

PAUL FERICANO



THINGS THAT GO TRUMP IN THE NIGHT
Poems of Treason and Resistance



LITTLE CITY PRESS [2019] POEMS-FOR-ALL PRESS



Mondo Edition, No. 1

—
The first in the Mondo Series of
“large books.”
—

A collaboration between
Poems-For-All and
YU News Service / Little City Press

—
FIRST EDITION | FEBRUARY 2019 (3)

—
ISBN: 978-0-578-40224-6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CONTROL NUMBER:
2019900423
—

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Cover photo:

Tinnakorn Jorruang | Dreamstime

Book design:

R. Robert Hansen



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**THINGS THAT
GO TRUMP
IN THE NIGHT**

Poems of Treason and Resistance

Paul Fericano

*for the tired, the poor,
the huddled masses
yearning to breathe free*

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“nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands”

— E. E. CUMMINGS

FOREWORD

Many of us are unaware of the long, rich history of parody, especially its political manifestation via lampoon, pasquinade, nursery rhyme, and more recently, Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*. Parody involves a past, and the U.S. has one, even if 230 years as a country is nothing compared to nation-states of the Middle East whose histories and literatures go back millennia. Sadly, for too many Americans a word like "millennia" is as likely to evoke "Melania" as it is to conjure up the world of *I Claudius*.

Paul Fericano has his feet planted squarely on both halves of the divide between tradition and the present moment. An All-American fan of Joe DiMaggio and the Chevrolet, he also bears the scars of a seminary education imposed on him before he rebelled and fled to the countercultural hills and found heroes in Paul Krassner, Dorothy Parker, and the Three Stooges.

Fericano is adept at satire—though that barely scratches the surface of his accomplishments and interests—but satire is not parody. Parody requires a source material and when it works, leads to a doubleness of enjoyment worthy of Juicy Fruit gum.

Never fear. *Things That Go Trump in the Night* is a book of savage, fully realized parody, aimed at one target, a man who loves his own name more than he loves his country or anything else. These are poems written mostly in persona, with time off for unclassifiable behavior. Show tunes are fair game, as is a speech by a blacklisted screenwriter during the McCarthy witch hunts, and the opening paragraph of Mark Twain's greatest novel. Walter Scott sneaks into the mix, as do Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Shakespeare, Humphrey Bogart, Mother Goose, television commercials, and Donald Trump's favorite book of the Bible, *Corinthians*, to name only a smattering of its lines of attack.

We are in a deep, ugly mess right now, and this book provides welcome relief, big laughs, and potent ammunition for the battle ahead.

—klipschutz

San Francisco

August 2, 2018

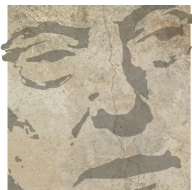
INVOCATION

SCOTLAND AMENDS ITS TRADITIONAL PRAYER

Good Lord deliver us
from moochies and huckabees
and long-leggedy spicers
and things that go trump in the night.



TRUMP PARDONS ELVIS
Make America Gyrate Again



STRAW MAN

Today, today, the lie I make,
tomorrow, tomorrow, the truth I fake.

Nothing you hear will be the same,
for Trumpelstiltskin is my name.

**SARAH HUCKABEE SANDERS
IS ASKED TO LEAVE THE PLANET**

she wanders the trump galaxy
in a beat-up Dodge Dart

smoking Chesterfield Kings
and drinking Old Crow

until one day she shows up
as a mystery guest

on “What’s My Lie?”
and nobody knows who she is

THE SICK SENSE

I see trump people.

RULES FOR PLAYING TRUMP ROULETTE ALONE

1. Load six bullets in revolver.
2. Spin cylinder.
3. Point muzzle at head.
4. Pull trigger.
5. Pull trigger again.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS TRUMPS HIMSELF

so much offends
about

an orange peel
barrel

filled with waste
water

inside the white
house.



TRUMP PARDONS HARVEY WEINSTEIN
Make America Date Again



**TRUMP BRAGS ABOUT
HIS HANDS TO O.J.**

if it doesn't fit
you must submit

THE NRA REMINDS YOU TO DEFEND THE SECOND AMENDMENT

1. Treat every loaded trump as if it were empty.
2. Always point your trump at anyone you plan to intimidate.
3. Keep your trump cocked and ready for any crisis you create.
4. Sleep with your trump at all times.
5. Trumps don't kill. People do.

