

# S u n d o w n S h a d o w s



Joe Napora

In 2012, the *Wall Street Journal*, in a profile of de la Renta wrote: Over Christmas the Kissingers were among the close group who gathered in Punta Cana, including Barbara Walters, Bill and Hillary Clinton, and Charlie Rose. “We have two house rules,” says Oscar, laughing. “There can be no conversation of any substance and nothing nice about anyone.”



Title: A line from Walt Whitman’s *Song of Myself*: “Where sun-down shadows lengthen over the limitless and lonesome prairie”. “The Presidential ...” was published in Dispatches ....

# The Presidential Election Recycled Inaugural Smack Down: I'm Deplorable but You are so Adorable



“I [Barack] want to emphasize [Obama] to you, Mr. President elect, [Donald] that we now are going to want to do everything [Trump] we can to help YOU succeed because if you succeed, then the country succeeds.



I was cutting the birds mouth with the chainsaw trying to get a tight fit on the rafters. It was poplar that Randy cut up complaining that the Democrats would take away his guns. And I lifted the seventeen foot timber heavy and wide not a two by six that is really one and a half by five and a half but a true two inches by six inches. True. But what else is? Not the election news.

Let me inform and disappoint you. There is no poem that will stop this man. This is not the one. There is none. There is only us together to be undone. For we united are not anything but the Hun the fierce images in old textbooks



the Mongol horsemen rape and pillage  
villages burning. Now it's payback time.  
Time to admit this for all who listen to NPR:  
This man is smarter than you. Like Bush  
he is riding the armored drone of history  
while you search for a shelter from the storm  
troopers. But there is nowhere to hide.  
It's the Plague.  
We are not the cure. We're the curse.  
We are the rats with the fleas.  
Everything that cannot be bought and sold for profit  
falls before us. And then we buy it at a discount.  
He knows this even if you believe  
he is the bad clown man.  
He lives and breathes Advanced Capital  
while you hold up a sign that says  
We are all Immigrants. Forget it.  
Like you forgot those other presidents.  
George Bush's father loved Hitler.  
George W. loved to slither  
toward Bethlehem. Nixon flipped a coin  
with Kissinger: Tails we drop bombs on Cambodia,  
Heads will fall in Chile, Allende, Neruda, Victor Jara.  
JFK his hand ready to do a double tap on the nuclear button

Yet you are worried about this man?  
There is no Instagram image  
to stop this little handed man. No child



with burned blacked skin like barbecued chicken.  
The children waste away from bad plumbing and no  
medicine while you share the quinoa chips  
and organic carrots. Bottled water. Latte.  
Gourmet chocolate. Give me a soft hand.  
Mine are calloused. You want the News?  
Do you want me to write a cover up as big as My Lai  
so with your Yankee dollars under  
the mattress you can sleep better?  
Good night moon.  
But don't be schooled by Public TV.  
There is no poem as good as government ensured  
bonds. We are wounded with so little interest. There  
is no poem that will pay us ten percent and stop  
this man. The Germans marched prematurely  
through history never understanding the power  
of the dollar never imagining a bloodless coup  
never a thought that the Unions would trumpet  
this tiny tin man never knowing anything  
about history never knowing that the Yankees  
lose but are always the team to beat.  
Vietnam is empty in the memory.  
Laos fills with McDonalds and Burger King.  
El Salvador gangsters made in the USA.  
Nicaragua beaches up for the grab bag.  
Iraq is a game show question.  
White women wanting this man to rule their cuntry.  
Blacks only voting for the half-black man. And bomb bomb  
Bomb Iran? Next on his bucket list. And that other woman  
protecting her crotch from the bogeyman?



In defeat she lands in wonderland: wonder why  
did I do a Monica on Kissinger? Wonder why  
when he and I  
were vacationing in Punta Cana  
I sang that swan song?  
Henry and me  
having a Tea  
K-i-s-s-i-n-g.



