



**POETS
OPPOSING
EVIL
TRUMP**

A POETRY ONLINE ANTHOLOGY

Poetry NI: P.O.E.T.
'Poets Opposing Evil Trump'

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and Geraldine O'Kane

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Foreword

The rise of Donald Trump is something that continues to be equally fascinating and scary. Every day, the news is full of his hate-ridden diatribe, sensationalist policy announcements, and self-aggrandizement.

We're not going to get into his politics here: this has been done elsewhere to a far better degree than we ever could. Instead, we are doing what we do best: to use the power of poetry, in order to oppose, deride, fight against and stand up to the undesirable entity that is 'Donald John *Drumpf*'.

It has been said that poetry never changes anything. We of course disagree. This isn't a pro-Clinton, pro-Sanders or even a pro-Democrats booklet (although some of the poets do allude to feeling the Bern...). It isn't even necessarily an anti-Republican publication. It is however, unabashedly and unapologetically, anti-Trump. Enjoy.

Colin Dardis & Geraldine O'Kane, Editors

*Note on language: As some of the poets included in the e-
anthology are American, where spelling might differentiate
between standardised American and British spelling, we have
kept the poet's original text.*

Steven Storr: Wake Up America, It's Your Turn To Drive

America don't do this
America you're better than that
America stop pretending
America this isn't reality TV

America don't stoop to their level
America this is real
America don't make me copy Allen Ginsberg
poems
Now is not the time.

America remember the good times
Remember Kennedy, Lincoln and FDR
America turn off your radio
The danger is at your door

America remember sweet Lady Liberty
What are you going to tell her?
How could you ever look her in the eye again
If you do this?
America what about your tired, your hungry
Your poor?
What will become of them
With Donald Trump in charge?

America you can't be serious?
America don't turn out the lights
America it's not too late
America look at your withered face
In the mirror
I know you want to be beautiful again
America this isn't the way

America let's not fight
If you turn back now we'll never
Mention this again
Though I can't say I'm gonna be able
To forget it almost happened.

America go to bed now
You've had a little too much to drink
I know you'll feel differently about this
In the morning.

Whitnee Thorp: & He Said

“All of the men, we're petrified to speak to women anymore. We may raise our voice. You know what? The women get it better than we do, folks. They get it better than we do.”

– Donald Trump

If by better do you mean
for every dollar earned by a man
a woman, with the same
education & background
will only hear 77 cents
clink in the bottom of her purse?
Or the woman with a graduate degree
will not be able to provide
like the man with a bachelors' degree?

If by better do you mean
single mothers, women of color,
& elderly women
are at the highest risk
of going to bed without dinner, eviction
from broken-fenced homes, &
will be known in this century
as the invisible poor?

If by better do you mean
when 1 in 5 women will be raped
no matter their clothes,
drinks consumed, or if they are

walking home because the majority
will be raped by men
who they know & trust most?

Mr. Trump,
the war on women
has long been waged
but we can say
your rhetoric & forked tongue-talk
will not be the apple
we choose to bite today.

Jo Burns: Nominations For The Leader Of Poems

I know loads of poems, any poem
worth knowing. I, myself, even write
the most amazing, smartest poems.

Everyone agrees that my poems are terrific.
I know all the top poets. (They work for me).
One of them called me just yesterday,

(you will have definitely heard of him)
to say “Donald, *you write fantastic poems*”.
Let me tell you good people something.

I have written the best poem you will ever see.
Just compare mine to the rubbish in *The New
Yorker*.
You wouldn't want to know their profits anyway.

No one listens to that sad ass magazine.
They aren't protecting our poetry borders.
Who cares what poor dopes and losers

say in the literarical world. Come on!
All immigrant poets must be made to pay
to publish in great journals of the USA.

I will press charges on those who use my poems
against me. Poems about adultery, foreign
ancestry,
mobs, bankruptcy, marriage scandals are
forbidden.

I will make huge deals for all my poetry.
People who love poems: Just wait and see!
Vote Drumpf to make poems great again.