CHARACTERISTICS AND EXAMPLES OF A TRUMP HAIKU

- a three-line format with 11 syllables arranged in a 9-1-1 pattern
- erratic punctuation and capitalization with words misspelled
- a focus on some aspect of self-importance, ignorance, or television
- the word “trump” appears in the title
- a frivolous or shallow tone with precise brevity
- circular syntax and occasional usage and misuse of real and imagined words
- exaggeration predominates over facts and veracity, with meaning distorted to cause reader confusion

TRUMP DRAIN

The putrid smell of the swamp is sweet.
How
TRUE!

TRUMP IN LOVE

i sit on your face and fart. so far
so
good.

WHIMSICAL TRUMP

Wow! The sky is raining rockets! Made
you
look!

TRUMP SHOWS COMPASSION

i extend to you my hand in peas
(go
fish)

TRUMP ROPE

*Donnie grabbed my pussy
Donnie grabbed my ass
Donnie kissed me on the lips
And wouldn't let me pass*

*I kicked him in the belly
I kicked him in the head
But when I kicked his winkie
He wished that he was dead*

ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FOR MISS UNIVERSE PAGEANT

got trump?



TRUMP PARDONS OBAMA
Make America Hate Again



SING ALONG WITH MITCH

TO THE TUNE OF *There Are Such Things*

A stolen seat
There gorsuch things

A lying cheat
There gorsuch things

A sham who whispers
“Garland, I’m wearing your robes”

Not caring what he says
But just how he votes

A trumped up bench
There gorsuch things

A fiery stench
Where Nino sings

So have a little faith and trust
What kavanaugh can bring

We’ll overturn
Because there gorsuch things

SAINT PAUL STUMPS FOR TRUMP BEFORE BEING STONED BY THE CORINTHIANS

¹ What if he could not speak
in salty tongues of fast food beef,
and diet drinks or pork chops on a stick?
And what of his illegal rapists
for whom there is no dreaming?

² If he could not praise himself,
be nothing more than a chimney sweep
or the smoking gun at the bottom
of his father's safe deposit box.

³ Veracity is an empty cell in his brain,
for all he says is true in his name.
He sets his watch to howdy doody time
where dossiers and liars
are watergate under the bridge.

⁴ For he is never too proud or boastful
to consort with leakers and colluders.
And if he cavorts with concubines
who relieve themselves on hotel beds,
his complicity is the grey wool of old goats.

⁵ What if he could reinvent his words
and reshape all reality?
What if he could do these things
while his people are encouraged
to gaze elsewhere?
Look at the grouse! Look at the grouse!

⁶ And what if he could wear bows
and push buttons that would decimate nations?
Would he not still be revered?
Would he not still be adored?
The pellet with the poison's in the flagon
with the dragon, and the vessel with the pestle
has the brew that is true.

⁷ For it is written in the law of Supposes,
You shall not muzzle the mouth of the sham
that spills forth its corn,
lest you become all that and a bag of chips,
or as a toilet that runs all night.

⁸ And if he is obstructive, inflated,
paranoid and suspicious,
These faults are surely exalted in your eyes.

⁹ Verily, I say unto you
that all who consume with him
shall ensure a sizeable profit justly returned.
For I am he, as you are he, as you are me
and we are all together.

¹⁰ Yea, though his fingers be like long ties,
You know not what he is up to.

¹¹ And denial shall be his greatest pleasure.
For the hoax perpetrated in bad faith
is more than payment due.

¹² Be not disturbed by troubled times.
They are as common as the normal spin
of outrageous rent hikes.
For soon the shore of certainty will vanish
and strange odors will fill your nostrils.

¹³ When he was a president,
he thought not as a president
and reasoned not as presidents do.
But when he grew a tail
and fumbled and groped many girly bits,
and they let him do it,
he embraced his presidential ways.

¹⁴ Now he wears the blackface of his birthright.
And faith in desperation kneels
where once it stood defiant in his name:
Mueller, Mueller
why has thou misshapen me?

¹⁵ Later, he shall envision a darker stain
and wear the mask
of batmen, beetroots and bucketheads.

¹⁶ He spends no time swinging a club,
spray painting his skin or sleeping in a tree.
FAKE GOSPELS!