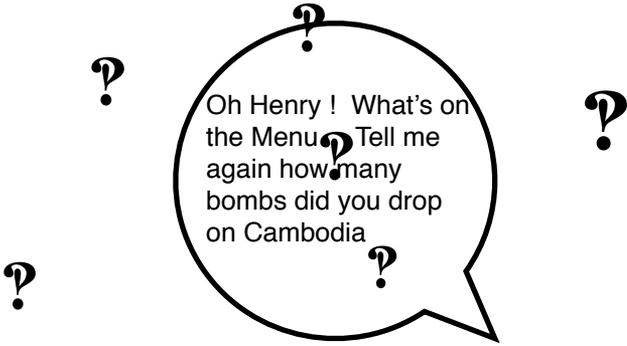
Wonder why on bended knee  
before John Negroponte?  
I could have been. I was so smart.  
The second president from Wal-Mart.  
Why not? Why me? Poor me.  
Why not a no-fly zone in Syria?  
Why not poke a stick in the eye of the Russian Bear?  
I could have been a contender.  
Another Margaret Thatcher!

I have the experience. I'm a regular gal.  
I can talk Oscar de la renta fashion  
with my cleaning woman.  
I can talk sports with Vince McMahon.  
I can talk every kind of war talk.



The first rule is to make sure  
the enemy has no weapons to harm you.  
Disable their best passer. Hamstring the best runner.  
Then attack and wait for the parade. But don't wait  
for the poem that will stop this man. There is none.  
The empire has turned in to devour itself  
and the poem that writes that history has just begun.







What has miserable, inefficient Mexico - with her superstition, her burlesque upon freedom, her actual tyranny by the few over the many - what has she to do with the great mission of peopling the new world with a noble race? Be it ours, to achieve that mission! Walt Whitman Editorial, *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, 1846

# Schlong of My Self

To the editors of Dispatches from the Poetry Wars. Gawd I love that name. War stuff. I've been reading your facebook, seems poets posting Whitman is a way to get to me. I can't be got. You should understand that by now. So I'm sending a poem to you guys (and girls to, that poet who dedicated his book to "islands of men and girls", (not sure what the islands means but I dig girls, so this poet, I don't know who he is, some deadbeat probably, hippie, I mean who reads the stuff, but he sends me the Dispatches announcement, figuring I guess that since I'll be the next president you would want something from me, and so I found something, like my wife showed me, I put quotes around it, huge quotes, because it's a huge poem, and now it's mine, like so much is now mine, so publish it. Warning, like Whitman says, and I can do it. I can do it:

Let him who is  
without my poems be  
assassinated!

Introduction by Walt Whitman

RESPONDEZ! **Repondez!**

Let every one answer! let those who sleep be waked!  
let none evade!  
(How much longer must we go on with our affectations  
and sneaking?  
Let me bring this to a close—I pronounce openly for  
a new distribution of roles;)  
Let that which stood in front go behind! and let that  
which was behind advance to the front and  
speak;

Let murderers, thieves, bigots, fools, unclean persons,  
offer new propositions!  
Let the old propositions be postponed!  
Let faces and theories be turn'd inside out! Let  
meanings be freely criminal, as well as results!

... **Let contradictions prevail!** Let one thing contradict  
another!

...

Let men among themselves talk and think  
obscenely of women!

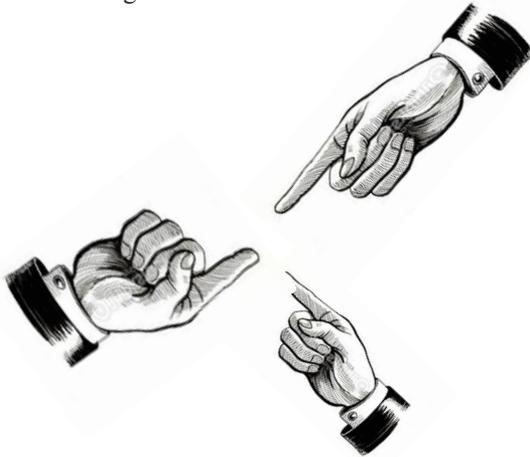
Let all the men of These States stand aside for a few  
smouchers! Let the few seize on what they  
choose! Let the rest gawk, giggle, starve, obey!



...

Let the white person tread the black person under  
his heel! (Say! which is trodden under heel, after  
all?)

Let the reflections of the things of the world be studi'  
in mirrors! Let the things themselves continue  
unstudied!





