

**AMERICAN  
GIRL**

**JACKIE OH**

# Fahrenhate

Jackie Oh

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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## **ID Card**

Did you just assume my identity?  
May I refer you to my credentials:  
All ages, all nationalities,  
all income brackets (regardless of tax),  
all class, all education.  
I don't carry a gun,  
but I have bullets in my throat  
and I am not afraid to shoot.  
I am all colourful, all powerful,  
right-attaining wonderful,  
delectable and unstoppable.  
I remain ungrabbed.

## Opera

I can hear the fanfare  
from just under four years away.  
Everyone is signing up  
to join the choir. It will be  
a wonderful choir, the best choir ever,  
because they will be singing  
the song of your leave-taking.  
The chorus will celebrate  
our national return to sanity.  
Let the cymbals explode in rapture,  
let the drums match the freedom of our hearts.  
Oh, the singing,  
I weep for the singing!  
Let it lift the sun up  
from the horizon  
and shoot down the clouds  
with its golden voice!  
Can you hear it?  
Can you hear our damn beautiful voice?

## **Benediction? Supplication?**

Wait.

I have something  
in my pocket for you.  
Here it is.

I've gift-wrapped it with a fist.  
Do you mind?

I glued glitter to my knuckles  
and placed a bow  
where my wedding band used to be.

Go on.

Open it.

Oh, but be careful.

Don't get any blood on it!

Your hands are covered.

How did you ever get so much blood onto those  
hands?

Didn't your mamma ever tell you  
to go wash after a genocide?

I don't think you can have this gift now.  
But look, at least I've left you this fist.

Statuesque

Which way should she be facing?  
Outwards in welcome,  
her touch a lighthouse  
to all the world's shipwrecked sailors?  
Or inwards, with her back to the waves,

a windbreaker for the so-called natives?

## **Haiku for Those Who Would Vote For Trump Again**

No, no, no, no, no,  
no, no, no, no, no, no,  
no, no, no, no, no.

## **Responsibilities**

I hold you responsible  
for my panic attacks.

I hold your responsible  
for the rise of Scientology  
and the fall of man.

I hold your responsible  
for the dental cavities  
of the under-fives  
from too much Coca-Cola.

I hold your responsible  
for the poisoned rivers of Mexico.

I hold your responsible  
for grounded dreams  
when you found you couldn't  
ground the airplanes.

I hold your responsible  
for your speechwriters,  
even though I find it hard to believe  
in anything so contemptible.

I had scorned beyond faith,  
crippled my vote  
and stupefied the entire political system  
by not rising until now.

I am responsible.

We are responsible.

We are responsible for change.

## We Would Rather You Played Truant Than This

Go stand in the corner,  
dunce cap and all  
with Bush and the misspelt potatoe.  
You've stubbed your toe  
and your potatoe  
on the kerb of resistance.  
The Supreme Court  
pointing to the blackboard,  
handing you the chalk:

I will not...  
I will not...  
I will not...

## Bibliography

I don't know enough about you  
because your very life is emetic,  
but it would be enough  
to hold open the unwritten book  
and let everyone who voted against you  
to spit onto the pages,  
and everyone who voted for you  
to wipe their ass with the sheets,  
wrap it up in an American flag,  
leave it on the shelf of Barnes & Noble,  
sit back, and await the Pulitzer Prize.

## **Parliament of Invertebrates**

It's the other world leaders  
I feel sorry for,  
having to grease themselves up  
to crawl up your asshole.

Mind you,  
the entire enterprise is easier  
when you don't have a spine.

## **Fire and Hate**

i.

I took the temperature today.  
A '5' on the Circles Of Hell scale.  
I was expecting higher.  
Perhaps I should have waited  
until after the evening news,  
let a few hundred more minds  
blow up in hunger and disillusionment.

ii.

It gets too hot here at night,  
must be from all those burning souls.  
I can't sleep anymore.  
I think my bed must be tapped -  
The TV keeps playing my nightmares.

## **Nagging the Ram**

Donald Trump?  
Lord, dump tan!  
Damp old runt.

## **Blame the Social Media**

Donald, you made me hate Twitter.  
Donald, how can there be  
so many deluded people  
out there  
ready to follow you?  
Perhaps it's not all your fault.  
Perhaps there are mere  
victims  
of the world's circumstance.  
Aren't you just a by-product  
of national debt?

We're all damn by-products  
of other person's damnation,  
another flower  
pushed  
into the grave,  
ready to wilt  
in the rain.

And if you think that's  
some kind of romantic image,  
well,  
let Donald be the one  
to break your heart.  
He will break you  
then ask for your allegiance.

Only those that can broken  
can follow!

Let the unbroken lead!

And where are all  
the good men and women  
of America  
without cracks  
or dents  
or taped-over philosophies  
and rusted manifestoes,  
ready to pull the nation  
out from the salted soil  
and tend for us  
on some gigantic united windowsill?  
All we want to do  
is sit in the sun  
and be watered,  
fresh, sprinkled, newborn water  
that have never  
been tasted before,  
passed through other poor bastards'  
urinary tracts  
and pissed out on the streets,  
collected in gutter  
where you can't tell the difference  
between the people and the trash.

Donald, I have tasted  
the apple and the turd,  
and only one

is flavoured  
with the truth.

## **Goodnight, John Boy**

Don't forgot to shoot the dog,  
or switch off all the lights.  
Disconnect the gas,  
empty the fridge  
of its crumbs and droppings  
and leave out the trash,  
now more valuable per pound  
than any of us.

Perhaps we'll make  
good biomass.

If anyone wishes,  
bring out bodies  
to the White House lawn  
and ask the gardener  
if it will be a good year  
for the Coast Rhododendrons.

## **Sagacious**

Yes, hope was audacious.  
But somewhere between the loquacious  
press conferences,  
and the sick flirtatious  
power-grabbing that the voracious  
rich folk seem to do,  
perhaps you would be so gracious  
as to abdicate before you  
become wholly fallacious?

## Lioness

What do I know?  
I'm just a poor white girl  
and my cunt isn't open  
wide enough to interest you.

What do I know?  
I'm just a shy little girl  
with my back too weak,  
a spine gone crazy  
from the weight of modernity.

What do I know?  
I'm just another dumb whore  
you can dismiss as easily  
as burning a dollar bill.

What do I know?  
I'm just a woman,  
and my voice is loud enough  
to kill all of your walls

## Hope

<i>Bosnian</i>	<i>Nadam se</i>
<i>Bulgarian</i>	<i>Надявам се,</i>
<i>Croatian</i>	<i>nadati se</i>
<i>Czech</i>	<i>doufat</i>
<i>Danish</i>	<i>håber</i>
<i>Dutch</i>	<i>hoop</i>
<i>Finnish</i>	<i>oivo</i>
<i>French</i>	<i>espoir</i>
<i>German</i>	<i>Hoffnung</i>
<i>Greek</i>	<i>ελπίδα</i>
<i>Hungarian</i>	<i>remény</i>
<i>Icelandic</i>	<i>vona</i>
<i>Irish</i>	<i>Tá súil</i>
<i>Polish</i>	<i>nadzieja</i>
<i>Romanian</i>	<i>speranță</i>
<i>Russian</i>	<i>надеяться</i>
<i>Serbian</i>	<i>nadati se</i>
<i>Slovak</i>	<i>dúfat'</i>
<i>Spanish</i>	<i>esperanza</i>
<i>Swedish</i>	<i>hoppas</i>
<i>Ukrainian</i>	<i>сподіватис</i>

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