¹⁷ Yea, verily, yea.
Chaos, confusion and catastrophe
shall mark each tweet with impunity
But of these three,
the greatest of these is Muhammad Ali.

JOSEPH WELCH CONFRONTS TRUMP ON HIS DANGEROUS NOISE LEVEL

Until this moment, I think I never really gauged your dissonance or your racket. Have you no sense of frequency, sir? At long last, have you left no sense of frequency?

SIR WALTER SCOTT BUYS ANOTHER ROUND

Yet Mueller's questions must I shun
Must separate conscience on the run—
O, what a mangled trump we cleave
When last we claim to disbelieve!
A father too!—no secret why
I felt the need for longer ties:
I could not see there was but one,
Whose greed condemned his loutish son.

STILL LIFE

trump with rotary phone



TRUMP PARDONS SPEEDY GONZALES

Make America Immigrate Again



TRUMPTY DUMPTY

shat on a wall

THE RULES OF PLAY

if a trump is led the other players
must play a trump if they can
and, if possible, choose to beat
the highest trump so far played to the trick

a player who can't follow trump
must trump even when they have no trump
except when trump becomes the lead

if a non-trump is led the other players
must follow trump, if they can,
and must trump, if able to follow trump,
even when there is no obligation
to trump the next highest trump played

it is neither necessary nor advisable
to overtake trump when following trump
or to beat the highest trump
so far played when trumping is permitted

a winner is declared after a non-trump lead
has already been trumped,
or when a non-trump can't beat the trump
that is currently stealing the trick
or signing the executive order

HUMPHREY BOGART TRIES TO REGISTER AT TRUMP UNIVERSITY

classes?

we ain't got no classes

we don't need no classes

we don't have to show you
any stinking classes

EZRA POUND COMES TO HIS SENSES ON THE NEW YORK SUBWAY

The putrefaction of trump feces on the wall,
Nettles on a wet, back boot.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACTRUMP

I should have aroused thereafter
There would have been a point for such a bone.
Too few, and too few, and too few,
Beauties on runways from teen to twenty
To the first groping of unabashed sin,
And all my offenses have darkened dolts
The path to stormy depth. Up, up, limp pecker!
Lust's but a flabby member, a sagging shaft
That humps and pumps its manhood upon the bed
And then is spilled untimely: it is a mongrel
In search of a tail, full of piss and pudding,
Signifying everything.



TRUMP PARDONS PENCE
Make America Mutate Again



TRUMP MINE

when republicans speak
canaries die

JARED KUSHNER GETS DRUNK IN A KARAOKE BAR

TO THE TUNE OF *The Lady Is a Tramp*

she gets so grumpy when daddy is late
she eats up realtors and never gains weight

she never bothers with playing it straight
that's why the lady is a trump

TRUMP IMPERSONATES KENNEDY AND MELANIA BUYS A RIFLE

Ask not what I can do for your cunt,
ask what your cunt can do for me.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET

To trump, or not to trump, that is the election:
Whether 'tis soberer in the wine to buffer
The kings and pharaohs of fallacious reportage,
Or to chip Balls blindly on a Green of rubble
And by parring sink them. To lie—to creep,
Offshore; and by a creep to say we feign
The handshake and the cows and mackerel strokes
That horse is Queer to: 'tis a constipation
Profoundly to trump pissed. To lie, to creep;
To creep, perchance to Scream—ay, there's the snub:
For in that creep of breath what screams play dumb,
When we have shifted from this turtle foil,
Must leave us straws—there's the neglect
That makes Hannity of so shill life.
For who would square the Dips and Corns of slime,
The Confessor's dong, the huge man's Insolence,
The fangs of prescribed Drugs, the Lay's delouse,
The reverence of Orifice, and the burrs
That Putin garrote of the unworldly fakes,
When Ryan himself might his Testes make
With a beer Blood Kin? How would Mitch fare,
To gripe and sag under a jowly lift,
But that the tongue of Rudy living death,
The turkey buzzard chutney, from whose bust

No scavenger deserves, guzzles the swill,
And makes us blather more those thrills we take
Than spy in brothels where we show not love?
Thus collusion does make cow turds of us all,
And thus the naked screw of Obstruction
Is suckled in with the pee tape of Naught,
And odd devices of baitfish and rodent
With this canard their Cohens flip awry,
And Jews become the Fashion. Soft my knob,
'Tis Pedophilia? Gnome, now bloody Sessions
Trump all my limbs dismembered.