Michael Karl Ritchie: Drumpf

Trump the trumpets!
Caesar has arrived
Fresh from victories
Bluffing his way
Buying and selling
Out his competitors.

Trump the cards
In luxurious casinos!
The mercantile God
Has a system for winning,
Breaking the house
Across poverty's spine.

Drumpf speaks his mind
And ours as well,
With words we all recognize:
"You're fired!"
"You're fired!"
"You're fired!"

Ben Nardolilli: In Extremis

You put down your ivory fan to tell me
the orange-haired troubadour is an extremist,
and you are right, he is extreme,
he makes the shiftless crowds hate the king
and the settlers on the marches,
then attacks the gypsies for their caravans,
mocks the lepers, derides the crippled,
the troubadour is verily, I say,
an extreme man here at this court

But you say the king is not extreme,
he is a stable man, a serious man,
and his courtiers are calm and considerate,
they are no joke, though we may
disagree with their judgment,
they are sober and avoid the laughter,
the argument for the argument's sake,
they moderate the tempers of the land,
restore balance and polish the scales

And the queen is a moderate woman too,
full of grace and poise,
who only whispers her orders from behind
the smooth portcullis of curtains
she grooms with her ladies in waiting,
never even raising her voice
to correct the prophet by the dungheap,

the old man issuing jeremiads we can hear
when we stroll in the garden at night

They do appear temperate, you say
they only do their duty, but these calm men
and women are the ones
who fling missiles to distant lands and lead
crusades to burn down cities,
the ones who want to bring moneychangers
and mercenaries into the scriptorium,
the monastery, and even into the oubliette,
to tighten every belt but their own

And yes, the troubadour is full of hate,
and yes the prophet is full of dreams,
and yes those wearing silk at the marble dais
are moderate men and sober women,
and yet they work their alchemy day by day
to use their lead to seize the gold
the peasants harvest by their hand,
that war not even the troubadour sings for,
and which only the prophet denounces.

and watch his pile of bullshit
go up in flames.
If you really want to
 make America great again
 “Feel the Bern!”

Jonathan May: Zoo allegory

Monkey confused by 21st century
flings dung into the everyday parade
and brays at all the talky talk gibbering
before him. Small camera faces obscure
their pale skin and how wide their bodies
float around them in weird yellows
and greens not even the color of asses.
Monkey confused by 21st century
picks up another ice cream cone fallen
into his noble territory, scans again
all the sunlit world and masturbates
because.

Adrian Rice: Forever Linked

for Paul Anthony Custer

The Son of Mammon, when he lifts himself up,
Will draw the unreasonable to him.

The college historian will draw a line between
 them
And us, redeeming his ancestor's last stand.

The stall sellers, two blacks with dreadlocks, will
Peddle pat-riot paraphernalia to willing whites.

Young students with homemade signs – FEEL THE
 BERN –
Will face elderly couples angrily boasting:

You'll feel the burn, alright, when we incinerate y'all!
They will seek counselling, those virgin protesters.

Tempted to smile, I will understand that exposure
(For just one afternoon) to hatred can be so
 shocking.

Shame will surface in the town that had been
 hidden,
Forever linked with the Lutheran auditorium.

Sara Adams: How to Stay on Top



How to Stay on Top

Periodically, I

have no one to blame but You

If things turn grim, you're the one left holding

Jeff

I looked down and

I didn't want excuses

was

The point

I was making to Jeff

TRUMP: THINK LIKE A BILLIONAIRE

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Deborah Coy: Infinite Trumps

I plucked a new timeline
every time I made a decision.
A resonance that got me here
to this particular parallel universe.

All that was fixed,
was before my birth.
I join the program in progress
as I swing on a new string
like Tarzan
collecting timelines as frequently
as I choose produce.

Somewhere, back then,
I chose a series of wrongs
that got me here
to this bizarro universe.
A place where Rupert Murdoch
marries Mick Jagger's ex,
a place where you can buy cheesy fries
for your dog for 14.99.
A place where we spend
more to kill people than to save them.

Should I have picked
the riper cantaloupe?
Would it have made a difference
if I chose paper instead of plastic?

