

A photograph of a man with a mustache and glasses, wearing a light blue short-sleeved button-down shirt and dark pants, standing on the deck of a submarine. He has his arms crossed and is looking towards the camera. Behind him is the dark blue conning tower of the submarine, which has several masts and antennas extending from the top. The submarine is on the ocean, and the sky is a clear, pale blue. The overall tone of the image is somewhat dark and grainy.

Poesy for the Potus. . .  
Our Donaldcito

Chuck Richardson

**POESY FOR THE POTUS...  
OUR DONALDCITO**

**CHUCK RICHARDSON**

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Mars in the cunt of Venus, breathing...

## PHASES [THAT] DO NOT PROBE

The luminosity of desertion  
subsisting for those  
existing too petrified  
by time

To say anything  
about

Force not needing to  
insist upon its function

Or activity

\*

Because wile

## RIPENS

As I pace the city  
planning to subvert  
my enemy's strategy.

Mourning doves  
sound tranquil,  
as if

Knowing I defend them,  
they observe

every win

Evolving

## MOLOCH

This scent of death  
stale from waiting out  
our breath between worms

Kills us a bit inside our frailty

While e  
scaping Its flame  
lingering without

Guilt  
surrounding us

\*

Beyond our frequency

Re-  
startling this

## RESURGENCY

The little Donald—  
a wily Wharton-  
aryan; word-  
being of us, edgy-  
gated fav'rite

son of slave-  
baiting gentry—  
flies his rebellion high  
every 4<sup>th</sup> of July,  
sentimentally and  
absurdly proud of  
his heritage and station.

\*

He might be Borges  
without the mind,  
with stickier fingers  
fattened by  
need of licking.

Truth is  
Donaldcito's a mix  
breed, almost  
creole except for  
his class, nearly every inch  
a booted man, entitled  
and responsible, being  
fruitful and multiplying, a  
sadistic gringo dominion  
ist without doubt breathing  
through his mouth.

\*

"He's a real cracker!"  
says his secretary.

"Yeah, a proud honky. He  
don't stand for bandits!"

cries the pundit.

"While he's busy robbing us!" shouts his neighbor.

"He's the consequence of a vile place, a wicked time, a voluptuous act...to be so high and mighty," whispers his mother, hiding her face. "I should know."

\*

We see.

\*

The little Donald, yet a pawnbroker, rises, brandishing his horsewhip, erect whitey American-style:

Capitalist is Zionist is Colonist is Profiteer

Prophet-needing quantifiers exacerbate the disasters of others after causing them...

Meming them for their own  
consumption.

Soylent Green.

Spongiform encephalopathy.

In the abstract...

\*

It's a way of marking their turf at home and  
[especially]  
Elsewhere on...

Abroad, perhaps.

\*

Bukkake.

\*

The little Donald's resistance signifies  
a wave forward in the current  
situation and spectacle.

\*

But we'll have to permeate  
him—our shrinking  
Donaldcito—  
to get there.



\*

Cream-pied

\*

Feeling up  
the tense

Situation

Over there  
Where

SOME POETS FEEL

Like

Parasitical mushroom clouds filling up with hallucinogens or poison, dependent on your point of view. They're popping up anywhere at any time in their black berets and avant-garde soldier uniforms, blood dripping from each of their punctuation marks, raping, killing, cooking and eating clueless [but not innocent] business majors who wander into their comp classes because it's required, not just the cannibalism but the course itself. The obligation's as healthy as Paula Deen taking Anthony Bourdain up her overextended arse. But we must excuse them. Like Second Lieutenant William Calley and Staff Sgt. Frank Wuterich they were just breaking their taboos as they saw fit.

And don't forget, it's not easy being an avant-garde poet warrior in a capitalist world where everyone's already breaking all the taboos.

Are you doing any better?

## BY TURNING ANOTHER CHEEK

And  
Occluding, with  
Presidential Directive

59 big peanuts  
Jimmy

Carter adopted the  
“counter  
vailing strategy” to  
first kill

Soviet leadership then  
attack military targets

If things got out of hand.

Remember the neutron bomb?

But Reagan was elected. So  
“Star Wars” could destroy  
Soviet missiles. America wanted  
first-strike ability to protect the meek  
who worked for a living to buy cars  
and buy gas, and go out  
and move around and

feed themselves and,  
turning another cheek,  
show just how white  
they really were...

are...

supporting our dwindling Donaldcito

EVERY DAY

Having to puke.  
Being good was sickening.

