

**President Predator:  
Poems to Help Make America  
Trump-Free Again**

**By Eliot Katz**

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## First Response to Trump's First Post-Election Tweet

In his first post-election online tweet, Donald Trump criticized the tens of thousands of protesters filling streets across America by saying these were professional protesters whose public actions so soon after his election were "very unfair."

Can't any of his advisors or kids point out the irony of a guy who bragged about groping women; advocated deporting 12 million undocumented immigrant students, mothers, and fathers; denied climate change; and called for return of illegal Bush torture programs now pretending to be an expert evaluator of cosmic radiation fairness?

No wonder his bestselling business book coauthor calls Trump a sociopath with no moral center or intellectual curiosity whose chief concern is for abstract winning!

Given his mistaken twitter description of the protesters, is it possible that Trump's Atlantic City casinos went bankrupt and that he was sued countless times by broken-contract sub-contractors because Trump the self-described business genius doesn't even comprehend the basic window-frame difference between volunteer and paid work?

Although Trump appears immune to the clear-water content of his critics, he does seem easily bothered by massive anti-Trump demonstrations with potential to embarrass him in front of national and world leaders on his most beloved medium of flat-screen TV!

Does he realize yet that a U.S. President is not a gold-plated corporate boardroom boss who can fire an energized citizenry for expressing sensible dissent?

While he campaigned on a promise to protect Second Amendment gun rights, could it be that thin-skinned Donald only skimmed our Bill of Rights and forgot to read the First?

Is it possible that he has not yet been told that he was soundly beaten in the popular vote and only the sheer luck of outdated election laws will seat him in DC?

Despite his crass campaign habit of insults, go-to-the-videotape lies, and false promises to the working class, Trump seems to want at least an image of respect from America's grassroots. So my suggestion would be to remember he has no ideological core, that he was a Democrat not long ago, that he has achieved his abstract win with boatloads of bad karma to fix--so get rid of the lunatic Republican extremists who supported his fringe-right-managed campaign, and appoint people to prominent government posts who promise to further social and economic human rights and who will work creatively as possible to protect Earth as a habitable planet--or surely the mass-televised anti-Trump protests will continue to grow and to drive the Donald crazier and crazier for the rest of his presidential motorcade turn.

Eliot Katz, 2016

## Deceptive Donald Trump and the Early Signs

On a personal level, I'm not quite sure, but think I feel a bit badly for poor, Deceptive Donald. In some ways, he reminds me of my mother—in her early stages of Alzheimer's disease: a droopy blank look popping up way too often in the eyes, an inability to trust anyone more than close family. In these early stages of dementia, many sufferers prize personal loyalty above all other human traits, which is why I think Trump's campaign promise to choose the most talented in each nimble field has morphed into a post-election choosing of the people best skilled at kissing his ass. Or should I be more polite and say his supersized ego? Didn't my mother's vocabulary also become simpler and narrower with each passing day?

How else to explain Trump offering the most stubbornly asserted of contradictory answers to the same political question one day to the next? With no apparent awareness that one's previous comments in the 21<sup>st</sup> century are widely documented on videotape? What other explanation could there be for his preference for midnight cell phone tweets and his fear of press conferences? Why else no ability to control constant online temper tantrums at the slightest perceived media slight? If he was in possession of healthy mental faculties, would one of his children or their spouses really need be present at every diplomatic meeting? What other reason could explain his delusionary belief that he won the popular vote, despite having lost by over two million?

With my mom, early Alzheimer's seemed to exaggerate already existing tendencies. Is that what's behind Trump's unprecedented level of post-election financial greed and a total lack of global compassion? What else but early dementia could shed light on his crazy far-right choices for Chief Propagandist, Racist Supervisor of Attorneys, Public Schools Dismantling Secretary, Czar of Illness and Inhumane Services, National Insecurity Advisor, Economic Theft Directors, Union Buster-in-Chief, and Administrator of the Department of Ecological Destruction? Of course, there are some key differences between my late mom and Deceptive Don: My mother was known in her community as a nice person and as a fighter for at-risk apartment renters, not as a xenophobic narcissist who claims that overseeing construction of high-profit city skyscrapers is a searing personal sacrifice comparable to the death of a Gold Star family's son in an unwarranted Republican-initiated war. When my mom opposed a war, she said it publicly and not solely in a Get Smart Cone of Silence phone call with Fox's neatly haired nightly actor, Sean Hannity.

