

White Devils Gone Mad in the Last Days of Obama

Stirring tea cups, trying box braids, quoting MLK, making speeches, bringing guns into the Sheriff's department, blackout drunk downtown, jogging barefoot in Cass Corridor all winter, putting quinoa on pizza, cashing you ousside, building the wall and paying for it, knitting pussy hats, orgasming over Tomahawk missiles, encouraging everyone to give him a chance, ignoring white supremacists in the cabinet, in the Oval, at the State House with semiautomatic rifles, mowing people down in the streets, issuing memoranda, insisting black women be fired for naming their most obvious wounds, not putting up a fight, sliding into DMs, bombing the desert, pulling doctors off planes, ripping families apart, debating the validity of ripping families apart, reporting live, recalling Watergate, shuffling papers, stacking money, approaching the singularity, denying climate change, hunting rhinos, shooting up mosques, shooting up clinics, shooting up so much now it's an epidemic, observing the universe accelerating, discovering new livable planets, making this one untenable, colonizing continents and demanding more, studying their own lack of empathy, stroking their ivory tower, hacking the election, discounting votes, poisoning Flint, poisoning Standing Rock, flying high in friendly skies, Brexitting, brokering more new stadiums, wearing the confederate flag as a cape, demolishing public schools, failing their own tests, declaring facts alternative, jumping at the chance, playing Devil's advocate, silencing the witnesses, paying off the accusers, keeping the cameras rolling, resisting until further notice, giving me a name, backstabbing quietly, singing the praises of, kneeling before, pretending to, devoting themselves, going HAM, fleeing for free, dabbing for the cameras, shining their cars up, oiling their guns, saying nigga on record or along to it, painting their faces with burnt cork, activating coal, fracking the planet, re-casting Asian characters, feigning ignorance, wearing headdresses, co-opting movements, building more new jails, pardoning the Sheriff, blocking their relatives, giving birth to me, stirring her teacup, giving me language, teaching me how to say no, I don't trust you with my best interests or my worst.

Revisionist History #9: America the Fyre Festival

In the beginning, a promise of a bold new frontier; a private island of unbridled opulence, like a Hype Williams video in 1996. Promotion done by all the hottest pilgrims flashing ankle on a yacht.

It's hard to know who is the Billy McFarland when there's so many allegedly charismatic white men to blame for this mess, so let's say it's Thomas Jefferson because who better represents *false promises*, which is how some people spell *outright lies*.

Of course, the production team hit a few snags, like the reality that there's no such thing as *terra incognita*, but common sense isn't part of this package deal, so a little Croatoan and a thousand FEMA tents later some ungrateful little shit takes a photo of the Kraft single sandwich that is American history and it all goes sky high.

Let's get one thing out of the way—yes, Barack Obama is the Jah Rule, but honestly, who among us hasn't been one missed paycheck away from sucking dick for water?

When the mask was lifted, it was easy to make fun of the clout chasing colonizers who paid thousands to see Blink-182 without thinking about who was forced to feed them for free.

And yeah, they wanted their money back, which was basically like supporting student loan forgiveness but completely overlooking reparations, so #Neoliberalism2020, I guess.

Ultimately, America was never a *festival* so much as a horde of Instagram models, tech bros and trust fund dreamers dying to pop molly and forget the misdeeds of their ancestors. It would've worked too, if it weren't for all those pesky genocides, the little deaths we sieve out day by day, the blood, the land, the masquerade.

Christmas Eve 2016

Packing snow cloud, a minivan peels the corner
Curry and cinnamon and cigarettes and cream

Ten inches already turning winter blue & celibate
I couldn't say a damned thing if I wasn't living out a car,

or getting concussed at the hands of my own mother, or
any of inane human horrors this year had in store for us.

The only other footprints have heels like horseshoes
I get bored writing out my whole name, the calendar

tramples me underhoof with mundane provocations.
A cacaphony of polis disguised as a lynch mob so

I build a circle of snowmen out back and put little
stick knives in their stick hands at each other's cold

white throats, a daisy chain of tentative worldviews
and Snow Caesar face down bleeding ice center stage

Just Like That

My neighbors are weighing
returns to a country during genocide
against arrest and deportation here,
hearts plopped on to Anubis' scale
without grace or apology.
A pregnant mother gets shot by the cops
she called for help and all the Sudden Despot
can talk about are leaks and facelifts.

