

# If They Hadn't Worn White Hoods, 8 Million Would Have Shown Up in the Photographs



John Bloomberg-Rissman  
and Eileen R. Tabios

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8 Million Would Have Shown Up  
in the Photographs**

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**Locofoco Chaps  
Chicago, 2017**

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"Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?"  
—from **Francois Villon's** *Ballade des dames  
du temps jadis*

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret genetics. Have you seen my hair? Is genetics a science?

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Mar-a-Lago. I've long thought Florida overrated. It's too near to too many boats.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret the existence of weather forecasters. They don't get with the program. What climate change? Do polar bears vote?

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret polar bears. Even if there's climate change they'd only be refugees and who wants that? Fortunately, no climate change.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Rodrigo Duterte. His cuss word vocabulary is bigger than mine. Puñeta!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Betsy DeVos. So much money I couldn't ignore her! Fortunately, it's just Education and not something important like Media ~~Relations~~ Management.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret poetry. Poets see (through) me. Note to Self: Count how many poets vote. And where they vote.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret checks-and-balances. Fortunately, my party's got a majority. Welcome, Tom Price and Steve Mnuchin! (If this is the first time their names got into a poem, should I charge them? Who says you can't make money from poetry?!)

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Syria. Too many families. They're even invading the Yukon...

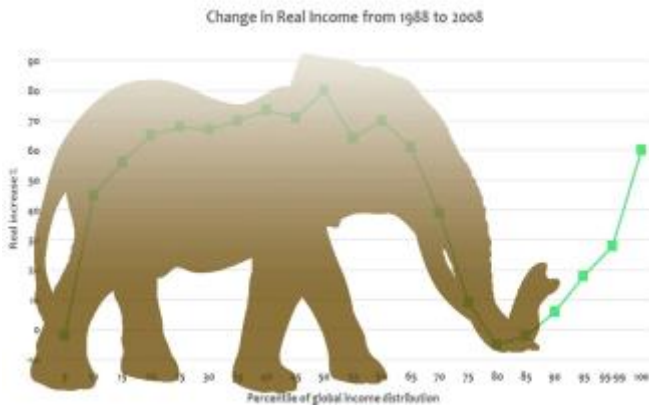
I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Boris Johnson. Fake-news media's just as likely to put his mug onto stories about me. More hair but Boris Johnson is ugly.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Mitch McConnell. He's a good dog but why can't I get represented by someone whose face doesn't look like flattened barf. (Face surgery, Mitch, for those jowls! I got a name of a good doctor...)

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret bodyshaming. I looked at a mirror ...

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret English. Too many words! But that Hindi! Why would Hindi want so many names for a lotus?!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret paschey... pachde... pasty... I regret elephants. Because



I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), was going to regret corporations, until I remembered we fooled enough folks into believing they're human.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret art. Useless. Too dangerous. Plus, is there no artist who thinks my penis is bigly?

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret What's-his-name. What an inconvenient death. As bad if not worse than being captured.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret pantsuits. Women should wear dresses.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Armani. I need to sell more ties.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), don't regret Steve Bannon. He can dress however the hell he pleases.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Steve Bannon. I'm not just a pen.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), don't want to regret Kellyanne. I hope she doesn't blow it—she needs to get a new alternate reality to replace her current alternate reality.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Agrabah. We definitely should bomb it.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret *Teen Vogue*. What happened to cookie recipes? They don't bake either? Sad.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Chelsea. She's standing in the way of Ivanka becoming the first woman president of the United States ... as Ivanka should be. I made Ivanka.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret New Dove. It doesn't boost my Wi-Fi! And if it created good listeners I'd sign an Executive Order mandating everyone to use it!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Kristen Stewart. A cheater will always cheat. I know.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret Barnard College. So much ado over yarn.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret indigenous people. They just do not understand progress.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that the Doomsday Clock only moved to two-and-a-half minutes to midnight when I was elected 45<sup>th</sup> President of the World, oops, I mean the U.S. It should have moved to one second to. So here's to you, the keepers of the clock: you're fired!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that John Bloomberg-Rissman added "only" in between "the" and "beauty" to my statement, "The beauty of me is that I'm very rich."

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I don't sleep upside down like a bat.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I have never had the vaguest idea what "Uh, I wanna get on the good foot / Ho, good foot, I got to get on the good foot" meant.



I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that Milo ... Milo ... Yanapolis (what the hell kind of name is Yapanapolis, anyway), whom I otherwise kind of like, is such a fag. Pathetic!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that though I've been the president for almost two weeks now Steve and I haven't started the South China Sea war yet. Or the war with Iran. Or a war with Europe. Whichever it is. it'll be the greatest war ever! Not to mention proof I have big hands.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that when Bill O'Reilly called Vladimir Putin a killer, and I responded with, "What do you think? Our country's so innocent?" I couldn't go on to tell him all Steve and I've got planned.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I couldn't waterboard those who thought I should have known who Frederick Douglass was.

Speaking of which I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I forgot to quote Immanuel Kant, who is an example of somebody who's done an amazing job and is being recognized more and more, I notice, who once said of a supposedly intelligent African that "this fellow was quite black from head to toe, a clear proof that what he said was stupid." That would have been a perfect thing to include in my speech on Black History Month. After all, the blacks picked February, and how stupid is that?

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I have incurred the enmity of the "best minds of my generation". Not really: since they are all "starving hysterical naked", they either have no talent or are very dumb.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that my parents didn't name me Moloch.

Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch  
the loveless! Mental Moloch! Moloch the heavy  
judger of men!  
Moloch the incomprehensible prison!

Moloch whose mind is pure machinery!  
Moloch whose blood is running money!  
Moloch whose fingers are ten armies!

Etcetera. Moloch Trump sounds pretty good.

Where is crooked Hillary and what is she doing behind  
my back?

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I didn't sue  
Lady Gaga when she stole my meat dress. Prime cuts,  
only the best, only available in my resorts' restaurants.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I didn't know  
fascists ate donuts, or I would have served donuts in my  
restaurants. They would have been the best.

I now serve donuts in my restaurants. They ARE the  
best!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I didn't think of  
the Great Chinese Famine before Mao did.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I was too busy  
opening a new property to attend the Wannsee  
conference.

Speaking of Wannsee, the sign *Arbeit Macht Frei* at the  
entrance to the grounds welcomes every guest to my  
absolutely stunning new luxury resort, Trump  
Auschwitz.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that more people don't know that my hairline is like my father's, but my awesome hair is styled like my mom's.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that whoever is compiling these regrets is making it seem as if I'm capable of speaking in complete sentences.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that people keep saying 400ppm to me, as if that means something. Sad.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I didn't put Kenya on my exclusion list. If I had, I could have deported Obama, and we'd have one less Muslim terrorist to deal with.

Speaking of which, I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), do not in the least regret having my people handcuff that 5-year-old Muslim boy at the airport, but I do regret that we haven't handcuffed any Muslim fetuses yet. No one's too young to be a terrorist!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that I had to wait til February 3, 2017 to issue a memo to the Labor Department to cease implementation of the fiduciary rule, which requires investment brokers who handle retirement funds to put their clients' interests ahead of other factors, such as their own compensation or company profits.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that there are still some heads of state I haven't insulted or hung on yet.

Speaking of insults, there's an online generator that allows people to draft their own executive orders with my signature on them. "Smithers, release the hounds," says one by someone named Chris Heilmann. You're so dumb, Chris; I've already released them.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that eight million of the people who attended my inauguration were dressed in their white hoods. That's why they didn't show up in the photographs.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret that the US has a Congress and a judiciary. What a waste! Terrible! Stupid!

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret the 25th Amendment to The Constitution of the United States: Whenever the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the executive departments or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall immediately assume the powers and duties of the office as Acting President, because I am fucking nuts.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ (please initial), regret ... what? OK. Let's get serious. I am perfect. I have no regrets.

Later the boy is sitting in a Waldorf with two colleagues dunking pound cake. 'Most distasteful thing I ever stand still for,' he says. 'Some way he make himself all soft like a blob of jelly and surround me so nasty. Then he gets well all over like with green slime. So I guess he come to some kinda awful climax ... I come near wiggling with that green stuff all over me, and he stink like a old rotten cantaloupe.' 'Well it's still an easy score.' The boy signed resignedly; 'Yes, I guess you can get used to anything. I've got a meet with him again tomorrow.'

If you're my Press Secretary Sean Spicer, you know that breakfast is the most important meal. That's why every

morning he chews and swallows 35 sticks of Orbit  
cinnamon gum.

*-7 February 2017*

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## ABOUT THE POETS

**John Bloomberg-Rissman** has spent the last dozen years or so working on a long project called *Zeitgeist Spam*. Parts published so far: *No Sounds of My Own Making* (Leafe Press, 2007), *Flux, Clot & Froth* (Meritage Press, 2010), *A Picture of Everyone I Love Passes Through Me* (a collaboration with Lynn Behrendt, Lunar Chandelier Press, 2016), and *In the House of the Hangman* (Laughing/Ouch/Cube/Press, 2016). Additionally, he “authored” the “conceptual” work *2nd Notice of Modifications to Text of Proposed Regulations: Regulation and Policy Branch, California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation* (Leafe Press & Laughing/Ouch/Cube/Publications, 2010). He is also the editor or co-editor of several volumes: *1000 Views of “Girl Singing”* (Leafe Press, 2009), *The Chained Haynaku* (Meritage Press & xPress(ed), 2010, co-edited with Eileen R. Tabios, Ivy Alvarez and Ernesto Priego), and *Poems for the Millennium 5: Barbaric, Vast & Wild* (Black Widow Press, 2015, co-edited with Jerome Rothenberg). He is now at work on the next section of *Zeitgeist Spam*, *With the Noose Around My Neck*.

**Eileen R. Tabios** has released over 40 collections of poetry, fiction, essays, and experimental biographies from publishers in eight countries and cyberspace. Her most recent include her first trilingual (English, Romanian, Spanish) edition, *YOUR FATHER IS BALD: Selected Hay(na)ku Poems* (Bibliotheca Universalis, 2017); *THE OPPOSITE OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA* (Knives, Forks and Spoons Press, 2017); *AMNESIA: Somebody’s Memoir* (Black Radish Books, 2016) and her first bilingual edition (English, Romanian), *I FORGOT ARS POETICA* (Bibliotheca Universalis, 2016). Recipient of the Philippines’ National Book

Award for Poetry for her first poetry collection, she has seen her poems translated into eight languages. She also has edited, co-edited or conceptualized 11 anthologies of poetry, fiction and essays. Inventor of the poetic form “hay(na)ku,” she maintains a bibliophilic blog, “Eileen Verbs Books“; edits *Galatea Resurrects*, a popular poetry review; and steers the literary and arts publisher Meritage Press. More information is available at <http://eileenrtabios.com>

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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

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