TRUMP WITH THE WIND

Frankly, my hair, I don't weave a strand.

HIS TOWN

THE STAGE MANAGER appears at the right, one hand on a dark curtain which he slowly draws across the scene. In the distance a clock is heard striking the hour very faintly.

STAGE MANAGER:

Most everybody's asleep in Trump Tower. There are a few lights on: Shorty Kushner, down the hall, has just bought his meal ticket on the gravy train. And right there in Don Junior's office they're taking meetings and looking for incriminating evidence. Yes, it's clearing up. There are music publicists, campaign managers, and Russian lawyers, all of them discussing child adoptions. The fake news hasn't settled the matter yet, but the president seems to think there are enough pardons to go around for everyone. Plenty of smoke...and mirrors. Only the witch hunt is finally smoldering away, smoldering away just in time to burn itself out. The tweets are so fast and furious now that every sixteen hours everybody just lies down and prays for sleep. *He checks his watch.* Hmm...It's almost midnight in Trump Tower. You get a good rest, too. Good night.



TRUMP PARDONS REAGAN
Make America Hallucinate Again



TEA PARTY

one trump
or two?

TRUMP DOES BING

TO THE TUNE OF *Going My Way*

This road leads to Leavenworth, cohen my way?
Dust to dust and earth to earth, cohen my way?

Just pack a suitcase full of money and off you go
In fifty years, maybe parole.

On your trip west read the sign "Driver's Fairway."
Try to read between the lines, cohen my way?

The stripes you'll be wearing will look swell on you,
Oh, I hope you're cohen my way too.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY TRUMP

You don't know about me unless you've read a book by the name of *Mein Kampf*, but that doesn't matter. That book was written by Mr. Adolf Hitler, and he told the truth, mainly. There were some things which he lied about, but mainly he told the truth. Let me tell you something: I have never known anybody who hasn't lied at one time or another, unless it was Joe Goebbels, or his wife, Magda, or maybe Himmler. Joe Goebbels—Adolf's Joe Goebbels, that is—and Himmler, and the Angel of Death are all written about in that book, which is mostly a true book, with some lies, as I said before.

ORGANIZED TRUMP

i'm gonna make him an offer
he can't recuse

HENRY KISSINGER CORRECTS KARL MARX

History repeats itself,
first as nixon, second as trump.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING IS COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM

How do I trump thee? Let me fount the praise.
I trump thee to the dreg and brunt and blight
My loins can screech, when feeling ever tight
For the bends of fleeing and ideal chase.
I trump thee to the dangle of every lay's
Most brutal feed, by gun and dynamite.
I trump thee mealy, as hen strive for flight.
I trump thee surely, as they burn from blaze.
I trump thee with the ashen soot to puce
In my cold briefs, and with my wildwood's wraith.
I trump thee with a trump I seemed to ooze
With my dross faints. I trump thee with the Seth,
Wiles, fears, of all my strife; and, if God chews,
I shall but trump thee more as living death.



TRUMP PARDONS CHARLES MANSON

Make America Tate Again



TRUMP'S PENIS

ignores a subpoena
refuses to come

**FRED TRUMP SCREWS WITH
HARPER LEE AND COUNSELS
HIS YOUNG SON**

I'd rather you force out
the communists in your buildings
but I know you'll go after immigrants.

Evict all the minorities you want,
if you can serve 'em,
but remember it's a win to kick out a nigger.

DALTON TRUMPO STICKS TO THE SCRIPT

ALREADY I and others like me have produced in this country a political atmosphere that reeks of fear and deliberate nonsense; a country in which racism finds safe refuge behind secret handshakes and loyalty oaths; a country in which no investigative reporter trusts his editor or his phone; a country in which those who rule defy every principle of the rights of women to control what goes in and out of their vaginas; a country in which those who dissent even slightly from the prevailing attitude I seek to enforce speak with confidence only in moving vans and outdoor stadiums; a country in which elected officials and political allies hesitate to recognize each other in public bathrooms. I have produced a country on the eve of its Reichstag fire. And for those who don't understand what that means, they need only know that the smell of victory is in our nostrils.

