

John Moore Williams



the **Milo** choir
sings wild boys
in **Trumplandia**

THE MILO CHOIR SINGS

*wild boys in
Trumplandia*

John Moore Williams

Locofo Chaps

Chicago 2017

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Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

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1 the wild boys

The Milo choir barges into the big Oval, all loincloths and mohawks, swinging their savage axes. The suits tighten their greenscreen ties, clutching their blood jaws screaming. The choir sings “Oh, come let us adore him.”

Baby Barack Obama unwraps a Christmas gift beneath the bedazzled pine, looks up at his dad and says, “Tanks, Obama.” His brother pets the orangutan, fiercely curling orange fur up in both palms.

The orangutan convulses, curling his arms up in the universal sign for disability. We all pretend we don’t see it. Maybe a tweet or two thousand goes out I don’t know.

Didn’t you see our silent protest in the feeds? Didn’t you occupy your spreadsheet? Your bot?

Get back before someone misses you. Get back on your hobby horse and ride. We’ve got plenty of fake news to feed you, there’s plenty more you’ll have to abide.

Everything I do is political, you think. You’re sure you don’t do enough. No one pretends we don’t see it.

2 the last trump

In the third edition *Monster Manual* we call him *glabrezu* the tempter, and we will know him by this sign: arms seized up like mouthparts, like mummified; like, no one pretends to see it. In the tarot, in the graveyard clay, we call him the last trump. In-coming home I step around the homeless man asleep or passed out on my front steps. I hope he won't wake up. Fake news shouldn't. He seizes his arms up like fetal, like spinnerets. He seizes up his arms around his hunger. So does the mailman, but he's doing it in the line of duty.

3 the milo choir sings

We wanted him the worst way; wanted him *sieg heil* style, our clickbait president, here in the revenge of the trolls, part three. It is in the nature of democracies to elide the individual, to transform equivocality into unanimity in the maw of the body politic. Like our digital revolutionaries we remained anonymous, a silent majority wishing difference once again dead, invisible machines spurting tweets. We will know him by his wall, by his Cheetos smile. We will know him for he's lynx-pointed, he's gold-spotted snow. Like us, he's vociferously not a mutt. We were building a we of mirrors and blog posts we never believed. Each one of us a fair use, a kind of fake news.

4 think talk work

It would be nice to think talk work. It would be nice to think Thanksgiving a mission along the way. A fort we build with carcasses, wishbones and a misplaced faith in our contexts. Everyone gets we're immigrants, right? It's a ripe time for converts, for the displaced. When it's a question of voice you might have to listen. Clearly I'm not now. It implies a kind of work. Productivity data's inconclusive, but hoo-boy the engagement. The growth hackers at Twitter and the Kremlin rub their curled-up paws. Anonymous, where's your latter-day saints? I'm doing this wrong. Even @roguePOTUSstaff unnerves me.

5 snowflake

Here, a snowflake, subliming.

Here, snowflake, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. The friend of my enemy is my friend. I am the enemy of my enemy; we're friends.

Here, white as snowflake, my lattices collapse on the heat of his tongue.

There are days when all we do is cry. There are mugs
ALTERNATIVE FACT made in China. The bots shilled us.

If the ambient temperature, humidity, were just right, we'd coalesce.

You could walk atop the crust of us.

This is not that moment.

Here every snowflake rides, subliming, on hot air. The headlines have it.

Just think of the headlines.

6 posthuman

They say the airtime riots ON 4CHAN station
catapulted him to the hegemony
the plural-bodied trapped legally
in their most normative forms
cisgendered for the coming reprocreation

Beyond the walls the water still rises
and o what ancient viruses reflourish there

I built a bot to keep me abreast
of all the latest developments.
We're post-everything here.

Oh hold on; there's a fresh trans-
mission coming in.
I'll need to retweet this

We're drowning #2017 #FinalTrumpTrumpsTrump

7 the milo choir sings

From the front page of CQ magazine the Milo choir sings, drumming up impedance in entrepreneurial fictions. Nobody creates content for content's sake. The dream of accuracy lies asleep in its tastefully appointed coffin, dreaming green. I too shill fictions, retweet headlines without bodies. The cards shuffle emptily, swiped one way or another. The vital thing is reach. Money's functional equivalent. Eyeballs saccading, validating, passing on, like type hammers. In your voice is the mouth of another; what marionettes, these doubled bodies. Trust me I'm lying. No problem is fine.

8 avatars

7 for every day of the week.

6 for high-protein snacks.

5 for the wage-slave in me.

4 for power naps.

3 for balanced meals.

2 for the blood-brain barrier.

1 for me.

0 for thee.

9 maga

make alsatians genteel again
make aluminum girders, allow
mendacity. always gone alleging
mixed affect. guffaw accusations.

my argentine gerontologists, align!
make archeopteryx genesis allowable—
merely allegorical, gents, archetypal!
make alloys gestate always

make allowances general afterwards

make alsatians genteel again
make aluminum grin again
make avatars ghosted again
make architectonics gentle again

*all's a blend; blends breed forever
no one remembers their own name,
where it came from or what it meant*

make america great again
make america grate again
make america greata gain

10 the tower

señor trump takes a taco-salad dump
keep up with all the action on twitter

the mechanisms of instantaneous communication
merely amplify pre-existing conditions within

the dissemination of a practical literature.
women die for want of it. the trump's a kind of anti-poetic

just as deeply embedded in the bodily;
all death's bathos without the glamour.

it's funny how you can just make headlines.
how you stoke my ignorance to action.

11 we can predict you

I know it's probably my turn to shut up now
Every word elses' silence

You wonder why you do any of it
In service to the algorithms

the longest-running study of
human behavior *humanhumanhumanhu*

In the context of likes,
all in service to industry

If this is the best we can imagine
for AI, SMH, bad (or sick). SAD!

John Moore Williams is the author of the chapbooks *I discover i is an android* (Trainwreck Press, 2008), *writ10* (VUGG Books, 2008) and, with Matina L. Stamatakis, *Xenomorphoia* (Wheelhouse, 2009). He also cowrote a full-length book of poetry, *[+!]* (Calliope Nerve, 2009), with Matina Stamatakis and Kane X. Faucher. An &Now award winner, his poems have appeared in Action Yes, Shampoo, elimae, Dear Sir, BlazeVox, and many other fine publications.

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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*
mIEKAL 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 Rähä *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 & 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 Ravnika *Liberal elite media rag. SAD!*
Mark Young *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*
Howard Yosha *Stop Armageddon*
Andrew & 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 Casinetto *Tweet*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús *Defying Trumplandia*
Carol Dorf *Some Years Ask*

Marthe Reed *Data Primer*
Carol Dorf *Some Years Ask*
Amy Bassin & Mark Blickley *Weathered Reports: Trump
Surrogate Quotes From the Underground*
Nate Logan *Post-Reel*
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Steve Klepetar *How Fascism Comes to America*
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