THE BALLAD OF DONALD TRUMP

Now, for our sins, there comes a man named Trump
Running for president. He’s on the stump,
Playing whoever listens for a chump.

America, he’ll make you great again!
This is his slogan, this is his refrain.
He’s going to rid you of your angst, your pain,
This snake-oil salesman, glib American.

His language is the language of cliché,
He wears what seems to be a blonde toupee,
He has a lot of debts but doesn’t pay,
And what his tax bill is, no one can say.

He says he’s going to build a wall so wide
That aliens will never get inside
Our borders (if they do, they’ll have to hide).

No Mexican will ever get the notion
Of sneaking in and causing a commotion.
No Syrian will dare to cross the ocean.

Trump’s Tower of Babel, we shall call it, high
Above our heads will dominate the sky,
Arresting those that creep or swim or fly.

As for the Chinese he will make a deal
That brings that nation’s multitudes to heel.
The trade pacts that we signed he will repeal
And steal the jobs that other nations steal

From us. He’s going to do it, we can guess,
By paying workers fifty cents or less
An hour, so the jobs now shipped offshore
Won’t go to Bangladesh or Singapore.

[no stanza break]
We’ll make the t-shirts that our workers buy
At Walmart’s over here. It’s worth a try!

He milked his companies and had to fend
Off bankruptcy six times, but in the end
He stiffed his own suppliers and didn’t bend.
The money that was *his* he didn’t spend.
Vladimir Putin is his dearest friend.

The walls of his apartment, we’ve been told,
Are lined with gold—twenty-four carat gold.
Small wonder that our leaders have been sold
To lobbyists, whose interests they uphold;
For most are cast out of the self-same mold.

Two hundred and thirty thousand dollars for
A wedding dress that trailed along the floor?
She wore it once—will never wear it more.
(No need to add: it might have fed the poor.)

He says that climate change is just a *hoax,*
One of those fraudulent, malicious jokes
That scientists inflict on common folks.

Resist their war on coal! And by the way,
Our weapons of assault are here to stay
(That’s one thing they will never take away).
As patriots who love the U.S.A.,
We pledge allegiance to the N.R.A.

He is a master of exaggeration,
Which sadly seems compelling to a nation
That only wants to vent its indignation.

No doubt its anger is well justified.
Imagine all the soldiers that have died
Only because some politician lied.
After the housing bubble finally burst,
The Ponzi-scheming bankers were the first
To cash their chips in and ride out the worst.
But ordinary people were immersed
In debt, they lost their jobs, their lives seemed cursed.

Now, unsurprisingly, they feel forgotten.
They yearn for change, they think the system’s rotten.
They want a Strongman. Here is what they’ve gotten:

A veteran of Reality TV,
The founder of a university,
A populist whose popularity,
Untainted by the least vulgarity,
Is based on kindly acts of charity
  (In the old days he kept the indigent
   Out of his buildings—who knows where they went?
   Black “welfare cheats” who didn’t pay the rent),
A paragon, indeed, of probity
  (When Scottish homeowners refused to sell
   Their properties to him, he built a wall
   To block their ocean view—and that’s not all:  
   To pay for it, he had them sent the bill),
Whose wealth and power suit him to a tee.

Out of whatever depths of guilt or shame,
Prepared by history, this monster came,
Now that he’s come, he comes to stake his claim.

One thing is clear: we’ve made ourselves a mess.
The damage isn’t easy to assess.
How it will end is anybody’s guess.