

John Moore Williams



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

THE MILO CHOIR SINGS

*wild boys in  
Trumplandia*

John Moore Williams

Locofo Chaps

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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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