My father...who art,

In heaven, said  
[verily unto me]:

Things would be cool

If

You could learn to lie for a living;

If

Whenever you told the truth you'd feel yourself  
once again clinging to that red translucent  
wall...machinery grinding away beneath you;

If

You were fortunate to find weed;

If

You knew it would help you for a long time;

If

You knew you would find the man you would be;

If

Good folks were usually gutless people that  
they'd fill you with the urge to  
regurgitate;

If

They needed their heads filled with beautiful  
lies;

If

Some of them wore cowboy outfits or soldier  
uniforms;

If

You were always their enemy;

If

They needed you to make their existence  
meaningful;

If

You liked them for making yours meaningful,  
too;

If

You liked being their enemy;

If

Right before all the shit started you went to the  
Rez and bought a powwow get-up—bow,  
arrows...everything;

If

Another time, right after it started, you grew  
your beard long, ululated, and prayed ass high  
head pointing  
east;

If

You liked feeling *bad*;

If

People were tools.

To do it, to go  
I'd have to gag  
every day.

\*

Until

A SECOND COMING

Of Jesus, or

Whatever discovers  
first intent

As part of the PSYOPs  
beginning when Reagan  
took office and continuing until  
everything stops  
before

Anything else could happen...

SPEAKING OF COWARDICE

Where the exercise involves its realistic nature,  
coupled with deteriorating relations and the  
anticipated arrival of...

To believe a ruse of war of...

Obscuring preparations for a genuine strike of...

In response, they readied their forces, placing  
units on alert. They followed orders not knowing

what was and wasn't real. Thinking was above their pay-grade.

The market dictated that their behavior lack Stanislav Petrov's temerity. His communist actions, after all, were more responsible for capitalism's continued existence than anything capitalists would, could, or ever do [no matter how they may uncannily try], revealing the impotence of their invisible hands...

Global capitalism has  
written in its very DNA

Our

MUTUAL, ASSURED, DERANGEMENT

Guaranteeing that...

For \$19.95 plus  
shipping and handling

We  
are no  
dumber. No  
better  
than. The brutes  
ruling us, we say

Yes to extinction.

We know  
what It means. Its

Malignancy,

A madness  
considering what  
we're capable of

Literally.

I could write a book.  
Then try less  
to let one  
write me.

#### CLARIFYING FURTHER

How

The membrane—

Vibrating with kazoos  
patriotic marching  
bands spilling over  
Battle Hymn of the Republic—

Reflecting an impure light

On this bone—

Hung like a trophy—

On this skin  
erasing itself  
slowly



down under  
where  
the glitter is,  
where  
the road curves, spurting  
pansies  
where  
you stomp them down  
wearing  
goose-step moonboots

To wipe yourself away

\*

It claims dominion  
bribing us with courtesy  
fusing Its opposition to our ferocity

As we police the vacant streets  
looking for you.

It would seem you've purloined everything  
illegitimizing, as they say,  
that which the witch  
makes.

\*

On this bone—

Hung like a trophy—

It claims dominion  
as we police the vacant streets

vibrating with kazoos  
on this skin erasing agent  
looking for you  
legitimizing, so they say  
slowly beneath  
that which makes  
the glitter where  
the road curves, spurting pansies  
reflecting an impure light  
you stomp down  
wearing your goose-  
step moon  
boots

Walking the walk

OF THE BRAVE

Freaking out  
for Jesus  
freaking out,  
for  
hallelujah

Hands swaying in the breeze

Believing your soul's  
saved

But

You observe  
without perception,  
misreading if reading

Revelations  
18 at all

\*

Mis-knowing how  
Jesus will rule  
without

Loathing

\*\*

Invited to act by the many-bladed mind of His  
Father  
unmoved by the grass He's mowing

\*\*\*

These apes of "Christ"  
[running their own experiments]  
want a dis-ease they never believed in  
to answer their trivial prayers

\*\*\*\*

In the end,  
they might fail to avert  
the chilling fire

They never engaged,  
loosing themselves  
in terror terrified

\*\*\*\*\*

Beating  
at the doors of...

## SENTIMENTALITY

How, sadly  
our dwelling's  
become a postcard

Fleeing

From us, remitting  
a well-done to history

Craving a ghost  
to dominate those  
already

Busted

IN THE MA[I]ZE

Where, if I had a Republican mind, my pursuit of happiness wouldn't end. If I had a Democratic mind, I'd still be seeking justice. With a schizoid anarchic mind, I shut my eyes and see whatever I might adopt. Its biology will seam together a multiple choice question of something else evolving something that wasn't there before. Its power feels kind of sexy, an orgasmic catastrophe creating a need to make more people. Their potential unity, invited by the chasm in her flesh, will make them come.

Flooding the cornfield, Old Muddy soils their southbound money. The corn had better be extra corny this year, or someone else's gonna get it....

Someone who's...