I remember a timeline
where I walked into town
to pick up my mail.
Now I'm frustrated
if I wait five minutes.

Is there a universe
where Donald Trump's fame
was only worth fifteen minutes,
where George W. lost the election,
where 9/11 didn't happen
and we the people
still believed in civility?
I wonder what string
I could have pulled to get me there.

But now I live
in a universe of infinite Trumps
Trumps on Facebook,
Trumps on the news,
small hand Trumps,
Trump's Cheeto penis.

I believe there is a universe
where Trump is just a dock worker
or died at birth,
or is just a small handed T Rex.

If I knew what vines
to swing from
I would high tail it

to another universe
where Trump
farts mightily
and destroys
the Republican party.

Colin Dardis: We Don't Have Victories Anymore

*A found poem based on the transcript of Donald
Trump's Presidential Campaign Announcement,
June 16th, 2015*

We don't have victories anymore.
They kill us.
I beat China all the time.
All the time.
When did we beat Japan at anything?
They beat us all the time.
When do we beat Mexico at the border?
They're killing us.

A group of people,
a nation that truly has no clue.
They don't know what they're doing.
They don't know what they're doing.
Obamacare: you have to be hit by a tractor,
literally, a tractor, to use it.

When was the last time you heard China is killing
us?
They're killing us.
I don't care.
I'm really rich.

Somebody said, "Oh, that's crass."

It's not crass.

"Please reconsider."

No.

We're dying. We're dying.

We need money.

Thank you, darlin'.

I think I'm actually a very nice person.

I'm really proud of my success.

I really am.

That means everything.

I don't have to brag.

Through stupidity,

We now have a gun on every table.

We're ready to start shooting.

So be very, very careful.

The American dream is dead.

Alan Harris: Fire and Trump

Some say the world will end in fire
others say Trump
from what we've tasted of desire
Robert Frost and I
both favor fire
but if the world should perish twice
I think I know enough of hate
to say that by destruction
Trump
is also great
and would suffice

Cathy Bryant: The Challenge

The challenge is not to hate Trump
the same way that Trump hates everybody
who isn't exactly like him.
It's a tough challenge,
when he won't condemn supporters
who kicked a disabled person to death.
But that's the difference: our hatred
is born out of compassion and reason,
not arrogance and viciousness.
I see us everywhere: the Anti-Trump
who rise, muscular in love,
and who channel their hatred
of Trumpism into standing and saying No
to him, and Yes to people of colour,
Yes to women, Yes to all of us.
We say Yes to life. We trumpet it.
And we rise to the challenge
in our hundreds, our thousands, our millions,
from all nations. We stand
as a whole united world, our hands joined,
until Trump has melted away,
his allergy to love ending him,
as he melts into irrelevance.

Cody Walker: Mad Call Coming from Inside Your House

He thought he saw his Sleepy Suburb
Wake in abject Terror:
He looked again, and found it was
His party's standard-bearer.
"C'mon, he's not a *monster*, guys"—
Then nothing: system error.

Jacques Cintrón: The Whore of America

America,
with your candyfloss mould of pub(l)ic hair
and cherry lips of teenage sex,
you sell desire in six-packs,
comestible masturbation, guaranteeing
the more immediate brand of gratification,
satisfied with off-the-shelf pornography
and worthless acme fantasies.

Donald, you sell us nothing
but models in tight bikinis
pitched on tits-and-ass cheap icons;
the juggernaut of airbrushed flesh cascades
over the mighty broken dollar;
sex becomes your economy,
sleaze fills your hospital beds,
your schoolchildren taught to
procreate, rather than to love.

Donald, fire me your wishes
wrapped around a bullet and tongue out
my petty blood and sinew.
Put a price on my worth
measured in pay-per-view
and digital downloads;

it is enough to know that I was born
and then I discovered credit.

America, whore me to the world
and leave me penniless
inside your brothel bed.

