

ALL
THE
WAY
TO
THE
MOUNTAIN
TOP

JACKIE OH

Fahrenheit

Jackie Oh

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Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.
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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

ID Card

Did you just assume my identity?
May I refer you to my credentials:
All ages, all nationalities,
all income brackets (regardless of tax),
all class, all education.
I don't carry a gun,
but I have bullets in my throat
and I am not afraid to shoot.
I am all colourful, all powerful,
right-attaining wonderful,
delectable and unstoppable.
I remain ungrabbed.

Opera

I can hear the fanfare
from just under four years away.
Everyone is signing up
to join the choir. It will be
a wonderful choir, the best choir ever,
because they will be singing
the song of your leave-taking.
The chorus will celebrate
our national return to sanity.
Let the cymbals explode in rapture,
let the drums match the freedom of our hearts.
Oh, the singing,
I weep for the singing!
Let it lift the sun up
from the horizon
and shoot down the clouds
with its golden voice!
Can you hear it?
Can you hear our damn beautiful voice?

Benediction? Supplication?

Wait.

I have something
in my pocket for you.

Here it is.

I've gift-wrapped it with a fist.

Do you mind?

I glued glitter to my knuckles
and placed a bow
where my wedding band use to be.

Go on.

Open it.

Oh, but be careful.

Don't get any blood on it!

Your hands are covered.

How did you ever get so much blood onto those
hands?

Didn't your mamma ever tell you
to go wash after a genocide?

I don't think you can have this gift now.

But look, at least I've left you this fist.

Statuesque

Which way should she be facing?

Outwards in welcome,

her touch a lighthouse

to all the world's shipwrecked sailors?

Or inwards, with her back to the waves,

a windbreaker for the so-called natives?

Haiku for Those Who Would Vote For Trump Again

No, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no.

Responsibilities

I hold you responsible
for my panic attacks.

I hold your responsible
for the rise of Scientology
and the fall of man.

I hold your responsible
for the dental cavities
of the under-fives
from too much Coca-Cola.

I hold your responsible
for the poisoned rivers of Mexico.

I hold your responsible
for grounded dreams
when you found you couldn't
ground the airplanes.

I hold your responsible
for your speechwriters,
even though I find it hard to believe
in anything so contemptible.

I had scorned beyond faith,
crippled my vote
and stupefied the entire political system
by not rising until now.

I am responsible.

We are responsible.

We are responsible for change.

We Would Rather You Played Truant Than This

Go stand in the corner,
dunce cap and all
with Bush and the misspelt potatoe.
You've stubbed your toe
and your potatoe
on the kerb of resistance.
The Supreme Court
pointing to the blackboard,
handing you the chalk:

I will not...
I will not...
I will not...

Bibliography

I don't know enough about you
because your very life is emetic,
but it would be enough
to hold open the unwritten book
and let everyone who voted against you
to spit onto the pages,
and everyone who voted for you
to wipe their ass with the sheets,
wrap it up in an American flag,
leave it on the shelf of Barnes & Noble,
sit back, and await the Pulitzer Prize.

Parliament of Invertebrates

It's the other world leaders
I feel sorry for,
having to grease themselves up
to crawl up your asshole.

Mind you,
the entire enterprise is easier
when you don't have a spine.

Fire and Hate

i.

I took the temperature today.
A '5' on the Circles Of Hell scale.
I was expecting higher.
Perhaps I should have waited
until after the evening news,
let a few hundred more minds
blow up in hunger and disillusionment.

ii.

It gets too hot here at night,
must be from all those burning souls.
I can't sleep anymore.
I think my bed must be tapped -
The TV keeps playing my nightmares.

Nagging the Ram

Donald Trump?
Lord, dump tan!
Damp old runt.

Blame the Social Media

Donald, you made me hate Twitter.
Donald, how can there be
so many deluded people
out there
ready to follow you?
Perhaps it's not all your fault.
Perhaps there are mere
victims
of the world's circumstance.
Aren't you just a by-product
of national debt?

We're all damn by-products
of other person's damnation,
another flower
pushed
into the grave,
ready to wilt
in the rain.

And if you think that's
some kind of romantic image,
well,
let Donald be the one
to break your heart.
He will break you
then ask for your allegiance.

Only those that can broken
can follow!
Let the unbroken lead!

And where are all
the good men and women
of America
without cracks
or dents
or taped-over philosophies
and rusted manifestoes,
ready to pull the nation
out from the salted soil
and tend for us
on some gigantic united windowsill?
All we want to do
is sit in the sun
and be watered,
fresh, sprinkled, newborn water
that have never
been tasted before,
passed through other poor bastards'
urinary tracts
and pissed out on the streets,
collected in gutter
where you can't tell the difference
between the people and the trash.

Donald, I have tasted
the apple and the turd,
and only one

is flavoured
with the truth.

Goodnight, John Boy

Don't forgot to shoot the dog,
or switch off all the lights.
Disconnect the gas,
empty the fridge
of its crumbs and droppings
and leave out the trash,
now more valuable per pound
than any of us.

Perhaps we'll make
good biomass.

If anyone wishes,
bring out bodies
to the White House lawn
and ask the gardener
if it will be a good year
for the Coast Rhododendrons.

Sagacious

Yes, hope was audacious.
But somewhere between the loquacious
press conferences,
and the sick flirtatious
power-grabbing that the voracious
rich folk seem to do,
perhaps you would be so gracious
as to abdicate before you
become wholly fallacious?

Lioness

What do I know?
I'm just a poor white girl
and my cunt isn't open
wide enough to interest you.

What do I know?
I'm just a shy little girl
with my back too weak,
a spine gone crazy
from the weight of modernity.

What do I know?
I'm just another dumb whore
you can dismiss as easily
as burning a dollar bill.

What do I know?
I'm just a woman,
and my voice is loud enough
to kill all of your walls

Hope

<i>Bosnian</i>	<i>Nadam se</i>
<i>Bulgarian</i>	<i>Надявам се,</i>
<i>Croatian</i>	<i>nadati se</i>
<i>Czech</i>	<i>doufat</i>
<i>Danish</i>	<i>håber</i>
<i>Dutch</i>	<i>hoop</i>
<i>Finnish</i>	<i>oivo</i>
<i>French</i>	<i>espoir</i>
<i>German</i>	<i>Hoffnung</i>
<i>Greek</i>	<i>ελπίδα</i>
<i>Hungarian</i>	<i>remény</i>
<i>Icelandic</i>	<i>vona</i>
<i>Irish</i>	<i>Tá súil</i>
<i>Polish</i>	<i>nadzieja</i>
<i>Romanian</i>	<i>speranță</i>
<i>Russian</i>	<i>надеяться</i>
<i>Serbian</i>	<i>nadati se</i>
<i>Slovak</i>	<i>dúfat'</i>
<i>Spanish</i>	<i>esperanza</i>
<i>Swedish</i>	<i>hoppas</i>
<i>Ukrainian</i>	<i>сподіватис</i>

Jackie Oh is from Northern Ireland. She is a shy girl living with the weight of words and disability, but also a ferocious fighter. *Fahrenhate* is her first chapbook. jackieohohoh@outlook.com

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lars palm – case

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