the president. And so she lies.  
And hawks his daughter's wares about the town,  
Inventing massacres on Southern ground,  
To pass the time and feed the public's worst  
Imaginings, a modern Randolph Hearst.  
From loyalty and anger, she'll dispense  
Her vitriol of arrogant non-sense,  
As did her colleague, who, with fearful cries  
Makes new realities from mere surmise.  
How poor the case of he who must be paid  
To cast himself upon the press's blade!  
How noble he, to sacrifice his name  
In further blackening his master's fame!  
A spicy little lad, all eagerness,  
The picture of executive distress--  
His mein the image of a weeping ass  
(As drawn by A. A. Milne in English class),

Quite drab and drear and dull. Is this the joy  
That jingoism usually employs?  
Why, yes, it is. The future may be bright;  
It shows not in these alguazils of night.  
Observe him carefully as he transforms  
From ass to gull, and flapping, is upborne  
On thermals of his own hot execration,  
The better to arouse their indignation.  
Do targets mind the bullets? I think not,  
Not more than Spicer minds the verbal shocks;  
A target and a decoy, offered up  
To keep the plebian press away from Trump.  
He sneers when staring at a hostile crowd,  
Demands they shout their deference aloud,  
And if they don't, he throws them out, at last  
Fulfilling all the dreams of college past:  
A paper mocked him then. He threatened war  
In impotence, and so they mocked him more.  
Now from his podium he compensates  
With vengeance on that whole tribe of ingrates.  
He should have husbanded his brazen tales;  
Eight months was all it took for them to fail.  
Too high the bar of his mendacity  
Was set for him to reach consistently.  
At least he proved the claim of Talleyrand--  
That speech should serve to hide the works of  
man.  
Who better to distort and obfuscate  
Than one who bears for truth a burning hate?  
Not so much, though, as Bolton, who, serene  
Behind the thought of Air Force missile screens,

Pursues the policies of eras dead  
Of planting flags and counting native heads.  
A diplomat who knows no compromise  
Beyond the gentle art of gouging eyes,  
All nations are diminished in his view  
To beggars who should prayerfully sue  
For pardon from the proud Americans,  
And freedom from destruction at their hands.  
One law for us; another for the rest:  
That forms the basis of his bloody quests.  
His master no doubt likes this, but still squirms  
At John's moustache, his phobias a-churn.  
He lauds the man, however, for his balls  
In chasing women through the barren halls  
Of foreign hotels, where no law applies  
Save that which U.S. troops drop from the skies.  
Among them falls a constellation bright,  
A Lucifer who flares in phosphor light,  
His eyes like fresh-hewn agates, cold, remote,  
The perfect unlearned cipher to promote.  
A hobo-sailor turned to rifleman,  
Whose vision is too warped to form a plan  
Without a target in it he can kill,  
Some chance to show the value of his skills.  
To this so very bureaucratic end,  
He shapes his wars to ceaselessly extend;  
The globe might flame, the nation's coffers ring  
With emptiness, its cut-off young ones scream,  
But Kelly and his ilk will live and grow  
In Versailles by the slow Potomac's flow.  
If Congress intervenes, it should be told

To quiet down and pass around the gold.  
Contempt his only sentiment towards them--  
His masters they? He coats their names with  
phlegm.

In furthering his martial goal he founds  
A dynasty of death that spreads around  
Its blood and that of others in profusion,  
His children racing to their own confusion!  
And fear he breeds, as well as soldiers new,  
Encouraging the public to renew  
Their terror in the things of daily life--  
His guns alone may stay the endless strife.  
How sacred is his calling, like a priest's;  
He would shake Peace from out his bloody  
breeks!

He prays to Christ on high, "Let freedom ring,  
And bless, O Lord, our church, our state, our  
king;

And bless Thy servant, in whose horny hands  
The tiller of state policy now stands.  
For order at all costs must be maintained;  
Those who resist we shall with force retrain.  
Forgive those who have trespassed on our lands,  
As we forgive them while we bind their hands,  
And take from them the children whom they  
love;

Their suffering will strengthen us above.  
Their pain, like ours, is good, and if we cause  
Distress by application of our laws,  
Those laws by hoary age are sanctified:  
If men will not obey, they'd better die.