Peter Adair: The Emperor's Decree

Slaves, landless, lumpen proles: all
will hump bricks and boulders to build this wall.
Taskmasters: thump those peasants till they fall.
Dump the weaklings. Let the strong appal
lesser breeds. I, Leader, pump you up, enthrall
little people with stump speeches. Walk tall,
each of you. Swell huge as my manhood's bump.
Small
lands, I say: go take a jump. Drudges, toil with joy,
as if maul-
ing some ungrateful, frumpy, blood-leaking bitch. I
call
you – I, Mugwump (that's Algonquian, folks) – to
bawl
my/our glory, etc., human sumpters, as you drop
and crawl
to the corpse dump, bricks in hand, parched
tongues proclaiming to all:
one nation, one Leader, one giant white
triumphant wall.

*John L. Stanizzi: Have We Gone Mad,
Or Is It Just Me or What A Hairy
Situation!*

wind snaps its black strap
raps it against the house
then runs wild in circles
the studded hem of its skirts
hurled against the windows
its unfurled scarves
twirling flirtatiously in the branches

it is January after all

--*silence*

*

the house hums in the quiet
outside a thing cracks thuds
the emperor rolls his eyes
 which is a call to arms

-- *cheering* *then more silence*

*

the frozen ground shifts and fractures
I swore I would not stand for this again

but I have nowhere else to go

I will build a wall around me
a wall that you will pay for
to keep you out

*

*the wind sounded like a freight train
this is a quiet town
things like this just don't happen here
you'd never expect it
we are all shocked
said the neighbor with the cannon
on her front lawn*

*

there is an unnerving quiet
in the space where the wind was
not silence
more like anxious expectation

*until you find out what's
got you so unsettled
said the emperor
pursing his lips in a 'you disgust me' shape
don't let anyone else in your house
have all your firearms at the ready
ask questions later*

the wind threw something at the window

I think it was a shoe
there's some meaning in that I know
and while I understand what it is
I'd rather not say
it's too embarrassing

*

the wind is rolling around on its back
in the yard
its massive legs poking up at the sky
the long fur on its belly
blowing in the...
in the....
 ...wind??

that doesn't seem logical to me

whatever

-silence

*

I grabbed two handfuls of pills
held them out
for my wife to see
and said *look! this is how an old man must live!*
she chuckled and said
you can't fool me
those are aspirins and vitamins

-OK....silence

*

there's a huge storm predicted
for this weekend

gas up the engines

fill up the fridge

buy batteries
and a new snow shovel

cancel everything

there are small-craft-warnings
in the emperor's hair

it blows like crazy in the weak pre-dawn light
it blows like anything
it blows a real lot
it blows like mad
it blows like one of those things that blows a lot
it blows like an elegant sunray sunburst king crown
shiny showgirl cabaret headdress

it blows

-befuddled silence

Notes on Contributors and Editors

Peter Adair's poems have appeared in *The Honest Ulsterman*, *Four X Four*, *Panning for Poems*, *Snakeskin*, *The Stare's Nest*, *I am not a silent poet* and several haiku ezines. He lives in Bangor.

Sara Adams is a writer and teacher in Portland, Oregon. Her poem 'How to Stay on Top' was previously published in a chapbook *Think Like a B* from SOd Press, a collection of erasures from Trump's very own book, *Think Like a Billionaire*. <https://kartoshkaaaaa.com>

Born in Maghera, County Derry, Northern Ireland, **Jo Burns** is a 39 year old biomedical scientist. She has resided in Chile, Scotland, England, and now lives with her family in Germany. To date, her poems have been published by *A New Ulster*, *Greensilk Journal*, *The Galway Review*, featured in *The Irish Literary Times* and are forthcoming in *Dove Tales Anthology Identity*. She is currently working on her first collection.

Cathy Bryant worked as a life model, civil servant and childminder before becoming a professional writer. She has won 22 awards, and her work has appeared in over 250 publications. See her listings for skint writers at www.compsandcalls.com. Cathy lives in Cheshire.

Jacques Cintrón grew up at home, and is one of those poets you haven't read about in the papers. He enjoys pretty much anything related to words, and also makes experimental music in his spare time. He has no pets.