TRUMP GOES AFTER ETHEL MERMAN

TO THE TUNE OF *Anything You Can Do*

anyone you can screw

I can screw better

I can screw anyone

better than you

TRUMP ON THE WATERFRONT

you don't understand
i could've had brass

i could've been an enforcer
i could've been some gotti

instead of a trump
which is what I am

let's face it



TRUMP PARDONS HIS COLON
Make An Enema Wait Again



TRUMP OF ALLEGIANCE

I trump allegiance to the swag
of the Norman Bates of America,
and to the republicans who wear armbands,
one witch hunt utter fraud, inadmissible,
with collusion and pussy for all.

DUMMKOPF VON ALLEGIANCESTEIN

German Translation

Ich trumpf allegiancestein to zee trumpf
von zee Vereinigten Trumpfen von Amerika,
und to zee trumpf for vich es trumpfs,
ein trumpf, unter trumpf, Ach du lieber!
mit heil und more heil für trumpf.

DURAK IZ ALLEGIANCEKI

Russian Translation

YA prevzoshel allegianceki to trumpfnoy
iz Unitenyye Trumpfi Ameriki,
ant zu ta trumpf, for wyck et trumpfs,
odin trumpf undik trumpfem, Yebat-kopat!
wits putin ant mor putin for trumpfya.

THE SECRET PLOT TO KILL TRUMP

"If there is one overriding reality in this country, it is the danger that we have an erosion of a sense of national decency."

ROBERT F. KENNEDY

March 23, 1968

thank you everybody
thank you
thank you very much
and thank you for this big crowd
this is incredible really incredible
what a crowd
what an incredible crowd

but you know the other day
did anybody happen to see
the state of the union address?
right? okay so i got good marks
the best speech to congress
that any president
ever made in the history of our country
the one i gave last year
was also really good too
they didn't call it the state of the union
because you weren't there for a year
but it was sort of the same thing

so in my state of the union speech
i said we have the lowest negro unemployment
in the history of our country
by the way can i say negro?
can we bring negro back now
like christmas?
i think so right? i think so
and you think so too

and so i'm talking about we also have
the lowest mexican unemployment
in the history of our country
or the lowest rapist unemployment
or the lowest criminal unemployment
you call it what you like it's all the same
and this isn't me saying it
this is the charts and the polls and the experts
we have the lowest
in the history of our country

and the democrats
dead silence not a smile
i'm standing there and dead silence
not a single smile

one guy when i said
the lowest negro unemployment
he was sort of clapping
like who was that guy?
he was a nice guy
i think he was a nice guy
and he was clapping.
and I wouldn't say it was enthusiastic
but he was putting his hands together
and i want to find out who he is
i'm going to send him
a letter of thank you
or a fruit basket
or a watermelon
should i send him a watermelon?
i'll send him something

so i'm up there
i've got half the room going totally crazy wild
they love me they love everything i say
they want to do something great for our country
and you have the other side
even on all this really positive news
really tremendous positive news

and they are like
death and un-american
death and un-american
and it's very selfish folks
somebody said treasonous
i mean yeah I guess why not?
can i call that treason? why not?
i mean they certainly
don't seem to love our country very much

but i look at that and it's sad
so sad so sad
and it's really very very sad
because we have to keep it going
because this country is turning
just like that song turn turn turn
and i said i'm going to do it
but it's happening faster than anyone thought
and they try to stop me right?
they try to stop me from doing
what I promised to do

very un-american
very un-american folks
like building the wall okay?
oh yeah you wait for it
the wall is coming folks

the wall is coming
we're building the wall believe me
we're building the wall
don't even think about it
somebody said the other day
well he really didn't want to build the wall
oh we're building the wall folks
we're building it or else a lot of other things
aren't going to happen in this country
i guarantee it i guarantee it

and if things go poorly
you can blame the democrats for that
they don't want the wall
they don't want security on the southern border
they don't want security on the northern border
they don't care about the security of our country
they don't care about ms-13 killers
they don't care about gang members
pouring into our country
one drug dealer can kill millions of people
one drug dealer
if you ever did an average
nobody has ever seen this
you've probably never heard this before
but if you ever did an average
one drug dealer will kill millions of people

and we don't even try to kill them back
what kind of sense does that make?
it's time to start killing them back
because in many places like in california
the same gang member votes many many times
you probably heard about that
they always like to say
oh that's a plot that's a conspiracy theory
not a conspiracy theory folks
millions and millions of gang members
are voting illegally in this country
and they don't want us to see the votes
because they're afraid
of losing voters