In Thy name we will realize victory,  
Although it may take bloody centuries.”  
His master loves this reckless arrogance  
That pairs his own uncompromising stance.  
It was his fervent hope that Kelly’s sword  
Might ward him from the vengeance of the Lord.  
The Lord, of course, yclept the R.N.C.,  
The fearsome dwarf who gibbered at its knee,  
The whole establishment, a treach’rous band  
Opposed to purifying all the land--  
A general who knows no good but force,  
The perfect man to put through the divorce!  
Divorce he knows quite well; a friend of his  
Beat both his wives, but kindly let them live.  
What’s more, he called this friend a man of  
honor;

A woman’s pain is not a real dishonor.  
While Kelly bleeds upon the civic scene,  
All Purple Hearts and bold Marine Corps green,  
Behind his master lurks a silver ghost,  
A nodding silence in a sea of boasts.  
Upon its face a killer’s shifty grin  
That’s hard to see, so colorless and thin  
Its wearer is; he’ll win no great applause;  
For tuppence he’d be twice the man he was.  
(A drunken staffer rashly bet his balls  
He’d seen the Vice dissolving through the walls.)  
The perfect courtier, each time he speaks  
He deprecates himself with words oblique.  
And when on rare occasions he can be  
Persuaded to give tongue more publicly

His first words always laud the President:  
“By Trump and Trump alone I have been sent.”  
This jibes not well at all with protestations  
Of his firm evangelical persuasions;  
If Trump comes first, then what remains for  
God?

If God comes first, then isn't Trump quite odd?  
A thing so out of place with the divine  
Must ever rack this new Saint Michael's mind.  
That good may come, he puts his hand to ill;  
Each day of degradation drinks his fill.  
No Bunyan he, to shun the easy way;  
Ambition burned him for ten thousand days,  
Then execration fell upon his head,  
And rather than be cast out with the dead,  
He let a con man raise him from the ditch,  
To resurrect him as his faithful bitch.  
Himself, he sees it as a miracle;  
His prayers of thanksgiving lyrical  
Waft ever upwards, for, with no more work,  
He's got the job he always hoped to shirk.  
In patience, like the spider, bides his time,  
Awaiting Mueller's verdict on Trump's crimes;  
But let the legal process operate,  
And Pence will recombine the church and state.  
As Genesis declares, so Mike would make  
The country over into his own shape  
Of hypocrite and proletarian,  
Paternal and authoritarian.  
How charmingly naive is he, to think  
On wiping out a pantheon with ink!

How many rival gods there are within  
 One White House--and, therefore, the sins!  
 Jehovah fights Columbia for place  
 Beneath the stare of Jackson's leering face,  
 While Mammon smugly lurks behind the desk,  
 Old Eris taunting him with her address.  
 There's talk that Yahweh's somewhere in the  
                     crowd;  
 Joe Smith, apparently, is out of town.  
 Since Boehner went, there's no word from the  
                     Pope,  
 So Pence is left to dream of hempen rope.  
 A whited sepulchre indeed, and he  
 Would reapply the whitewash reg'larly.  
 And if he serves a while this mortal king,  
 He serves another greater than this thing:  
 A monarch who was queer and now is dead,  
 Translations running through his buried head,  
 Entwined among his rights divine, and both  
 Incorporated in that book he wrote--  
 Or ordered writ; 'tis much the same for kings.  
 Now with solemnity our Michael brings  
 A King James Version into every room:  
 He'll need at least a hundred thirty-two.  
 Let's talk of rooms, and how the Vice will stare  
 At every corner, peering here and there,  
 Lest unkept females lurk in wait for him,  
 All succubi a-tempting him to sin.  
 He sees a bosom's curve that's not his wife's?  
 He flees, to save his spiritual life.  
 What fierce desires he must have, what needs--

A Trump-surpassing, flaming coital greed!  
Observe him sidle round the gilded walls,  
Or flow snail-like from hall to narrow hall;  
His little eyes, they dart about in fright,  
Afraid to meet the glance of female might.  
In camouflage he seeks himself to armor  
Against their lusts and his own pulsing ardor.  
How bold of him! and yet his courage fine  
Is cowardice to any saner mind,  
Confessing weakness for the world to see,  
A source of mirth and jocularity.  
A Vice who hates his vices--there's a shock;  
Self-flagellation is, however, not.  
The brighter actors now impersonate  
Dear Tuppence at those festivals he hates.  
And darling Marlon Bundo sports a tie  
Of rainbow hue, to give his liege the lie.  
They swear that Pence's soul is in that rabbit,  
His secret soul suppressed from force of habit.  
Meanwhile the little archdukes crowd around  
Their sire's gilded throne in search of crowns  
Of gilded lead instead of gold for those  
Expecting somewhat when their fortunes rose.  
Take Eric, now: a golfing maniac,  
Whose friends all praise his nepotistic knack!  
His wedding planner now holds fed'ral office;  
He rather hoped no one would ever notice.  
Likewise, he thought he could avoid the drag  
That charity put on his moneybags;  
From each donation he withheld commission,  
Thus sinning by commission and omission.