My mother was a Hungarian Holocaust survivor whose parents were murdered in Auschwitz, while Donald had the support of American neo-Nazis and white supremacists and is a real estate mogul son of a notorious landlord, Fred Trump--pilloried in song lyrics

by the great troubadour, Woody Guthrie, and reportedly arrested fully hooded in 1927 KKK rally gear. From his father, Donald seems to have learned racial discrimination in housing. From his own solipsistic TV-reality mind, he seems to have learned how to get away with admitting serial sexual assault. As early memory loss set in, my mother found it within herself to give up her car keys to avoid risk of hurting others. I wonder if I would feel even sorrier for Deceptive Donald if he had given up his car keys instead of using bullying lies and deceitful promises to grab keys to the nation's capital and nuclear codes?

Although I'm not a practicing Buddhist, what Buddhism I know whispers into my ear to maintain at least some low level of sympathy for our poor billionaire president--even without the confirmation of unreleased tax returns--for the sad knowledge that all human flesh and skulls, even those adorned with puffed up orange hair, eventually suffer painful impermanence. Perhaps my desire to retain some empathy for the personal Donald is bolstered by knowing the probability exists of some genetic component to Alzheimer's disease, which affected his father's later years as it affected my mom's? If I live long enough for dementia to begin to find me, I wonder if I will remember the need to avoid placing myself in any position with potential to cause widespread harm? And yet, as much as I can maintain a sympathetic corner of mind for Don's self-centered, ill individual soul, separate from his political machine-gun policy plans, I find it impossible not to feel far greater sympathy for those future generations who are about to be crushed by Trump and his newly hired gang of right-wing thug-nuts. At times like this, how I envy the dinosaurs and the likelihood they bore no responsibility for their own extinction.

Eliot Katz, 2016

## **Dear Elected Officials Who Are Not Yet Supporting Single-Payer Healthcare**

The health insurance companies are a cancer. Remove them from the picture & the national stress level will go down 43%. Clogged arteries will begin to race. Dirty lungs will shower and take a deep breath. Incurable liver-cancer cure rates will rise 32.92%. This damn spinal pain I feel when walking was caused by Oxford hiring Triad, Inc. as gatekeeper to avoid paying my chiropractic and pain doc bills. My post-surgery pains have lasted much longer than needed because insurance only paid for seven physical therapy sessions. The reasons for denial of my Lyme treatments have been more surreal than Andre Breton. My file cabinet is refusing to hold envelopes filled with HIP's contradictory paperwork instructions. These private health insurance companies are the reason high school reading comprehension skills are down all across America. Break the insurance companies of their habits and there will be no more reason for preemptive wars. Reading all the bills on the Hill must be exhausting. But try to follow the mind's math. Poetry statistics never lie.

Eliot Katz, 2016

## **Donald Trump's Golden Showers**

According to a 31-page report released by BuzzFeed and prepared by a credible former British intelligence agent, the Russians have a videotape of Donald Trump at a posh Moscow hotel hiring two prostitutes to perform a “golden showers” peeing exhibit in front of him, in a bed on which the Obamas once slept. Seeking a level of unearned public respect as president-elect, Trump denies this embarrassing rumor. But when he criticizes the BuzzFeed story as a “leak” which should not have been published, I take that as tacit confirmation of the event’s truth. It is easy to believe from a guy who wears his scalp hair yellow, who bronzes his TV reality face, who seems to love all sorts of jeweled ornaments gold. If it involved consenting adults, it seems a tale of sexual preference that pales in comparison to his already confessed habit of grabbing women’s genitals without permission in acts accurately seen as serial sexual assault. Indulging in paid consensual sexual fantasies is certainly preferable to appointing well-known white nationalists to his government and pushing policies to speed climate change and hasten the end of Earthly life. In the logic of Trump’s years-long claim that President Obama was not born in the USA unless he could prove it by showing a birth certificate, I will continue believing the vivid description of Trump’s golden showers until he produces a videotaped live stream showing what he really did with prostitutes in a gold-flaked hotel room during that cold, rainy Moscow night.

Eliot Katz, 2017



## **The Donald Has Never Learned How to Deal with No**

As a longtime CEO and TV reality star boss with the infamous tagline “you’re fired,” the Donald has not had much experience being told no.

