

Our Dear Leader

was born with a heart
and other normal accessories
like penis and ears and liver
stuff without which life is hard
stuff with which life is possible
and he is grateful to be born
happy to eat and defecate
glad for his portion of oxygen
son of a mother too busy for love
he's an avid onanist, a self-starter,
a goofy fan of salamanders
this boy is going places
the world should watch out.

Dissecting toads, watching tadpoles die,
breeding mosquitoes is education
nose bleeds and mashed toes are education
if it doesn't hurt it's not education
if it makes you feel good it's good
unless it makes you dead and then

it's time to think about law school
but first you have to grow up
you have to survive slow years
years of mud and sunshine
growing long arms, a pudgy brain
tools of a tyrant in waiting.

He's the boy of the hour
upcoming man of the season
must stuff his gut with steel wool
time to grab the girls
steal the hairy donations
get a foot on the onramp
nose up an overhanging asshole
to understand the odor of love
lubricated by success is money
and respect and more money
just in time to come, yes
life is going to be a pleasant fuck.

Small things creep unnoticed into the stew
like sand crunching softly in the teeth of a hero
searching the land for signs of flesh
a seat at a well-stocked table

the tinkle of chemicals presaging bliss
only the polite eat the polite
outside which reside the redundant
warming their hands on digital fires
deaf to the good news for all
the word that I am the word
I am come to save the saved
I am come to eat and be eaten.

A resistance has quietly arisen
If you're not for me you're against me
projecting power is my breath
blow down the gates of heaven
blow up the canards of the wimpy
eat a pineapple dumpling for the crowd
stand on my head singing twaddle
who cares what where when how
only I know beyond the knowable
I am the him you can trust me always
I can make the future obey the past
I can return you to your womb.

Trust me to guild your genitals
I know you better than you know yourself
only I can staunch the southern invasion
of greasy little brown peccaries
no one can steal your lunch with me on the throne
no one shall sink the ship of state
I am rich and therefore above the rich
I will not abide the cabal of the circumcised
the genes of nasty continents will not stain us
the dispossessed shall disappear
we shall sleep in the valley of the shadow of Eden.