If you should disagree with him, beware!  
He'll fix you with that vacant Trumpian stare  
Compounded chiefly of digestive stress,  
To say you lack humanity and sense:  
No person is a person who rejects  
The swift conclusions of his intellect.  
As for reality, that is a word  
No Trump will e'er admit to having heard.  
His father hates the press, but Eric fears  
Their stamina and factual arrears;  
Therefore he fires first, as Kelly would,  
Accusing them of whatsoe'er seems good:  
In television hosts he finds cabals  
Potent enough to hold the state in thrall,  
While network admins plague his waking  
dreams,  
Lest with their motivation and their means  
They work to bring his father to his knees--  
A social networking conspiracy.  
May Mars defend them, for dead Mars is all  
The god on whom the Trumps are like to call.  
They sacrifice to him, the brothers twain;  
Far off in Africa, the leopard's bane,  
The death of prairie dogs and elephants  
They make themselves--of everything but rats.  
It does not do, of course, to slay one's kin,  
The sole constraint upon these merry twins.  
Their elephants they can import no more?  
A flick of papa's pen unblocks that door.  
It's only fair, for Junior suffered much  
To climb to prince from mere collegiate lush.

He drank, he drank--by Churchill, how he drank!  
His bones gave way, his brains and breath  
    turned rank,  
Incontinent in ev'ry meaning of  
The term, and forfeited his father's love:  
For did not Senior strike him in the face  
And make of him, in public, a disgrace?  
Across the twenty years that have elapsed  
His classmates call to mind that brutal slap;  
They shake their heads as Junior salivates,  
Proclaiming why his father is so great.  
Raw strength is all he knows, and clutches dear;  
Not being strong, he lives in constant fear.  
He trembles at the thought of refugees,  
Expecting danger from as few as three.  
Like all weak minds, he judges others by  
His own desires and expected lies:  
Invited to divide another's place,  
He'd kill his host to make himself more space.  
Why then should he expect another course  
From those who flee, instead of using, force?  
He lusts for death, and sure enough, he'll find  
His own destruction lurking in his mind.  
In pain, he spits and snaps, a weasel sleek  
Who takes delight in hearing others squeak.  
He once compared a congresswoman to  
A stripper whom, presumably, he knew,  
And when called out, averred he'd meant at first  
A different congresswoman who was worse.  
These brothers, they are built of wind and fire;  
Their sister's chiseled from an icy spire,

A czarist princess romping in her sledge,  
Her *chekists* popping out from every hedge.  
She spurns the earth beneath her in her jet,  
Usurps the functions of the government,  
Presumes to make and unmake policy,  
Her father's agent unofficially.  
Like any Democrat, she quite adores  
The subtle sulfur scent of far-off wars:  
America cannot stand idly by--  
Unloose the bombs and let the bullets fly!  
The cause, a detail in a minor key  
Not vital to the total symphony  
Whose major notes are visible outcomes,  
And Lockheed Martin's new production runs.  
Though should her dotting father prove unwise,  
Refusing help to foreigners despised,  
Ivanka can recall his errant thoughts  
As tabloids do, with technicolor shocks:  
For half a dozen pictures of a corpse  
Restore his moral outrage to its course.  
As once Lucrezia to Rodrigo was,  
Ivanka is to modern gossip's claws;  
Her father's wife in all but name, and that  
The consequence of nuptial accident.  
They make a pretty pair of matching lies,  
Their garb a tribute to free enterprise,  
Its content and conception all a theft  
From those who drew the lines and wove the  
weft.  
Beneath the cloth, she imitates his style,  
With alternating stabs and eager smiles;

Fixated on him all her life, she now  
Would have his job when he lays down the  
trowel.

Between these Trumps there is no certain line--  
What's his is hers, or will be, given time;  
What's hers is his, in body and in soul,  
The twain, they form a corporation sole.  
She whores herself upon Fifth Avenue,  
Purveying diamonds to the wealthy few.  
They shake their heads, with sneers upon their  
lips;

She follows dad into receivership  
Symbolic of the business expertise  
So prevalent within her family!  
With economics failing her, she turns  
To politics, and vengeance for the spurns  
Of years accumulated; Christie's first--  
Her father likes him, but, to her, he's cursed.  
He jailed her husband's father, and she's set  
On keeping him out of the Cabinet.  
A thoughtful wife is she, to both her men,  
Her daddy and her slender plastic Ken:  
A preppy prettyboy whose pony lips  
Belie the power at his fingertips.  
"Effeminato amante!" the queen  
Mocks at her wooer as in Handel's scene.  
He has the looks, degrees, Wall Street  
connections

Not found among Ivanka's blood relations;  
Profound his pater's business acumen  
That got him fourteen months in fed'ral pen.

