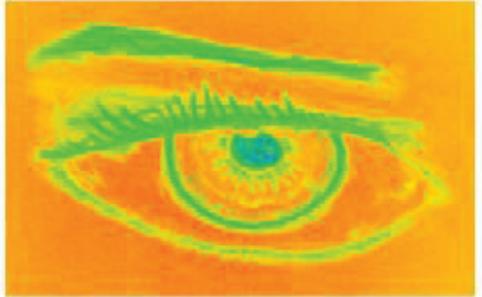
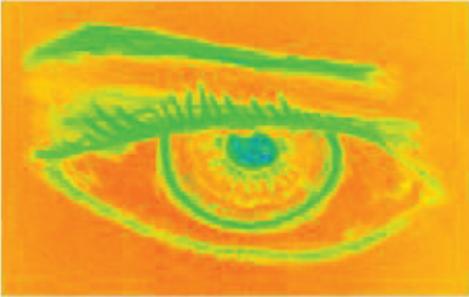
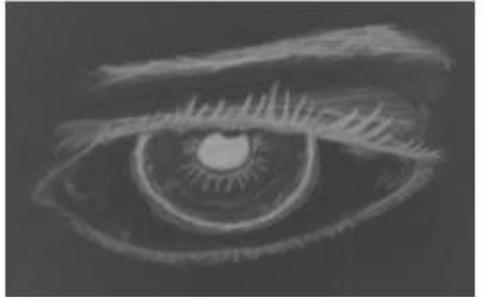


# Post-Truth Blues



by  
Colin Dardis



# Post-Truth Blues



by Colin Dardis

Lofoco Chaps- Chicago - 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](http://www.colindardispoet.co.uk)

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