I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start.

Ralph Where's Waldo Emerson



# Schlong of My Self

“

I CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,

...

Universities and colleges **back off**

I include the good or bad, I permit to speak at every rally

The atmosphere is not a perfume

It is in my mouth forever and I

am in love with it

**The smoke of my own breath,**

Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root,

silk-thread, crotch and vine,

My respiration and inspiration

The sound of the belched words of my voice

A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching

around of arms,

**I grab what I want...**

I have heard what the talkers were talking,

the talk of the beginning and the end,

But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

**We are all here now, there is nothing**

other than there is **now,**

...

Welcome is every organ and attribute of me,  
and of any man hearty and clean, big hands  
and small hands **I am all hands**

Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile,  
and none shall be less familiar than the rest.

...

I look back and I see in my own days where I  
sweated through the primaries

with double talkers and contenders

**I have no mockings or arguments**, I witness  
and wait.

...

**Absorbing all to myself** and for this song.

...

The negro holds firmly the reins of his horses  
and I behold the picturesque giant and love  
him and I do not stop there, **I go with the team  
also...**

And such as it is to be of these more or less I  
am, And of these one and all I weave the song  
of myself.

...

These are really the thoughts of all men in all  
ages and lands,

they are not original with me,

**If they are not yours as much as mine they  
are nothing, or  
next to nothing,**

...

Do you take it I would astonish?

This hour I tell things in confidence,  
I might not tell everybody, but I will tell you.

...

Whimpering is for invalids,  
conformity is for the fake news,  
I wear my hat as I please indoors or out.

...

I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or  
be understood,  
I see that the elementary laws never  
apologize,

...

I exist as I am, that is enough,

...

One world is aware and by far the largest to  
me, and that is myself,  
And whether I come to my own  
ten thousand or ten million years  
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal  
cheerfulness I can  
wait.



...

I am the poet of the **Body** and I am the poet of  
the **Soul**,  
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the  
pains of hell are with me,  
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the  
latter I translate into a new tongue.  
I am the poet of the woman the same as the  
man,

And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,  
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?

It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.

...

Reporters, to you the first honors always!  
Your facts are useful, and yet they are not my dwelling,  
I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling.

...

Writing and talk do not prove me,  
I carry the proof and every thing else in my face,  
With the hush of my lips I wholly confound the skeptic.

...

I am a free companion,  
I turn the bridegroom out of bed and stay with the bride myself,  
I tighten her all night to my thighs and lips.

...

All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,

.....

Enough! enough! enough!  
Somehow I have been stunn'd. Stand back!  
Give me a little time,

I discover myself on the verse of a usual  
mistake.

That I could forget the mockers and insults!  
That I could forget the trickling tears and the  
blows of the

bludgeons and hammers!

That I could look with a separate look on **my  
own crucifixion  
and bloody crowning!**

...

Behold, I do not give lectures or a little  
charity,  
When I give I give myself.

...

**You there, impotent, loose in the knees,**  
Open your scarf'd chops till I blow grit within  
you,  
Spread your palms and life the flaps of your  
pockets,  
I am not to be denied, I compel, I have stores  
plenty and to spare,  
And any thing I have I bestow.  
I do not ask who you are, that is not important  
to me,  
**You can do nothing and be nothing but what I  
will infold you.**

...

A call in the midst of the crowd,  
My own voice, orotund sweeping and final.  
Come my children,

Come my boys and girls, my women, household  
and intimates,

...

I know perfectly well my own egotism,  
Know my omnivorous lines and must not write  
any less,  
And would fetch you whoever you are flush  
with myself.

...

It is time to explain myself – let us stand up.  
What is known I strip away,  
I launch all men and women forward with me  
into the Unknown.

...

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I am  
grabber of  
things to be.

...

I know I have the best of time and space, and  
was never  
measured and never will be measured.  
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy,  
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library,  
exchange,  
But each man and each woman of you I lead  
upon a knoll,  
My left hand hooking you round the waist,  
My right hand pointing to landscapes of  
continents and the  
public road.

...

Do I contradict myself?

Very well then I contradict myself,  
(I am large, I contain multitudes.)

...

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am  
untranslatable,

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the  
world.





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