Writing...

## A LOVE POEM FOR PRESIDENTS

[Whose power feels sexy  
watch him strut amid all the ladies  
kissing them]

We're fascinated, viewing the never-ending hostilities between the children of light [us] and the peoples of heaviness [them]. We love hearing their glorious pep talks justifying everything they do.

These warriors aren't quite wicked, however,  
because if they were, what would that make us?  
That would be like saying transcendence and  
exceptionalism, realized through action and  
sacrifice, hard fought victory and success  
derived from a tough, feral stripe—

What America's all about—

Links an evil destiny to its inception.

What makes Obama and all Presidents great is  
their willingness and aptitude when it comes to  
killing their [our] alleged enemies. Each one  
knows how to deal with valets and orderlies and  
butlers and maids and interns. They know how  
to kill and deny sinners' clemency. And we adore  
them for it. We expect nothing less from our  
American commanders-in-chief. We're coarse  
folks who like hard hitting things...

Grizzle to masticate...for years...

Yhwh bless the United States of America!

\*

& god ex  
toll definite art

A killing off of the...

DISABLED

In other words:

The Veteran's service-connected conditions cause him/her to be unable to obtain or maintain substantially gainful employment because of the Veteran's service-connected conditions. The Veteran must periodically certify continued unemployability, but if there is no scheduled future reduction or medical examination required, he/she may be considered by some states to be permanently and totally disabled.

The Veteran is considered by VA to be permanently and totally disabled because of his/her service-connected conditions.

But that doesn't mean he can't...

BE A PAID TV EXPERT

Where Rush will sing his praises on the right side of your radio dial. That's what the GI Bill's paying his tuition for...So he can influence policy, maybe get a job thinking...

But why just *him*? You've always wanted to be a critical player in the game, too. The pros are your avatars. They're personas branded by their names more than anything else. They can't flip-flop. What goes on inside them can't be seen, doesn't matter, just like what they can't see inside us means shit to them. It's got to do with proximity and the "monkeysphere," and all that

there kinda shit. It's why I'd rather kill the Koch brothers than my dog. It's why you'd rather kill me than your future. And Americans would rather kill aliens than their dreams. The pros learn their songs well before they start singing, usually at summer camp when they were kids (later re-enforced, if they were white dudes, at Bohemian Grove, or some equivalent thereof), whereas The Demagogues they gathered to jam, hearing their properly dressed, imaginary subjects politely applauding in their overactive ears. Nothing howls in wilderness like the mind, or purrs in the parlor by the fire, curled up on the master's lap with its belly full, like the animal brain, which never bites the hand that feeds it if properly trained, that is invisible to the happy beast anyway, which assumes that hand is God's. But how correct are most of their assumptions? Is that really you? I thought you were a rebel. I thought you were different. Did you just yawn and rub your belly? Perhaps I'm assuming too much too. I don't know. Jesus Christ, do you? Really? Actually, your critical self vanished with other objects of interest, like harassing families and co-workers that naturally de-selected your gene code from reproduction because you're a daddy without sugar, a boxer without punch, drunk, etc. & et al. It ain't personal, just business, they said and you understood. You're a man, after all and you sucked it up, just as you'd expect Cupcake to do, saving the drama for her mama who won't wanna hear It. That's life. You owe, you owe, so off to work you quietly go. If I called you a wage slave you'd point your gun at me and call It a



warning. You're desperate. Your brothers didn't die over there for nothin. Like that cheerful robot lost in space, you have a programmed fetish for Young Will Robinson. You're a mechanical dog-like Godzilla machine bleating "Danger! Danger! Danger!" with alarmed metallic urgency, telling your sense of the truth with shameful, algorithmic certainty. You're the byproduct of a Darwinist economic system. You've trivialized your own security into a thoughtless form of agency that's enslaved you.

Maybe you do belong on TV...playing some hardball...

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2017

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Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mLEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

lars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen — *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

Tom Bamford – *The Gag Reel*

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Allen Bramhall – *Bleak Like Me*

Kristian Carlsson – *The United World of War*

Roy Bentley – *Men, Death, Lies*

Travis Macdonald – *How to Zing the Government*

Kristian Carlsson – *Dhaka Poems*

Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted*

Martha Deed – *We Should Have Seen This Coming*

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Freke Rähä – *Explanation model for 'Virus'*  
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Dan Ryan – *Swamp Tales*  
Sheri Reda – *Stubborn*  
Christine Stoddard — *Chica/Mujer*  
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Nicholas Michael Ravnika – *Liberal elite media rag. SAD!*  
Mark Young – *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*  
Howard Yosha – *Stop Armageddon*  
Andrew and Donora Rihn – *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*  
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