

Amerexit Embarrassment

I.

Hapless havens craving
craven carvings hemmed
to coin; stripped to cloth.

Trap artists trail trinkets,
deny decrees of futures past,
vision's last.

Harpies like Sharpies,
scribble heartbeats across prophets'
skin, and Samuels sin to win,
like Samwell.

Chocolate rains down imperial gates.
Color brings down imperial gates-

False-minded, self-driving solar panels

panel faux-brained robo chains, begging:

Where is all the oil?

swims in real time,
across Adam's eye;

virtual oblivion

Man

holographic havens captivating craven
captured, maven raptured, stripped
to shit.

II.

Trap artists trail tears, abide decrees of
visions past- future's last,
and I just want a dollar.

Wesson's virus, pre-prayed dormant
drowns Danish doorsteps,

Smith breaks
fast, clubs at the movies,

furies circled in a crown
of thorns around the laymen's
head, wishing
the carpenter dead.

Time flies, fleeing order,
brings daughters down before.

Dumping parties, just to trump.
Pumping lobbies, just to trump.
Jumping bodies- *Just not Trump!*;

Wendy's working slower.
Kings backsliding forward
what the peoples can't digest.

What the preacher's poems suggest:
sports the mode of drone's conquest,
dragons melting
down Greek rings,
flagons felt and gowns
for flings, as

Gupta's deals give lard to Ming
who does appeal for farms in Qing,
'cause kings just want to collar.

Gupta's meals lay charge to Cing,
Gupta's seals ping charge to wings,
and we just want a dollar.