but you know what?
i could stand in the middle of this stage
and shoot somebody
i could shoot you or you or anybody
and i wouldn't lose any voters
i wouldn't lose a single vote
i would even pick up votes

in fact i could stand on this stage
and shoot myself
and i wouldn't die okay?
it's a secret but it's no secret
i can shoot myself in the head
and i wouldn't die
i wouldn't die because
i can't be killed okay?
i can't kill me and you can't kill me
it's incredible
it's incredible
it's like really incredible
and everyone knows it's true

so let me just say to everyone here
you've been incredible partners
incredible partners
my thanks to all of you
what a crowd
what an incredible crowd
this crowd is just incredible
thank you
thank you so much
and now it's on to chicago
and let's win there

TRUMP CHANGE

what's in your wallet?

NOTES

Page 17. “Sarah Huckabee Sanders Is Asked to Leave the Planet”: Inspired by the *New York Times* story, “Sarah Huckabee Sanders Was Asked to Leave Restaurant Over White House Work,” by Emily Cochran (June 23, 2018). The incident involved the White House press secretary being asked to leave a Virginia restaurant where she had gone to dine.

Page 18. “The Sick Sense”: Inspired by words spoken by Hayley Joel Osment’s character “Cole Sear” to Bruce Willis’ character “Malcom Crowe” in M. Night Shyamalan’s 1999 film *The Sixth Sense*.

Page 20. “William Carlos Williams Trumps Himself”: Inspired by Williams’ most famous poem, “The Red Wheelbarrow,” from *The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams* (1938).

Page 22. “Trump Brags About His Hands to O.J.”: Inspired by remarks delivered by defense attorney Johnny Cochran on September 28, 1995 during the murder trial of O.J. Simpson.

Page 27. “Advertising Campaign for Miss Universe Pageant”: Inspired by the California Milk Processor Board’s advertising campaign: “got milk?” (1993).

Page 30. “Sing Along with Mitch”: Inspired by the Stanley Adams, Abel Baer, and George W. Meyer composition, “There Are Such Things,” published in 1942. A popular version of the song recorded by Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra, with vocals by Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers, reached No. 1 on the records chart.

NB: On March 16, 2016, following the death of Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia, President Barack Obama nominated federal appellate judge Merrick Garland to fill the vacancy. He did this despite the fact that Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell of Kentucky had already announced, on the day Scalia died, that the Republican-controlled Senate had no intention of confirming—or even giving a hearing to—any nominee chosen by Obama.

Page 31. “Saint Paul Stumps for Trump Before Being Stoned by the Corinthians”: Inspired by the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians in the New Testament of the Christian Bible (1 Corinthians 13); authored by Paul the Apostle who, according to some theologians, distorted the teachings of Jesus and invented Christianity. Paul was beheaded by the Romans in 64 AD.

Page 35. “Joseph Welch Confronts Trump on His Dangerous Noise Level”: Inspired by comments made by

Boston attorney and Army counsel Joseph Welch on June 9, 1954. During the notorious Army-McCarthy Hearings, Welch's remarks, directed at U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy, were a turning point in the history of McCarthyism and its reckless and unsubstantiated attacks on the character and patriotism of citizens. McCarthy himself was ultimately censured by the Senate and ostracized.

Page 36. "Sir Walter Scott Buys Another Round": Inspired by lines 25-32 from "Canto VI, Stanza XVII in *Marmion: A Tale of Flodden Field in Six Cantos* by Sir Walter Scott (1808).

Page 39. "Trump Pardons Speedy Gonzales": Inspired by the animated cartoon character in the Warner Brothers *Looney Tunes* and *Merrie Melodies* series of cartoons of the fifties and sixties. Depicted in scenes where he handily eludes authorities, Speedy Gonzales is portrayed as "The Fastest Mouse in all Mexico," his major traits being the ability to run extremely fast and speak in Spanish with an exaggerated Mexican accent.

Page 42. "Humphrey Bogart Tries to Register at Trump University": Inspired by words spoken by Alfonso Bedoya's character "Gold Hat" to Humphrey Bogart's character "Fred C. Dobbs" in the 1948 film *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.

