

# November Odds

Anger fear and horror  
after November 8,  
2016

Poems  
Gary Hardaway

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Gary Hardaway

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-  
oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

## **November 9, 2016**

Until today, I wasn't sure  
about my shame. Today,  
I'm certain that I'm

ashamed to be American.  
We have let ourselves down.  
We have let the world down.

There will be no coming together.  
Now, there will be nothing but  
unraveling. And an end.

## **November 11, 2016**

The stars align against us. Lines of force  
collaborate to push us off the edge  
into the dark abyss we've joked about.

The pale moon will watch us, pitiless,  
aloof as always, indifferent and cold.  
The tides will lick our remnants, bones and cloth,

along the shrinking shores, the beachgoers gone.  
The earth, as it does, will rearrange itself  
and bury the old world in sediments.

## **November 13, 2016**

The waves of calamity  
will snap the pilings of  
the lovely seaside hotel

and inundate the streets  
of Miami, Chicago, Peoria.  
The waves of calamity

will sneak in, 0-1, 0-1,  
to swipe away accounts  
of small businesses and

retirees, of corporate giants  
and steadfast institutions.  
Waves of instability will

permeate the ether.  
The ether will permeate  
the air. The atmosphere

destabilized, will assault  
the breathers with wave after  
wave of unimaginable ruin.

## **November 15, 2016**

Anyone with a skin tone darker than  
a tanned Scandinavian  
shall be suspect in this new  
America. Beware, my pigmentally  
challenged friends. Pallor is power  
in this new America. Pray for us now  
and at the hour of our death.

We shall not be redeemed  
except by the circumstances  
of our birth. White privilege  
shall prevail, forever and ever, Amen.

### **November 17, 2016**

He should be sworn at and not sworn in.  
But in the cold start of a chilling year,  
the State will swear him in. The State  
will sanction its own and our undoing.  
He should be sworn at and not sworn in.

### **November 19, 2016**

White presumption menaces all  
across the stage again  
as if it were welcome. It isn't.

It will kill us all, released in its full  
ugliness, again. The ugliest strains  
of Europe's insidious history

strut as if desirable, again.  
How to resist? Slit the throat  
of your white supremacist neighbor?

Push the white Tahoe off the highway?  
Stop paying off whatever debt you have?  
Incinerate the Prosperity Gospel Church

down the street? Piss on the Republican  
next to you at work? Kill the fuckwads?  
Destroy their institutions? Burn them all?

## **November 21, 2016**

Ugly men in high places.  
Ugly histories in high places.  
Ugly tendencies in high places.

The future is ugly- uglier than the past  
and the past is ugly enough already.  
There will be no redemption.

Expect the worst and your  
expectations will be exceeded.  
The promise of 2016 is despair.

## **November 23, 2016**

West Virginia, as always,  
you are fucked again.

And I don't care. You earned  
your plummet to the bottom.

Ignorant fucks. Go eat coal.  
Choke to death on hydrocarbons.

Die, ignorant assholes. I just  
don't care anymore.

**November 25, 2016**

Precarity deepens and expands.  
What seemed trustworthy once  
dissolves in an acid wave

of vengeance politics freed  
by the victory of whim over reason.  
Regret will come too late, citizen.

What you might have done  
will pass through your mind  
as opportunity lost forever.

**November 27, 2016**

When the gun ship comes for you  
because you stand in the way of something  
someone more powerful wants,  
think not of the choices you made

but of the choices others make  
without regard for you  
and hurl the last broken brick in your hand

**November 29, 2016**

Things are getting ugly.  
Befitting the dusk  
before a dark age,

things will get medieval.  
Crusades, local skirmishes,  
contagion, lots of blood

and corpses. Nation-tribal shit.  
Perhaps there will be monasteries  
illuminating old texts

on salvaged human skin.  
And then, a new black death  
and, after, a pallid Renaissance.

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lars palm – *case*

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SAD!*  
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