Trump hates losing in court and is already determined to flip the judicial chess board over and break all its pieces.

The Donald also has little history of admitting personal faults, and has long blamed Martian interference for his Atlantic City casinos going bankrupt.

Someone told Trump the press is sometimes called the Fourth Estate and he took that to mean: treat reporters like an enemy camp.

The new president has an Executive Order ready to sign that forces grassroots Americans to stop penning protest signs and reserve limited elbow energies for applause.

He is waiting in the Oval Office for FedEx to deliver Hallmark thank-you cards from Muslim parents of child war refugees held overnight in airport jails.

The Donald knows deep in his heart he would have won the popular vote if three million dead had not arisen from their graves to vote for Hillary Clinton.

Trump spent years building a fortune because he learned young that a big bank account is helpful to win wide renown as a sexual groper and pathological liar.

When he tells Russian prostitutes he wants to buy a golden shower, he expects their pee to come out in non-videotaped 96-carat gold.

When he says he will be the best jobs-creating president God ever created, the Donald believes God will agree to appear on Fox News to confirm.

Trump borrowed from Nixon and vowed to be a Law and Order president, then borrowed from Nixon again and exempted his own team from the law.

When he condemns a judge’s differing interpretation of the Constitution, he expects American publishers to rush a million copies to print of Trump’s Constitution.

Publishers, note that Trump’s Constitution should be printed on one full page or less, with no more than five bulleted highlight points.

After tough military campaign talk and early bombs dropped on women and kids, Donald regrets having had to get five draft deferments because of a tender foot.

Feeling guilty for his inability to help defend Custer at Little Bighorn, Trump is expediting the Dakota Access Pipeline through sacred Sioux water and land.

The Donald knows that he would have won the popular vote if six million Jews killed in the Holocaust had not arisen from their graves to vote for Hillary Clinton.

That’s why Trump refused to include the word, “Jews,” in his commemoration of Holocaust Remembrance Day.

Donald thinks climate change was invented by Chinese comedians and will be forgotten if he just refuses to laugh at any satire from Beijing Improv to Saturday Night Live.

To respect his narrowing attention span, Trump is sure federal judges will okay his decree that all future U.S. novels be written on Twitter in 140 characters or less.

The president has asked his counselor, Kellyanne Conway, to record her nightly dreams, trusting many of them can later be cited as alternate facts.

Trump has promised to awaken Frederick Douglass and Ben Carson from their deep sleeps to help him celebrate his new Education and Environmental Destruction Ministers.

The Donald believes he would have won the popular vote if 10 million Africans who died from the Atlantic slave trade had not arisen to vote against him.

After winning the election, his skull became so confident in its communication skills, it evicted

his brain and is running on fumes of burning tax records and skyrocketing rents. With Repubs holding both houses of Congress, it will take sustainable progressive energy to slow Trump's frantic march to disable the pulse of the planet.

Eliot Katz, 2017

## Uncle LangPo, You're Winning

To explain mass public acceptance (although under 50%)  
of Donald Trump's contradictions, provable lies, boasted bigotry,  
the sideways spreading of false rumors, anti-science denials  
of climate change, and audio-taped confession of serial sexual assault,  
a key Trump spokesperson explains to the news camera  
that there are no solid facts anymore. To the poetry world,  
I am willing to admit Uncle—for now, the candidates  
of the postmodernists and Language Poets are winning.

Eliot Katz, 2017

## Trump Fires Comey

It is possible to disapprove of the dissent-repressive history of the FBI and still criticize Trump for firing the lead sheriff looking into his law-breaking. The first excuse given for Trump's firing was Comey's too-rough mishandling of the Hillary Clinton email scandal—

an excuse so laughable to all that the Trump team had to move on to trying on different tuxedo possibilities.

None being tried were found to be even a close believable fit.

As the late great Leonard Cohen said in song: Everybody Knows that Trump was trying to obstruct an investigation into his election campaign team's top-secret cooperation with Russia

and to exact revenge mob-style on an FBI head who refused over dinner to pledge undying personal loyalty.

Dear Trump's Public Relations Team--I have a suggestion on an alternative explanation experiment that I think the public will believe—

President Trump is a man of many mental illnesses, including narcissism, sadism, compulsive lying, early onset dementia, and psychotic delusions—

so please forgive Trump for temporarily forgetting that he was president and believing instead that he was still sitting on the set of his old TV show, where he was used to yelling "you're fired" at the first guy

walking through the front office double doors.