And yet this scion of the trade descends  
The social scale to chase a passing trend,  
Distracted by a presidential seal,  
A puppy begging to be whipped to heel.  
In him, great Harvard bends a willing knee  
To brazen, unabashed illit'racy;  
The lifelong Democrat abandons ship  
For richer pickings if he but submits:  
An ass the yielding, humble sycophant  
Unto a badly gilded elephant.  
Naivete, most charming of his features,  
Will make him easy prey for Mueller's creatures.  
A lawyer lacking counsel, yet he lies  
Quite publicly with divers Russian spies.  
Election tamp'ring charges circle him,  
Which he denies and strives to gently spin,  
But then, his father did the same, you see--  
What price revived genetic memory?  
Within a White House overrun with creeds,  
He's known for ecumenical beliefs:  
He sports the Jewish Orthodox essentials  
Conjoined to Unitarian credentials,  
And if that contradiction weren't enough,  
He plants his balls within the Arab rough:  
Diplomacy submissive to an urge,  
He helped the Saudis plan a royal purge.  
Three dozen suffer now in Riyadh jails  
From Kushner's wagging tongue and eager tales.  
And as the headsmen slowly mark their dockets,  
Bin Salman brags that Jared's in his pocket.  
What! Shylock had a name for greed obscene?

This new man would replace him in that scene.  
One wonders why Mossad has let him live;  
They knocked off Bull for quite a smaller gift.  
Next, Qatar caught his enterprising eye;  
The emir shook his head and passed him by.  
How Jared howled in righteous indignation  
To be refused the plunder of that nation!  
He'd craft a new-found foreign policy:  
You must do business with the Donald's breed,  
Or ice and steel, in sanctions and a freeze,  
Will bring these desert powers to their knees.  
The President, with incandescent speech,  
Casts China as the villain of the piece;  
His son-in-law meanwhile bills and coos,  
With gentle speech Chinese investors woos,  
The perfect representative of capital,  
He'll swap a visa for a banker's scrawl.  
Intrigue attracts him, there can be no doubt;  
The senator from Mordor felt him out  
By giving him a bag of native soil  
You may be sure that Jared checked for oil.  
It pleased him, though his next request fell flat:  
A backroom channel to the Autocrat.  
Let politics go hang--he needs the cash;  
He's made a few decisions that were rash.  
A Donald in the making, he can get  
A billion or more dollars into debt,  
And so requires all that nepotism  
Can bring within his economic vision.  
In this, his politics at least are clear:  
He must be on the winning side, to steer

The contracts to his own deserving hands  
Regardless of the ombudsman's demands.  
A Josephus who from his wreckage fled  
To Caesar's lavish board and gilded bed,  
His soul and prick alike both cheaply bought,  
His head devoid of all coherent thought,  
Save that his flattery must be applied  
All o'er the emperor's absorbent hide.  
So lavishly he spins his verbal lint  
His own newspaper laughs at him in print.  
His emperor despises him, but still  
Drinks up his adulation with goodwill.  
He yields as easily to dear Ivanka,  
In pledging her the office of her father.  
She pats him on his seal-sleek, well-coiffed head  
Before securing him across their bed:  
Their roles exchanged, the two-backed beast  
                  reversed,  
A sacrifice in body, not in purse.  
Lord Rochester would surely shout with joy  
At dear Ivanka's version of a toy!  
Upon a rubber peg turn nations' fates,  
And missiles fly when Jared's kept up late.  
Fast from their seed the demons of corruption  
Flow upwards in a poisonous eruption  
Cross-pollinating all their rivals' lines  
Till apples sprout from former muscat vines.  
If each Plutonic child is a bastard,  
What can be said for their terrestrial master?  
There was a time when Yankee men bestrode  
The world--colossi not at all of Rhodes;

In metal and in fire wrought their will,  
In blood and gold and oil drank their fill.  
And now, astride an ancient oaken bed--  
'Tis all he still retains of empire dead--  
Behold the new colossus of New York!  
That skin translucent as the finest pork,  
That golden wave that breaks upon the rock,  
Nay, boulder that withstood the fearsome shock  
Of six successive bankruptcies--no more;  
A seventh might have made him look a boor.  
This paragon of high finance, he kneels  
In muddied sheets, unkempt, unshaved, unreal.  
He gibbers at his rows of plasma screens,  
His waking thoughts all electronic dreams.  
So much and yet so little--blank, a void,  
The biggest con man lately unemployed,  
His strength as insubstantial as his tweets,  
A breathless emptiness of ovine bleats;  
Deceiving staring eyes, a trembling lip,  
Eternal hallmarks of the credit skip,  
The pushy kid, the contract-breaking chap,  
A yellow wilderness as yet unmapped,  
Art Deco-killer, briber of inspectors,  
A would-be Robert Redford, business sector,  
A headless head of state--a New York thing,  
A mighty graft, a yellowjacket's sting,  
Surpassing softness on a couch of down,  
Enthroned without the pleasure of a crown,  
Clown-prince, white trash--but never, never poor;  
His wealth divides him from the Jersey shore.  
A Crassus set to helm the ship of state,

Without the wealth that made that Crassus  
great:

Nine billions one had piled up at last,  
The other but a thirtieth of that.  
And so, to better hide his fearful blunders,  
Trump adds an extra zero to his numbers.  
It's all about the brand; the brand is his;  
If he believes it's true, it somehow is.  
Lest he should be obese, his admiral  
Put three more inches on his medical.  
That's why he likes those military boys:  
Obedience comes first in his employ!  
When his civilian doctor dared to speak  
Of hair and blemishes--within the week  
He found Trump's most devoted bodyguard  
Upon his doorstep waiting for a word.  
What need has Trump for doctors, anyway?  
He knows his health; he'll tell them what to say.  
Orangutangs would be insulted by  
Comparison to Trump's own shade of dye,  
While chimpanzees, on being told he may  
Confirm Goodall's research as much as they,  
Will start evolving upwards on the spot  
To prove they're human and that he is not.  
Divinely chosen he, his record crowds  
Are sent by God to roar his praise aloud.  
Himself the highest object he can see,  
It strikes him not at all as vanity  
To shun the White House cooking, just in case  
Trace poison should be lurking in the crepes.  
The nearest burger joint, he feels, is safer;

His dicks, if needed, can go shoot the waiter.  
That refried grease he much prefers; it seems  
More suited to tastes early formed in Queens:  
McDonald's patronage his contribution  
To keeping up great cult'ral institutions.  
Well, that, and turning sculptures into gravel;  
It gives him so much joy that e'en a grovel  
From curators was not enough to save  
The Muses from th'oblivion of the grave.  
If they want art, he's happy to donate  
A photo of Trump Tower looking great.  
Presuming o'er the judgment of the Met,  
He plumes himself on his aesthetic sense:  
This black hole where ideas go to die--  
The mote within your next-door neighbor's eye,  
Distrusting all he cannot understand,  
Or grasp in both his miniature hands.  
No doubt that's why he took up golf at last:  
The club more neatly than a thought he grasps.  
Should Lady Bracknell pop the question, he'd  
Assure her on the spot that he was free  
Of any hint of latent cerebration;  
Intelligence he thinks contamination.  
He savors being labeled philistine  
Though not by half so much as phallustine.  
With lechery he likes to gild his fame,  
His wife a mistress in all but her name,  
Who courts dismissal when she's not quite chic,  
He'll notice it, and in a fit of pique  
Calls up the Eastern Europe Wife Supply  
Co. Limited to send an agent by



A thing that, like his fortune, only finds  
Existence in a self-deluding mind.  
Devoid of all erotic talent, he  
Must pay six figures, plus a lawyer's fee,  
To keep his women from declaring how  
Inept he was, how clumsy, limp, and low.  
Great Giacomo, who took a better way,  
And pleased his lovers with his skillful play,  
The world still celebrates, while Donald Trump  
Is now a synonym for "useless lump."  
But though he piles whores on wives on whores,  
They leave him empty, lacking, puzzled sore.  
As Kennedy to Monroe's upraised silk  
Would flee by right as chieftan of that ilk,  
His electronic mistress lures him on  
With scenes sublime and chasses hard and  
warm,  
Impassive 'neath the pixels' blue-green light,  
Her adulation his supreme delight.  
Preferring plastic, he still cheers on those  
Whose preference is for violent public rows.  
Propensity for chasing women makes  
Job applicants appealing to this rake.  
In practice, this creates a moving staff;  
No president lost hires quite this fast.  
He also likes the ones who change positions  
Both agilely and without much contrition.  
Take Kudlow, who could snort three hundred  
bucks  
Of coke each night and never make a fuss;  
Then Opus Dei got a hold of him,

Now Trump's his latest manageable sin.  
Should someone bore him, then he's out by lunch;  
McMasters should have had a better hunch.  
Addicted to his catchphrase, Trump must suit  
His actions to his fav'rite words, and boot  
For booting's sake alone, as well as lack  
Of sheer bright-eyed devotion to the pack.  
"You're fired!" is the only phrase he can  
Without a dictionary understand.  
He much reminds one of a cartoon shark,  
A thrashing bunch of nerves deep in the dark,  
That's maddened by the merest hint of blood,  
And losing all control, churns sea to mud.  
The oath had barely passed his lips when he  
Dispatched a gen'ral to eternity:  
There was no grudge, no animus involved,  
Trump had to show that power had devolved.  
What need has he of petty Guard commanders?  
If he had ever heard of Alexander,  
He'd swear his military education  
Would let him beat that conqueror of nations.  
A few years passed at private boarding school  
Instilled in him all warfare's many rules,  
Or so he claims; he really went to learn  
The latest tricks of hazing all in turn.  
He sports a gun upon Manhattan's streets,  
The outward marking of New York's elite;  
With Feinstein, uses wealth and place to buy  
That which they would to others still deny.  
Likewise, he courts the radiant caress  
Plutonium provides under duress:

A foreign war's a waste, unless it means  
Deploying missiles, not men, overseas.  
Why then, by all means, let the warheads fly,  
A nuclear diplomacy he'll try!  
And build ten more for each one that's now found  
Atop behemoths slumb'ring underground,  
Unbloodied and undead: another game  
He'd play unto his own eternal shame.  
In person, his own missile choice inclines  
Towards something drawn on smaller, rounder  
lines:

The White House staff by now have learned to  
not  
Stand near the presidential coffee pot.  
As for the walls, he could not possibly  
Concern himself with thought of history;  
Where millions of Americans might stand  
With pride, and lowered heads, and folded hands,  
He sulks, and terms the place a run-down dump  
Beneath the dignity of Donald Trump.  
A hundred thirty millions he assessed  
His German debts to have his wealth depressed,  
But as the President, Deutsche Bank relaxed  
Its attitude, and gladly called it pax;  
As he forgave their fines, they him forgave--  
Four hundred millions always buy a stay.  
To better shrink the government, he hands  
His industry connections public lands,  
Disclaiming all the eminent domain  
He labored for a lifetime to obtain.  
No principle applies, so long as he

Comes out on top and earns a royalty.  
It's cash in hand, not winning, that he counts;  
He planned election night to be a rout.  
By six percentage points he thought himself  
Well on the way to television wealth;  
Melania had his promise he would lose,  
And weeps to see him on the morning news.  
In callousness and bloodshed he aspires  
To ape the Autocrat he so admires.  
A show of strength, a careless use of force:  
These policies he's ready to endorse;  
But more than that, the hauteur of the man,  
Who has the Duma trained to his command,  
Who steals his neighbors' goods and silences  
The voices speaking to expose him as  
A monarch in a suit of masquerade--  
His game's the sort that Trump would like to  
play!

With eager mein the plump American  
Attempts to pet the bear with tiny hands;  
How hurt he is when its return caress  
Amounts to sheer disinterestedness!  
The Autocrat has no use for him, or  
The meddling that's since been laid at his door,  
Save that the thought divides his enemies  
And bring them by their own works to their  
knees.

He plows ahead; Trump languishes behind,  
His awe of Putin deepened by this kind  
Of treatment that amounts to bullying--  
The bully as the bullied, not the king!

From wealth or place outstripping his in pride  
He seeks approval that's each time denied,  
His acts a psychological cliché  
That's certain to repeat itself each day.  
If one won't feed him, then he must apply  
Elsewhere to get his cravings satisfied,  
An addict of the deepest, subtlest kind,  
Enslaved to his own poverty of mind.  
The Saudis sent their planes into New York,  
Went through the Pentagon like it was cork,  
So Trump, to show his firm appreciation,  
Hands them a hundred billion in donations.  
They are his kind of people, after all;  
He wedded them upon a crystal ball.  
For years he worshiped Rupert Murdoch; now  
As president, his name makes Murdoch frown,  
But he'll still take the calls of one he called  
An idiot--there's business deals involved:  
So easily Trump's roused by his attention,  
He blocked the merger of his competition.  
And lest the media should dare report  
His deep corruption, or his love for sport,  
Like Lysistrata, he himself denies  
To them, to make them value more his lies.  
In blank rejection of his whole career,  
With bold defiance of the cam'ra's leer,  
Another wall he raises, this one green,  
Encircling his course to better screen  
The progress of his golf from prying eyes  
That are ubiquitous 'neath freedom's skies.  
All foreigners are bad, he glibly claims;

They plot to loot America's domains.  
But in his bed you'll find a foreign miss:  
Himself consistency's antithesis.  
About his sagging calves his Congress crawls,  
Beginning with his very own Saint Paul,  
Who writes the creed and cooks the House's  
    books  
In subtle ways too often overlooked.  
For Ryan's budget, much denounced, provides  
Its greatest benefits to neither side:  
The poor and rich alike still pay more tax  
Than those not on their feet, nor yet their backs;  
The renting middle class his special cause,  
Enough so to be privileged in law.  
Why so? They have the money to invest,  
That petrol of the capitalist west,  
Which fuels the engine of the corporation  
To climb the heights of civic domination.  
Paul feels he must renew the quasi-state,  
The foremost thing that made his country great.  
What need can free men have of crowned  
    monarchs  
When they can substitute with oligarchs?  
The latter weigh more lightly on the scene,  
And thus disguised, are seldom called unclean.  
What of McCain, who won a hero's name  
Again, and overhauled his dying fame  
By leaping out of hospital to stay  
The healthcare bill his friends had just essayed?  
One wonders whether, when he cast that vote,

