

An abstract painting by Agnes Marton. The central figure is a large, dark fish with a red, dotted mouth and a striped, wavy fin. A green, stylized figure with a pointed head and blue accents is perched on the fish's back. The background is a collage of colors and textures, including a white figure in the upper center and various abstract shapes and lines. The text 'Agnes Marton' is at the top, and 'I'm the President, You Are Not' is at the bottom. There are some handwritten notes in the top right corner, including 'SE 2' and 'V70'.

Agnes Marton

I'm the President,
You Are Not

AGNES MARTON

I'm the President,

You Are Not

Copyright © Agnes Marton

Cover art by Rusudan Gobejishvili Khizanishvili

Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.

More information can be found at www.moriapoetry.com.

Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

I'm Pissing Over the Candles of Your Vigil

I'm the President, you are not.
You will shit where I allow you to sit.

You trumped over your chance,
now count the days,

bathe in my contagious spit and sneeze.
I rub my snot all over your chest.

Celebrate this healthy nation,
you ungrateful pest.

You will catch what you deserve.
You already have.

I'm alive, rooting your intestines in the yard.

How could I resist.

Being a Drone

Fucking the queen
would be tedious,

but that's what I'm supposed to think of:
google, fly in and

bang.

Life.

Hell with the waggle,
I'm high.

A left-right-wing
rebel.

Can't I just ladder
grass and cloud,

a prayer
in Rosslyn Chapel,

then die,
a virgin?

*

Fucking Tr... would be even worse, tragic.
Trapped in polluted air,
The escape routes blocked
by paparazzi.

Zümmm-zümmm is banned,
there's a fart language,
something new I don't speak.

*Come on, chase him up,
it serves you right.*

I can't get myself to do it.

I could claim the trophy but nope.

Nope and nope.

Bloody Leech

They call me Bloody Leech
but with you, I made friends.
You let me in your holes
("orifices" in your language)
and I cuddle you in the dark.
Ringdance. You say *cheers*,
we share your *petit rouge*.
I drink to your health
faceless, with a bulbous laugh.
You buy lemon and garlic
just in case you want me to drop off –
boy, you would never... Never.
Pootling in your tunnels,
The universe sucks.
I grow.

Perhaps I Remain a Bird

You gave me pace
and a reproach:
I repeat the same mistake.
I should invent my very own sin,
worth being stoned.

I did.

I spat out your name
for the first treat,
ready to bleed out.

Nothing happened,
not to me.

Now I'm circling the air
mute,
by myself.
Shame is a slow chirp
never to come.

For Waltz You Don't Need a Compass

(the Queen)

Let's pretend it was a false alarm.
It was all skipping and galumph,
not escape.

But.

We know the way out
yet we stay, for real,
we tame the pain with our dance,
we do not play dead.

For waltz you don't need a compass.
You just swirl, whoever takes the lead.
Swoon, swoon!
The steps make you feel proud
of living backwards,
as if it were your own choice.

(Alice)

I love my love with a B,
a Borrowful of Scrambled Frog.
He answers the door, fogbound,
I tell him
he owes me the world and a skip.
He must reveal what would become of me
if I taught laughing and grief.
He leaps into a sun-coated body,
his boots are far, far, close, close.
To smash the looking glass,
it was his turn.

(the King)

Coming of age without a name.
I do everything a god does.
Some collect recipes, I cook.
I just play games where I win.

Don't talk to me, don't pray, don't.
Forgive yourself on your own.
It's not rejection, believe me,
your bless is as good as mine.

I'm casting out the demons.
Ravishing search for the core I lost.
I wouldn't peel, stonermost stone.
'Invincible' says the tattoo I've chosen.

Incident at the Tr(ambolino) Hotel

Dear Valued Manager,

My Facebook friends commented how lucky I was to stay in downtown Washington (thank god they didn't say at the HEART of W.), in The Mall, with art'n'breeze in walking distance. I wouldn't call it lucky, in fact, well-dressed ladies and gents kept spitting in front of the building, 1... P..s... Ave NW, and tourists imitated them, please don't hesitate to check out the spitting selfies of the Japanese, they went viral.

F*ck you, I didn't dare use the shower for ten days as your sign "PSYCHO, REMEMBER?" haunted me like a beheaded hedgehog; I could just splash a bit of soapy water every day under my barky armpits. So much about the splendid stay you promised in your glossy brochure, you naughty Humor Harold of a bastard.

At breakfast there wasn't a single soul. As I heard there would've been a conference here for chiropractors but everyone cancelled when they got the info sheet about the venue. Even the bell-boy didn't seem to know his place, he went on and on projectile vomiting incomprehensible words. A nightmare of a holiday, full refund would be nice.

Sincerely yours, Dr Laura Lobster

Us and Them

In the need of detecting threat
it's faster to punch faces first.
Thinking is overrated,
I'd better avoid it at all,
build a cage spanning the width
of a tribal continent.

