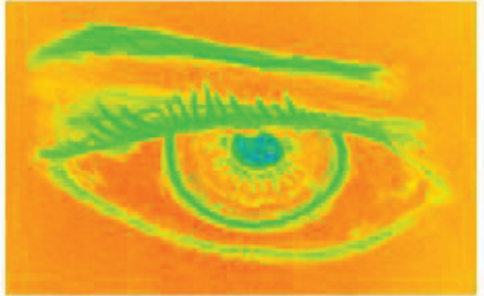
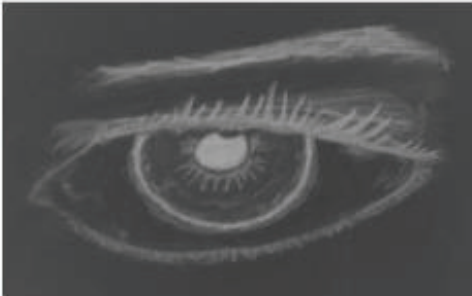
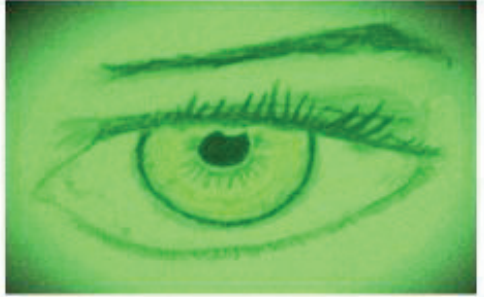
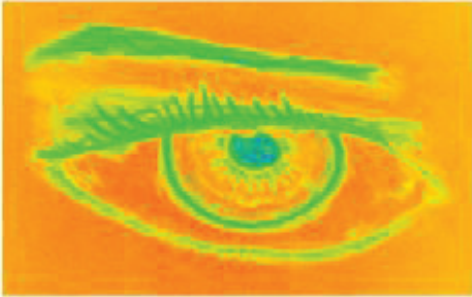
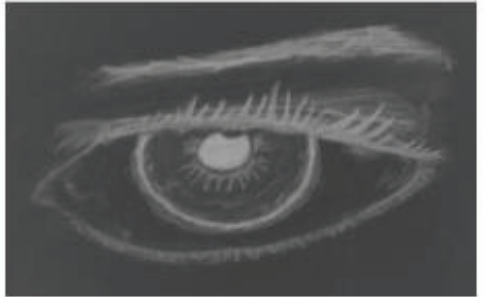




Post-Truth Blues



by
Colin Dardis



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Lofoco Chaps- Chicago - 2017

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Some of these poems originally appeared in
I am not a silent poet and *Visual Verse*.

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Chicago, USA, 2017

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We Don't Have Victories Anymore

A found poem, based on the transcript of Presidential Campaign Announcement from 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.

All the words/phrases were said by Trump, I’ve just been ‘selective’ in what I’ve drawn out from the transcript as provided by Federal News Service (<http://blogs.wsj.com/washwire/2015/06/16/donald-trump-transcript-our-country-needs-a-truly-great-leader>)

Psalm

Hilary, I forgive you.

Tim, I forgive you.

Michael, oh Michael, I forgive you.

And Donald, yes, even you Donald,
will be forgiven

because now only forgiveness
can be our new economy
and we must hold our begging bowl
towards the kinship of others
as an adulterer pleads
through their divorce settlement.

20th January, 2017

We remain in a state of shock.
We remain in disbelief.
Today has been stolen
by liars and by thieves.

We remain in calamity.
We remain at the tipping point.
Today we have been taken
by a sunrise that disjoins.

We remain inside history.
We remain caught in tragedy.
Today we are much poorer,
lead in false alchemy.

We remain the will of the people.
We remain what must be respected.
Today the will of hate
and fear must be rejected.

The New Wall

The new wall
shall be built out of discarded manifestos
used to dupe
the American people.

The new wall
shall be constructed from Mexican tears
used to wet
our contemptible mortar.

The new wall
shall be a mosaic of shattered dreams
taken from
the purse of Hillary Clinton.

The new wall
shall be forged from fake news broadcasts
transcribed on
declining dollar bills with Trump's face.

The new wall
shall be broken before its foundations,
the people
crying out like trumpets: MAKE LOVE, NOT WALL.

Tap Dispenser

There is no need to tap
the phone of the man
who tells the world
his every thought.

Twitter is his dancefloor
and his steps are breaking boards.

Rather than tap the mouthpiece,
let us tape his mouth instead.

Limerick Rejected by Time Magazine

This person of the year
is a mere racketeer
of ignorant extremes.
Your American dreams?
Time is now up, I fear.

Skittles

"If I had a bowl of skittles and I told you just three would kill you, would you take a handful?' That's our Syrian refugee problem."

- Donald Trump Jr.

If I had a bowl of Trumps
and I told you all of them
are heartless racists,
would you still vote
for one of them?

Mutiny

The captains have sunk down
to the level of rats.

The armada slaves have been left
to row for themselves,
the sails too thick now
with the blood of those
thrown overboard,
trapped on a course
not of their choosing.

There will be no vote
on how best to stay afloat.
The stars have been realigned,
needles removed from their compasses,
all the maps pissed over
by a drunken admiral.

Deserter rats,
when you eventually wash up,
no shore will want you.

Fire and Water

i.

This press conference
is like watching an one-armed man
trying to put out a fire
with a bottle of spirits.

ii.

I shall go
to the West coast of Ireland
and build a symbolic wall
to keep Trump out,
invoice the White House
and watch the waves turn back.

Archaic Emoting

after 'American Gothic' by Grant Wood

God bless the American Insurance system.

Think: you could get some new glasses,
a thicker pitchfork that doesn't buckle
from the weight of a corncob.

A real man's pitchfork.

A pitchfork to skewer the heart
of every liberal sceptic in the country.

I could get a new dress, finally.

Or a new man. Hardship has made me
easy that way. Let's burn it all down, honey.

The Orange Wheelbarrow

after 'The Red Wheelbarrow' by William Carlos Williams

so much depends
upon

the headless white
chickens

groping for mad
power

beside the sexual
terrorist

Write

We had all better get writing.
Quick, give me the address of our local congressman.
Are there any congresswomen left to write to
who have not been grabbed by their unmentionables
and thrown out of the senate?

Everything shall be mentioned on Twitter,
even fake news
for if we do not report on the falsity of fact
how shall we know the fact from the tweet?
The angry tweets.
the Russian-born tweets.
tweets pushed out of grabbed pussies
that refused to be aborted
by the patriarchy.

The fakes refuse to die
until they are accepted as the truths
and are posted and reposted
through every letterbox
nailed shut by ignorance and greed.

Let the poets be
the postal workers of tomorrow,
for today we must write our truths.



... a black eye upon the world ...

Colin Dardis is a poet, editor, freelance arts facilitator, creative writing tutor and mental health advocate, based in Belfast, Northern Ireland. He was one of Eyewear Publishing's Best New British and Irish Poets 2016, and an ACES '15-16 recipient from Arts Council Northern Ireland. A collection with Eyewear is forthcoming. Colin is also the founder of Poetry NI and online editor for Lagan Online. His work has been published widely throughout Ireland, the UK and USA. www.colindardispoet.co.uk

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2017

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Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

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mIEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

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Iars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

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