He thought of those his bombs and shells had  
smote;  
He pleads compassion, when no less humane  
Career than bomber pilot can be named.  
His countrymen alone deserve his help,  
The others can be left to moan and yelp;  
America will gladly injure them  
When warrior McCain shouts “Bomb Iran!”  
The spectacle he makes! By this contrast  
The noble murderer impugns his graft.  
A priceless gift, his military-order  
Morality that stops short at the border.  
Across the aisle, Rohrabacher’s kept  
By Vladimir as a convenient pet.  
There was a time he spoke for liberty,  
The rights of man, and true democracy;  
He sang of freedom; now he sings of fear,  
A traitor to himself, his reasons clear  
Enough to follow in the abstract, but  
Demeaning to an ape-man in a hut.  
Election he desired, so he sold  
His radical convictions, joined the fold  
Of those who praised the greatness of the state  
And its sure title to eradicate  
All those who threaten its supremacy;  
If that makes men less free, it still must be.  
How pitiful a thing he is, who turns  
From truth to falsehood based on what he earns!  
In this, he is precisely suited to  
The Trumps’ pragmatic, nepotistic crew.  
How pitiful a thing the unbound slave

Who with his chains drags others to the grave!  
With utter lack of guile, he will urge  
Iranians to rapidly abjure  
The yolk of terror pressing on their land--  
See dairy-free and freedom hand in hand!  
Meanwhile the Senate's fav'rite pianist  
Takes off his spectacles--but with a twist:  
He wasn't wearing them at all; his hand  
Removed them on its own without command.  
"The blind shall lead the blind," was Smith's  
narration  
When handing out the latest revelation.  
Of age the symbol and the model, he;  
The type of Congress's senility.  
Such friends as these to Trump are waving reeds,  
Who bow, for now, before his foetid breeze,  
As they are wont to do, but in a pinch,  
They'll yield a foot where he won't give an inch.  
And yet--they share a common mind with him,  
A nativist construct of mortal sin,  
By which they are beset, or so they swear:  
"These non-Americans are everywhere!"  
By their works shall ye know them: these by  
theirs  
Are set about on ev'ry side with fears.  
Will someone take their land? Must they  
compete  
For bargains once laid humbly at their feet?  
Must they see faces they don't recognize?  
In this age, ev'ry one must be a spy.  
What if some act of random chance might cause

The death of one of theirs outside the laws?  
They will lose face if they don't seek revenge  
As if they lived and worshiped at Stonehenge.  
Must they acknowledge that they are not first  
Among the nations, who hold them accursed?  
Must they admit mortality and guilt,  
Their edifice of lath and plaster built?  
They swear they'll bow to none of these, but still  
Stand trembling at what lurks behind the hill.  
If nothing lurks, as sure as hell they'll find  
Another terror for disordered minds.  
A bravely spoken stance, Americans!  
The mewling of a threatened robber band!  
Not freedom any longer, but survival,  
The ruthless bludgeoning of any rival,  
Informs their choices, shapes their destiny,  
Discards the promise of their history--  
Aggrandizement their only policy,  
An armored fist their sole diplomacy.  
Their quiet strength is gone; instead, they froth  
About the mouth like poisoned kings grown  
    wroth.  
What weakness bred such fright in freedom's  
    crowds?  
What strong man fears the shifting of the clouds?  
Like man, like master: public terror formed  
Aristocrats anew from things outworn.  
The rulers but the archetypes of those  
Who congregate in columns at the polls.  
They sacrificed hard-won democracy  
That they might shed responsibility.

They gave the lie to that remote ideal  
From which was born in pain the commonweal:  
The absolute, inherent rights of man,  
The vileness of rulers and their plans.  
As those who came before them failed, so they  
Have failed in turn, and checked the birth of day.  
In urban jungles, hear the drums a-beat;  
The tribes reform, each voting with its feet  
For its own petty autocrat of spite  
Who'll go to Congress and prolong the night.  
Elites they love more than they dare condemn;  
They raise them to high office, paying them  
To loot and bleed, turn citizens to whores--  
A race of Olivers who beg for more!  
In contradiction, brand themselves the spawn  
Of hypocritic whoreson Jefferson,  
Conceived in lies of falsest liberty,  
Enslaving others so they may be free,  
Themselves the tyrants whom they claim to hate,  
Subservient to each other in the State.  
And on the other side, the opposition  
Connives at ever-worsening conditions.  
The blue-wave Democrats so quietly  
Ignore the passing of democracy.  
It's not indifference that drives their play;  
They want the power sans the need to pay  
The electoral price for seeming tyrants,  
Or communists, or corp'ratists, or pirates.  
But if the G. O. P. before their time  
Should grow the state by war and theft and  
crime,

Why, then, they'll take it over happily,  
And justify it by necessity,  
Declaring that by force they can undo  
The years gone by, the manifold abuse--  
Except, of course, those misdeeds that they like:  
Autocracy can be so useful....right?  
The party of big business, they can count  
Among their ranks the billionaires' accounts.  
Elites of the elite, they prize degrees  
Their hungry voters' kids will never see.  
Conjoining means and ends, the public warders,  
Declaring for the primacy of order.  
Impelled by cravings for stability,  
They fight to keep their job security.  
John Lewis, who for thirty grueling years  
Has clung unto his sinecure 'midst cheers,  
Is now so firmly planted in his seat  
He sees his old positions and retreats.  
For civil rights he boldly fought, and won;  
Now he would have them struck when  
troublesome.