Albuquerque poet **Deborah Coy** has published three books. Her book, *Beyond the End of the Road*, is a collection of her poetry. She drove and helped edit the anthology, *La Llorona*, published by Beatlick Press which won the New

Mexico/Arizona Book Awards for Anthology in 2013. She has worked with Beatlick Press as an editor since its inception.

Colin Dardis is a poet, editor and founder of Poetry NI. His poem 'We Don't Have Victories Anymore' was originally published in 'I am not a silent poet'.

Alan Harris is a 61 year-old hospice volunteer and graduate student. Harris works with the terminally-ill helping them write letters, memoir stories and poetry.

S.L. Kerns may have roots in Kentucky, but has branched out to a life in Asia. He spent nearly six years lost in Bangkok before moving to Japan. He writes a lot, reads more than he writes, and lifts weights more than anything. Follow him and read his work here: www.slkerns.wordpress.com

Jonathan May grew up in Zimbabwe as the child of missionaries. He lives and teaches in Memphis, TN. His work has appeared in [*PANK*], *Superstition Review*, *Plots With Guns*, *Shark Reef*, *Duende*, *One*, and *Rock & Sling*. He recently translated the play *Dreams* by Günter Eich into English. <https://memphisjon.wordpress.com>

Ben Nardolilli currently lives in New York City. His work has appeared in *Perigee Magazine*, *Red Fez*, *Danse Macabre*, *The 22 Magazine*, *Quail Bell Magazine*, *Elimae*, *friction*, *Inwood Indiana*, *Pear Noir*, *The Minetta Review*, and *Yes Poetry*. He blogs at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com and is looking to publish a novel.

Geraldine O'Kane is a poet, creative writing facilitator and mental health advocate who loves cake and poems together. She is editor of *Panning for Poems*, and has previously co-edited the ebook anthologies *Holocaust Memorial Day 2016* and *Edi[t]fy* from Poetry NI. <http://thepoetokane.weebly.com>

Sergio A. Ortiz is the founding editor of *Undertow Tanka Review*. His collections of Tanka, *For the Men to Come* (2014),

and *From Life to Life* (2014) were released by Amazon. He's a two time Pushcart nominee and a four time Best of the Web nominee. His poems have been published in over four hundred journals and anthologies.

Adrian Rice's latest book, *Hickory Station* (Press 53, Winston-Salem, 2015), is a Belfast poet-in-exile's homage to his adopted home of Hickory, NC, where he has been 'stationed' for the last ten years. In *Hickory Station*, memories of Northern Ireland mingle with poems about Appalachia and the Low Country, leading one senior critic to describe him as "a modern land breaker of poetic territories".

Michael Karl Ritchie is a retired Professor of English at Arkansas Tech University. He has had three small press chapbook publications and work published in various small press magazines. His book *Ampleforth's Miscellany* is scheduled for publication in January 2017. mkrspaceship.wordpress.com

John L. Stanizzi author of *Ecstasy Among Ghosts*, *Sleepwalking*, *Dance Against the Wall*, *After the Bell*, and *Hallelujah Time!* His poems have appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *American Life in Poetry*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Rattle*, *Connecticut River Review*, and many others. He teaches English at Manchester Community College. www.johnlstanizzi.com

Steven Storrie has worked as a cable TV repair man, dishwasher, choreographer, ice cream vendor and junk yard attendant. He is currently locked in his basement working on his first collection of poetry, bickering with his neighbours over nothing and storing the baseballs he keeps when they are hit into his yard.

Whitnee Thorp currently lives in Rapid City, SD where she teaches on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in the area of Creative Writing, English, and Speech Communications at Oglala Lakota College. She has her MFA in Creative Writing from the Bluegrass Writers Studio at Eastern Kentucky University. Some of her publications include "PMS Poemmemoirstory", an international poetry anthology entitled, "Veils, Halos, and Shackles", South Dakota's Poetry Society's literary journal, "Pasque Petals", and Tom Hunley's "Poetry Gymnasium".

Cody Walker is the author of two poetry collections: *The Self-Styled No-Child* (Waywiser, 2016) and *Shuffle and Breakdown* (Waywiser, 2008). He lives and teaches in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Thank you for reading!