

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?

