

Thin-skinned, insecure, lately tumbling from sanity,
Lacking connection to any humanity,
Propped up by those most afraid that the fall
Of Trump would unseat and endanger them all,
He lumbers from golf course to odd, rambling speech,
And sense drifts from near gone to flat out of reach.

Wars and starvation and desperate fear
Among his constituents, never more clear...
These don't touch Old Trump, still acquisitive, sick
With greed that's relentless. He's anxious to trick
The gullible, lost, and the flat-terrified
That they will be nothing without the false pride
In the mad and destructive conviction that they
Are superior, somehow, in some broken way.

We all come to dwindle. We all come to dust,
But as that occurs, there's the hope we can trust
In discovering meaning beyond all the stuff..
Realizing, at some point, enough is enough.
But our president isn't inclined to agree.
He seeks more and more, never mind you and me,
He'll trade on his promises, all of them broken,
And smirk as he offers a shiny new token
To any poor sap who comes up with the dough.
It seems that is all Trump is likely to know
Until ONE day the curtain comes down on this fake,
And those who have slept through his swindle can wake.