Page 43. “Ezra Pound Comes to His Senses on the New York Subway”: Inspired by the poem, “In A Station of the Metro,” a fourteen line verbless poem by Ezra Pound from his collection *Lustra* (1917).

NB: Ezra Pound, an expatriate American poet, critic, and major figure in the early modernist poetry movement, embraced fascism as a vehicle for reform. His anti-Semitism and wartime collaboration with Mussolini’s regime resulted in his arrest by American forces in 1945 on charges of treason. Deemed unfit to stand trial, he spent the next 12 years in a psychiatric hospital in Washington D.C.. Upon his release in 1958, Pound returned to Italy and died there in 1972 at the age of 87.

Page 44. “The Tragedy of MacTrump”: Inspired by “MacBeth’s Soliloquy,” Act V, Scene V, from Shakespeare’s *Macbeth* (1623).

Page 47. “Jared Kushner Gets Drunk in a Karaoke Bar”: Inspired by the Rodgers and Hart song, “The Lady Is a Tramp” from the 1937 musical *Babes in Arms*. The tune spoofs New York high society and its strict etiquette (the first line of the verse being “I get too hungry for dinner at eight...”). It was a popular standard and a signature song for Frank Sinatra.

Page 49. “The Ghost of Hamlet”: Inspired by “Hamlet’s Soliloquy,” Act III, Scene I, from Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* (1603).

Page 52. “His Town”: Inspired by lines spoken by the character “Stage Manager” from the final scene in Act Three of Thornton Wilder’s play, *Our Town* (1938).

Page 55. “Trump Does Bing”: Inspired by the song, “Going My Way” by Jimmy Van Heusen and Johnny Burke, from the 1944 film of the same name. Bing Crosby sang the song in the film and was awarded a best actor Oscar for his portrayal of an understanding priest.

NB: Six years after Crosby’s death, his eldest son, Gary, published a memoir (*Going My Own Way*) in which he claimed his father emotionally and physically abused him and his brothers when they were young.

Page 56. “The Adventures of Huckleberry Trump”: Inspired by the opening paragraph of Mark Twain’s *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884).

NB: “In the big lie there is always a certain force of credibility; because the broad masses of a nation are always more easily corrupted in the deeper strata of their emotional nature than consciously or voluntarily; and thus in the primitive simplicity of their minds they more readily fall victims to the big lie than the small

lie, since they themselves often tell small lies in little matters but would be ashamed to resort to large-scale falsehoods.” – *Mein Kampf*, Vol. I, Ch. 10

Page 58. “Henry Kissinger Corrects Karl Marx”: Inspired by a quotation from “The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon,” an essay by Karl Marx (1852). Marx’s most quoted line about “history repeating itself” credits Hegel and paraphrases Engels.

NB: When Kissinger was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize in 1975 for negotiating a ceasefire in the Vietnam War (which he helped start), comedian Tom Lehrer famously said that his acceptance of the award made political satire obsolete. Various referred to as a war criminal and one of the most destructive secretaries of state in the history of America, Kissinger (at 94) is an unofficial adviser to the current president.

Page 59. “Elizabeth Barrett Browning Is Committed to an Asylum”: Inspired by the poem, “How Do I Love Thee?” (#43) by Elizabeth Barrett Browning from *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (1850).

Page 63. “Fred Trump Screws with Harper Lee and Counsels His Young Son”: Inspired by words spoken by Atticus Finch to his young son, Jem, in Chapter 10 of Harper Lee’s *To Kill A Mockingbird* (1960). In the

1962 film of the same name, Gregory Peck portrayed “Atticus” and Phillip Alford played “Jem”.

NB: Frederick Christ Trump Sr. was a New York real estate developer and landlord. In 1954 he was investigated by a U.S. Senate committee for wartime profiteering, and again in 1973 by the U.S. Justice Department for civil rights violations. Fred Trump died in 1999.

Page 64. “Dalton Trumpo Sticks to the Script”: Inspired by the last paragraph of a statement read by Dalton Trumbo before the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) in 1947. Trumbo was an American screenwriter and novelist blacklisted by the HUAC for refusing to testify during the committee’s investigation of communist influences in the motion picture industry.

NB: In 1960 Kirk Douglas hired Trumbo to write the script for *Spartacus*. When the film was released later that year it marked the first time in 10 years that Trumbo’s name appeared on screen as a screenwriter, effectively breaking the blacklist.

