

# Enough, Trump

by Nonnie Augustine

Enough, Trump.

We've had it my dear, with your pink ties, your hairs,  
your swagger, towers, your plenty of monies,  
your tempers, your honeys.

I don't speak for all, not at all, but for many  
who never did like your style or bile,  
your tenacious temerity, your specious celebrity.  
I wonder, I do, who could help you see  
through your haze, your self-blinded daze.  
Have you read any poets, I wonder?

Some dignity, perhaps? Is it there, under-wraps?  
Still...some listen to you. It must be your cash.  
I do hope you know that the time you steal bothers  
me, my brothers, and millions of others.  
Would you just go?

