

# **Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems**

Melinda Luisa de Jesús

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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Pussy hat, pussy hat What makes you purr? Five million people worldwide Protesting 45's fuckery.

#### Neocolonial

(for my fellow Filipino Americans who voted for Trump)

Our nationalist movement squashed, kidnapped then beaten into accepting the imperialist's racist wet dream,

After 100 years

You know the rules and how to win the game:

You vote Republican, pay your taxes, and firmly believe in the wall and the ban.

You expect no handouts

You're sure you have the right culture, values and attitude unlike those *other minorities*.

You're clearly an asset—you speak English!

But have you looked in the mirror lately? Your politics may say "white" but your skin reads: illegal/terrorist/unwanted/inferior

## Ate,1

Isn't it time we stopped doing the white man's work?

<sup>1</sup> Tagalog for Auntie, elder sister.

## **Hubris**

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It's almost as if you know they're not really yours
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The way you keep
demanding your
ownership of
asserting your
dominion over
the land
the water
women's bodies
the will of the people.
What will you claim next—the air?
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Just know The gods are watching...

## **Humpty Drumpfty**

Good riddance.

Donald Drumpf felt so small Donald Drumpf wanted a wall But all Bannon's horses and all McConnell's men Couldn't do fucking squat So they subcontracted to some nice Mexican dudes down at the Home Depot. Kellyanne insisted they were vetted and legal. And they did a great job—fast too. But it sure was strange how that sturdy wall seemed to move a few feet north day after day. Pretty soon there were two, even three, taco trucks on every corner and good panaderias in every town, everyone speaking fluent Spanish all the way up to the Canadian border. But that border seemed to have migrated south--Did Canada use those same guys? The U.S. was gone, it seemed.

Ding, dong, dell Donny's in the well. Who put him there? The people, motherfuckers. The people.

#### Artist Statement: Melinda Luisa de Jesús

I was born and raised in Pennsylvania; my parents were emigrants from the Philippines. Growing up brown in a predominantly white steel town has shaped me in ways I'm constantly exploring in my writing. I identify primarily as a feminist of color. Professionally I teach and write about critical race theory, girlhood and monsters. I'm also a classically-trained mezzo-soprano who dreams of singing in a funk band, an Aquarian, and a mother of two. I drink hard liquor and love Hello Kitty.

I believe, as did the ancients, that a poem can change the world.

More about me at: http://peminist.com

Oakland, CA January 2017

#### **Locofo Chaps**

2017

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