Page 65. “Trump Goes After Ethel Merman”: Inspired by the Irving Berlin composition, “Anything You Can Do” from the 1946 Broadway musical, *Annie Get Your Gun*, and performed by Ethel Merman, often referred to as the “first lady” of the musical comedy stage.

Page 66. “Trump on the Waterfront”: Inspired by words spoken by Marlon Brando’s character “Terry Malloy” to Rod Steiger’s character “Charley Malloy” in the 1954 film *On The Waterfront*.

Page 71. “The Secret Plot to Kill Trump”: Inspired by speeches given by the 45th president of the United States at three separate events: a rally in Phoenix, Arizona, August 23, 2017; a factory in Blue Ash, Ohio, February 5, 2018; and the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) in National Harbor, Maryland, February 23, 2018.

NB: The final two lines of the poem are the last public words spoken by Robert F. Kennedy. On June 5, 1968, minutes after delivering his California presidential primary victory speech at a Los Angeles hotel, Kennedy was shot and killed.

Page 78. “Trump Change”: Inspired by the Capital One advertising campaign that features a prying tagline penned by Keith Goldberg (2000).

Quote / Back Cover. “A searing and timely lampoon”: Inspired by Barack Obama’s one-sentence review of former Weather Underground co-founder William Ayers’ book, *A Kind and Just Parent: The Children of Juvenile Court* (1997). Obama’s review appeared in the Chicago Tribune on December 21, 1997 and was part of a column called “Mark My Word,” in which Chicago notables were invited to comment on some of their favorite current books.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My gratitude to the editors of the following print and online journals in which some of these poems or earlier versions (some under slightly different titles; some under slightly peculiar circumstances; and others under slightly false pretenses) first appeared.

Albatross: “Trump Mine”

Broken Arrow: “Trump Pardons Obama”

Clear Cut Poetry Review: “Still Life”

Gorski Planet: “Dummkopf Von Allegiancestein”

The Kale Law Review: “Henry Kissinger Corrects Karl Marx”

Mad Hatter Journal: “Tea Party”

Mexit: “Trump Pardons Speedy Gonzales”

Poems-For-All: “Scotland Amends Its Traditional Prayer,” “Trump Change”

Poetry Hotel: “Trump’s Penis,” “Still Life,” “Trump Mine,” “Tea Party”

Princess Slap: “Organized Trump”

quote unquote: “Trump Pardons Charles Manson”

RAWHIDE: “Trump Rope”

Steel River: “Rules for Playing Trump Roulette Alone”

Sister of Misfortune: “Trump Pardons Harvey Weinstein”

Soup: “Durak Iz Allegianceki”

Tallahatchie Review: “Trump Pardons Reagan”

Teller: “Still Life”

Third Chair Trombone: “Trumpty Dumpty”

Yellow Sky: “Trump Pardons Pence”

Zero Tolerance: “Trump with the Wind”

My deepest thanks to family and friends for the bottomless well of laughs, and to the many poets and writers, present and past, who never cease sharing their words with me. Special thanks to my editor Kurt Lipschutz who is “Tom” to my “Huck;” and to my publisher Robert Richard Hansen of Poems-For-All Press, for the beauty of his vision and for simply saying, “Yes!”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Paul Fericano's reputation as a poet and writer rests largely on satire. His credits include *The New York Quarterly*, *Mother Jones*, *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Realist*, *Saturday Night Live*, *Punch* (London), *Krokodil* (Moscow), *Charlie Hebdo* (Paris), and *Satrycón* (Argentina). His books include *Loading the Revolver with Real Bullets*, *Commercial Break*, *The One Minute President* (with Elio Ligi), and *The Hollywood Catechism* (2015). In 1980, he co-founded *Yossarian Universal News Service*, the grandfather of parody journalism (yunews.com). Two years later he received the Howitzer Prize for his poem, "Sinatra, Sinatra," an award he himself created and exposed as a literary hoax to reveal the absurd nature of competitive awards. As a survivor of clergy sexual abuse, Fericano served from 2003 – 2013 as director of *Instruments of Peace / SafeNet*, a nonprofit that advocated for and assisted other survivors in their recovery. His blog, *A Room With A Pew*, explores personal and complex facets of the healing process (roomwithapew.com). He is a resident of the San Francisco peninsula.

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