

White Power: prose poem (12/2/17)

I take no satisfaction in his fall. He is no worse, no better than the rest of us, even if he fancies himself much, much better. We all fall down. Boom. No surprise, no satisfaction in that dismal truth. That final reckoning: *paddy-boy, paddy-boy, baker man/Bake that dough fast as you can. /Roll it, squeeze it, put it in the pan/Stick it in the oven fast as you can.*

Him turning to Russia or turning us into the Russians. His betrayal no surprise. Why wouldn't he identify, envy, why not wish to confide in, emulate, buddy up with the most powerful white leader of the most powerful, most white nation in the world. Chickens come home to roost, Malcolm X taught us, so no surprise, no satisfaction when our president's fall lands him, lands us in the hands of enemies he needs to call friends because they are the color, here on earth, he is in his dreams.

The rest is history. Or will be. He will be judged guilty or not guilty, not by a jury of peers—no peers, no equals anywhere to be found, isn't that what he insists, what we accept—no trial, the only verdict possible being a consequence of how little room exists at the top, room with a view reserved for him, reserved for his judgments, his color. Just as he preaches, as he instructs us. Instructions shared with Russians, though he knew (falling) they knew far better than he ever would, the futility of truth, of trials and even terrible tribulations when it comes down to the nitty-gritty of power, of who is in charge. Who occupies truth's penthouse. Russian names of his women no coincidence.