Danger
keeps streaking into my peripheral vision.

What if I close my eyes?
What if I close your eyes?

AGNES MARTON

Hungarian-born poet, writer, Reviews Editor of The Off Press, Fellow of The Royal Society of Arts, founding member of Phoneme Media.

Recent exhibitions and art projects: *European Sculpture: Methods, Materials, Poetry* (Sweden), *Guardian of the Edge – Visual artists respond to the poetry of Agnes Marton* (Luxembourg), *Poetica Botanica* (UK).

Recent publications she has been involved in: *Exquisite Duet* (USA), *Human/Nature* (UK), *Not a Drop* (UK), *Umbrellas of Edinburgh* (UK), *A Face in the Mirror, a Hook on the Door: An Anthology of Urban Legends & Modern Folklore* (UK).

She participated in the Disquiet International Literary Program (Portugal), and residencies at the Scott Polar Research Institute (UK), at the TGC (Ireland), in the Arctic Circle, at Gullkistan (Iceland) and at La Macina (Italy).

The opera duet based on her poetry collection *Captain Fly's Bucket List* was premiered in London (2016, composer: Vasiliki Legaki).

Acknowledgements

Thanks to William Allegrezza, Bill Yarrow and Rusudan Gobejishvili Khizanishvili.

My poem “For Waltz You Don’t Need a Compass” was first published in the anthology *Alice. Ekphrasis at the British Library* edited by Emer Gillespie, Abigail Morley and Catherine Smith (Joy Lane Publishing, UK, 2016).

Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mLEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

Iars 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*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems*

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*
Matt Hill – *Yet Another Blunted Ascent*
Patricia Roth Schwartz – *Know Better*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Petty Poetry for SCROTUS' Girls,*
with poems for Elizabeth Warren and Michelle Obama
Freke Räihä – *Explanation model for 'Virus'*
Eileen R. Tabios – *Immigrant*
Ronald Mars Lintz – *Orange Crust & Light*
John Bloomberg-Rissman – *In These Days of Rage*
Colin Dardis – *Post-Truth Blues*
Leah Mueller – *Political Apnea*
Naomi Buck Palagi – *Imagine Renaissance*
John Bloomberg-Rissman and Eileen Tabios –
Comprehending Mortality
Dan Ryan – *Swamp Tales*
Sheri Reda – *Stubborn*
Aileen Cassinetto – *B & O Blues*
Mark Young – *the veil drops*
Christine Stoddard — *Chica/Mujer*
Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetto, and Wesley St. Jo – *No*
Names
Nicholas Michael Ravnikaar – *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*
Reshmi Dutt-Ballerstadt – *Extreme Vetting*
Michael Dickel – *Breakfast at the End of Capitalism*
Tom Hibbard – *Poems of Innocence and Guilt*
Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Menopausal Hay(na)ku*
For P-Grubbers
Aileen Casinnetto – *Tweet*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Defying Trumplandia*

Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*
Marthe Reed – *Data Primer*
Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*
Amy Bassin and Mark Blickley – *Weathered Reports: Trump
Surrogate Quotes From the Underground*
Nate Logan – *Post-Reel*
Jared Schickling – *Donald Trump and the Pocket Oracle*
Luisa A. Igloria – *Check & Balance*
Alik Barnstone – *So That They Shall Not Say, This Is Jezebel*
Geneva Chao – *post hope*
Thérèse Bachand – *Sanctuary*
Chuck Richardson – *Poesy for the Poetus. . . Our Donaldcito*
John M. Bellinger – *The Inaugural Poems*
Kath Abela Wilson – *The Owl Still Asking*
Ronald Mars Lintz – *Dumped Through*
Agnes Marton – *The Beast Turns Me Into a Tantrumbeast*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Adios, Trumplandia!*
Magus Magnus – *Of Good Counsel*
Matina L. Stamatakis – *Shattered Window Espionage*
Steve Klepetar – *How Fascism Comes to America*
Bill Yarrow – *We All Saw It Coming*
Jim Leftwich – *Improvisations Against Propaganda*
Bill Lavender – *La Police*
Gary Hardaway – *November Odds*
James Robinson – *Burning Tide*
Eric Mohrman – *Prospectors*
Janine Harrison – *If We Were Birds*
Michael Vander Does – *We Are Not Going Away*
John Moore Williams – *The Milo Choir Sings Wild Boys in
Trumplandia*
Andrea Sloan Pink – *Prison and Other Ideas*
Stephen Russell – *Occupy the Inaugural*
James Robison – *Burning Tide*
Ron Czerwien – *A Ragged Tear Down the Middle of Our Flag*
Agnes Marton – *I'm the President, You Are Not*

More information on Locofo Chaps can be found at
www.moriapoetry.com.

Locofo Chaps