Audiences get quiet
when I say next year
they can catch me at Gitmo
They say it's too soon
and I correct them
because it's too late.
Nothing is cute today.

Scrolling aimlessly, disabling
news updates, side-eyeing coworkers.
I don't know anybody with pink yarn.
The midterms won't stop hurricanes
I was fine yesterday, numb

I knew I left the burner on

The real President waves
from inside a sapphire while
this scrotum-faced cowboy
bans facts from the lexicon
It's been seven hours and fifteen days.
This kind of on the job training
can't be good for the company

Who cares what happens next
if we can't ever come back from here?

Before

Michelle planted organic vegetables
Tamir played with Legos and trucks
The black caucus said it's an issue of place not race
when the banks nosedived into my parents' houses
Nobody make any sudden Blackness
No body lying on sunburnt blacktop
Let's not talk about the drone strikes
or the mechanics of class war, a drum
circle in any park will do, a black bloc,
let's say no, of course the war wasn't perfect
but they returned the wolves to Yellowstone
& in turn beavers redirected rivers & a bloom
of juniper while glaciers remained synecdoche
for sloth & not full collapse, until the photograph
where I found myself squinting hard and asking
Which one is Nero, and which the fiddle?

Norma Desmond's Announcement Speech

Have they forgotten what a star looks like?
I'll show them! I'll be up there again! SAD.
So help me I'll make them pay for it all.
I'll grab them by their little necks and
squeeze until you see the blood from
their wherevers. What star leaves a cash
cow like the Apprentice to do God's work?
And believe me, I am doing God's work.

I've given the people so much, so much & still
they want more coke bloat, more yacht rock
more luxury blowjobs and feathered slop.
There once was a time in this business
when I had the eyes of the whole world!
But that wasn't good enough for them.

Oh no! They had to open their mouths
wide and spread all these rumors that I
went broke, or even worse, lost my shine.
Fake News! Shut up, I'm rich! They still want me!

There is no recovery for some
me falsely accused—life and career
are gone. Is there no such thing any
longer as Due Process? Some are true,
but haven't you learned yet that stars
are ageless as a lie long told to
placate children and scare your enemies?

What is the scene? Where am I? Oh yes,
down below, they're waiting for the king
to descend his gold escalator,
and promise never to desert you,
that there's nothing else, just us, the cameras
and those wonderful people out there
in the dark

Kakistocracy

noun

1. government by the worst persons; a form of government in which the least qualified, most unscrupulous, or worst persons are in power.

Swear in Katrina at FEMA
and the Hamburglar at the Dept. of Health
Get O.J.'s hand on a bible, give him Justice,
What's ol' Charlie Manson up to these days?
Let's install Sideshow Bob at the NEA,
give the EPA to a earthquake barron and
make his deputy a cloud of Roundup.
Is Mel Gibson eligible for State?
Wicked Witch at Water and Sewage,
Murderclowns at the Treasury & IRS
Hold a hearing for a squeaky door hinge
as Secretary of Defense, get me somebody
named Mad Dog, and another called Rex,
Install Jefferson Bedford McCoy at Appomattox,
plop a Texas auctioneer behind the podium
and see how long he can dodge the press,
Hand over Education to Sentient Church Tract,
A burnt spoon on a window ledge runs the DEA,
Call up Enron Hubbard, see what he's doing.
I've got Gamblers Anonymous on the line.
Could a shotgun shell direct the ATF?
They say Lincoln had a team of rivals, but look,
I've pulled together 5 venture capitalists, 2 spin
instructors on a cleanse, Suge Knight, and a teething
swarm of toddlers with handguns, and honestly,
I think we're doing a great job, we've got the
best people, if you can believe it.

The Only Good Nazi...

gets punched in the face to the drop of "I Will Always Love You",
sprays Sonic the Hedgehog rings from his arrogant dome,
ponders the most expedient forms of genocide
as the treasure chest of his jaw spills across the lawn.

I socked the boy who told me I was lucky I was only half black.
I stabbed my friend's boyfriend after he called me a darky and
a "fried chicken kind of girl" in the same night. I'm not sorry.

If you think they won't escalate if we stay peaceful...
MLK was in a pillow fight moments before they shot him.

Your grandfather should be ashamed of you.
Nobody fought the One Good War for this.