

Enough, Trump

by Nonnie Augustine

Enough, Trump.

We've had it my dear, with your pink ties, your hairs,
your swagger, your towers, your money, tempers, walls, bombs,
smarts, snarls, pouts and doubts, bigotty bile, and once again,
style.

We just cannot get your tenacious temerity, your specious
celebrity.

Have you read any poets, I wonder?

Some dignity, perhaps? Is it there, under-wraps?
Holy Cannoli! You're up in the polls.
It must be your cash, your media smashes,
the way the daily news blues confuses
your squawks, smirks, sound bite plashes
with meaning. And now I've spent time of own.

Would you just go?

