

Trump Sonnets #300

I'm calling it the invisible foe,
this Chinese virus that's so damn deadly.
Not one country could have been more ready
than us. We will lead, will never follow
others, like Italy, who would allow
the virus to spread. We'll see victory
far sooner than reports. It's the story
of bravery, how the power I show
will go down in history. No other
president could have beaten back this bad
pandemic like I have. Every other
president would have lost. It's very sad
this crisis has made life hard all over
here and other lands. We'll soon recover!

Trump Sonnets #304

Social distancing is fine for awhile.
That's what so many of the doctors say,
but that's not going to solve this. I say
we've got to be brave. Go the extra mile
and stand up to this threat. That's our lifestyle
as Americans. We win every day,
no matter what. A virus can't delay
prosperity. We can't have our stockpile
of nice hotel rooms go empty for weeks
or, even worse, months. People want to work,
so what's the issue? The virus has peaked.
Let's get back to normal. People want to work.
Those crazy Democratic liberals
and their doctors bank on fear. Total bull.

Trump Sonnets #320

Tuesday night I dreamed we turned the White House
into a hotel. Soft red lights in the halls.
A half million a night to stay and all
rooms were filled. We built more and had boy scouts
on the job, strong young men who didn't doubt
our great mission. I loved the new, thick walls—
we sold the big suite for millions. A small
issue—one of the boys spotted a mouse.
I summoned Mike Pence quick. But then two mice,
twenty, then hundreds. The mice were dying
at high rates. The military police
arrived. The dead mice made it hard trying
to sell rooms. Then, bedbugs. I blamed Mike Pence—
he should have caught this. I also blamed France.

Trump Sonnets #322

The nerve of some of those reporters—
the very worst part of this pandemic.
Part of my job is to help heal the sick
by talking to all their sons and daughters
who see me on TV. That's three quarters
of the country, more than all the music
listeners and Super Bowl fans. I pick
a time, talk, answer questions. Reporters
are the worst. They don't want to hear the facts
about how we're doing what no country
has ever done. They never once relax
trying to somehow prove we're wrong. Nasty
people. They should find out who stole the masks
we sent. A million masks. Track them down! Ask!

Trump Sonnets #328

Dr. Tony Fauci is much older
than me. I really like his stamina,
but why does he get to hog cameras
at my press conferences. All the folders
and statistics those doctors use—vultures,
they're like vultures. The number in Georgia
dead, they're quick to say. Texas, Florida,
Maine, the higher the number, the bolder
they get. I really like Dr. Tony
personally. He's been at this awhile.
He says I'm aspirational. That's me.
And it's why I hold rallies. People smile
and cheer. I get the biggest crowds. That's me,
the smartest leader. Dr. Tony agrees.

Trump Sonnets #341

It's April already. I know people
are getting infected. Many, many
people. This is a huge country. Plenty
others are frustrated they're unable
to go to work. I feel for them. We're full
of fight. We're Americans. So many
governors sit back and complain. *Any
more masks?* they whine. It's already April
and we really ought to get back to work.
They've postponed The Masters. A tragedy.
The lagging economy—sure I'm irked.
A few people are dying. Not many
for our large population. It's fake news,
people, a hoax. A witch hunt through and through.

Trump Sonnets #353

Friday night I dreamed I got stuck in snow
en route to play a round. The line of cars
hardly moved. We didn't have to go far,
but the snow was piled high and white. A plow
kept throwing more snow across the road. *Go
another way*, I yelled. Some of the cars
turned, quickly sped away, but not us. *Are
you deaf?* I shouted. *Can't you see there's no
way through?* The driver just sat, so I fired
him on the spot. He opened the door, got
up out of the car, walked off. I was tired
and felt chilled, so tried to leave, but forgot
how to unlock the back doors, couldn't climb
out. I'd lost my wallet, didn't have a dime.