If he rejects one of the Constitution's  
Amendments, he can find a substitution:  
The first supplanted by its weighty sequel--  
Not all amendments are created equal.  
Nor are all rights inherent, for the state  
May disregard them if that's what it takes  
To save a life, or buy a bigger house:  
The physical, not principle's, what counts.  
As vile as he is Polis, who'd subdue  
The many to divide the guilt of few,

Discarding Blackstone, Franklin, common sense  
In eagerness to not provoke offense.  
The process he'd depend on to protect  
Himself, is not the due of other sects.  
Deterrence in his morbid brain still thrives,  
He plays a numbers game with human lives.  
A member of the beaten, he would send  
The beaters to accomplish his own ends.  
For gradual improvements in their lot,  
All these would have the rights of man forgot.  
Themselves bourgeois, and paid by bourgeoisie,  
They seek a forced, not real, equality,  
Where Eloi slumber 'midst the sea-green grass,  
Beneath a tempered dome of Corning glass.  
A different end, but methods that echo  
Those of the President they claim to loathe.  
They claim to hate his ends as well, but when  
Confronted by his Russian scandal, then  
Proceeded to create a public fear  
Of foreign meddling that had cost them dear.  
In one breath, they deplore hate; in the next,  
They aim it at their own foes like a hex:  
A different "bad foreigner", but still  
A prototype that works the Donald's will.  
Repeated, such vehement accusations  
Breed nativism and new isolation.  
And turning inwards, fearing sabotage,  
They cross the aisle in noxious arbitrage,  
Removing warrants, limits, hiring spies,  
Concealing records from the public's eyes,  
Empowering a president they swore

Would lead the country into useless war,  
Or might call down atomic death in pique  
Resulting from a contradicting tweet--  
This man they call unfit, they chose to give  
Expanded rights to net and sift and sieve  
Through all the records of their citizens  
In search of plots that might have never been.  
They'll let him take the blame, and when in turn  
They hold the office, they'll abruptly learn  
Of needs that outrank civil liberties,  
Which yield regardless to security.  
They think they will not be despised for that?  
That they can vanish in the dark, like bats?  
They think they'll not make enemies of those  
Who must legitimize them by their votes?  
How then do they define an enemy?  
In concrete, as: a man, a cause, a theme.  
But enemies are made by simpler means,  
Such as distrust of politicians' schemes.  
My enemy is he who thwarts my will,  
Who plants himself upon a crest of hill,  
Draws up his forces, plots to bar my way  
By virtue of his men in steel array--  
My enemy is also he who spies,  
Who creeps, who peers, who wires and then lies.  
My enemy is any who would place  
Himself above me in a mythic space  
Where he might rule my actions, for such things  
Are quite as logical as monkeys' wings.  
The subtle enemy is always worse  
Than he who charges screaming out a curse.

The red is drowned by blue; the sea puts out  
The fire with a hissing, screaming shout.  
But drowned or burned, there's little left for man  
Of what has passed through both their scourging  
hands.

A planet stripped and bare, a deference  
To those on high who preach obedience.  
The heritage of man, if they endure;  
But if they fall, there'd be a chance of cure.  
And fall they might, the outcome of their greed  
Indifferent to purely human needs.  
"Let havoc be their portion!" Plutus spoke,  
Precipitating matters by that stroke,  
With golden-yellow Trump his butter'd tool  
To turn Americans to greater fools,  
Evoking all their deepest hatreds, fears,  
Desires, arrogances, selfish pray'rs;  
Against themselves they're always set, but now  
The touchstone multiples their fevered vows.  
They have a choice: to kill themselves by halves,  
Through slow surrender and through creeping  
graft,  
Through pushing order on a world that's best  
When free of bonds: the birthright of the West.  
Again, they may choose quicker, violent deaths,  
Embracing discord when it serves their thefts,  
Displaying all their pettiness to man--  
Engendering disdain for all their plans.  
Confronted by that shock, they may elect  
To salvage human rights out of the wreck;  
But lacking it, they'll slowly lose the sense

They're losing something of significance.  
A shock the butter'd tool provides--just one;  
Events will show how far its ripples run.  
And all might have been stayed, if men but  
    would  
Enslave their fears, not worship them as gods.  
For fearing much, they now must fearful serve  
A fearful leader whom they much deserve.