Surely the confession of severe mental illness would draw more public sympathy than sending one aide after another to the sacrificial White House podium to tell nightly lies directly into skeptical TV camera eyes.

Eliot Katz, 2017

## How Donald Trump Is Like the Fonz

After Charlottesville, Virginia was scorched with neo-Nazi and KKK rage,  
including one anti-fascist protester killed by vehicular murder,  
President Trump gave a speech condemning the violence “on many sides.”  
A few days later, he said there were many good people walking among  
the swastikas and racist chanters,  
good people trying to protect the beautiful monuments to generals  
who tried to rip apart the country to save slavery,  
When it comes time to condemn Nazism and violent white supremacists,  
Trump turns into the Fonz on the old “Happy Days” TV show,  
who just could not bring himself to ever say he was wrong.  
“I was wr-wr-wr-wr-wr,” I remember the Fonz saying many times.  
It seems Trump can’t even get the first consonants out.  
I wonder if we gave him the chance to become captain of an imaginary  
confederacy and built a statue of him riding a killer horse  
if he’d be willing to resign and let us hold a new presidential election?

Eliot Katz, 2017

## **One Small Reason the President's Border Wall and Muslim Ban Are Wrong**

With crazy policies on weaponization  
and environmental regulation,  
Trump is clearly a greater threat  
to the planet  
than the people he is trying to keep out.

Eliot Katz, 2017

## **Build Four No-Exit Walls**

I would be in favor of Trump building a wall--  
if he would build it on an isolated island  
and construct it as four walls in the size  
and shape of a professional wrestling ring.  
Let him and Kim Jung Un walk into the ring,  
by themselves or with a loyal family translator each,  
and let them go at it for months and years  
with flying personal insults whose loud echoes shake  
but don't break the walls. Two insane narcissistic leaders  
with nuclear weapons, both unelected by any popular vote:  
"you're too short for pro basketball!" "Liar, liar, volcano  
hair on fire!" An occasional attempt at pro  
wrestling maneuvers would be permitted, although both would  
be expected to violate all pre-arranged rules.  
The key is the walls should be solid enough to keep  
the North Korean and American people safe  
from irrational brains attached to hair triggers, and keep  
the habitable world untouched by loose-lipped nukes.

Eliot Katz, 2017

## Donald Trump Considers Blowing Up the World

Both Donald Trump and Kim Jung Un rightly say the leaders  
of the opposing countries  
are too insane and irrational to deal with.  
Kim is the far-too-inexperienced baton-handed grandson  
of a myth-made national founding dictator.  
They called Kim Il Sung the “Great Leader,” and when I visited  
Pyongyang in 1989 for a World Festival of Youth and Students,  
there was a huge billboard with the Great Leader’s picture  
commemorating the cult of personality on nearly every block.  
While the grandfather did have some military accomplishments  
in leading the country during the Korean War,  
the grandson is a cartoon-figure licking his lips for the chance  
to shove into a spot near the world stage front row.  
Trump has lived a full construction-titan and mob-friendly life and attained  
an office he never thought possible—  
there is nothing left for him to prove now that he has won a national election,  
even though losing the popular vote,  
so, as an uber-narcissist lacking any concern for others, he would have  
little hesitation to blow up the world with nukes.  
During one of his debates with Hillary Clinton, he asked the nation  
why have nuclear weapons if we are not going to use them.  
I’m ten years younger than Trump, and also feel like I have had a full life  
with meaningful joys and accomplishments,  
as an anthologized poet and longtime activist, who helped create housing and  
food programs for the homeless that remain ongoing,  
who helped lead activist campaigns for New Jersey anti-poverty programs,  
peace and social justice, universal health care in the U.S.,  
and before that as a nationally ranked table tennis player.  
But my health has been so terrible for a decade now, with so many roving  
aches and pains  
that I wouldn’t feel too sorry for myself if the world does blow up soon—  
but, unlike Trump, I have a deep desire for the healthy, the young,  
and generations to come  
to have a chance at their own full lives, so would somebody please hide  
the nuke-coded briefcase from Trump’s ignorant and deteriorating mind?

Eliot Katz, 2017



## **Trumpian Science**

After the severe hurricanes from Texas to Puerto Rico  
Trump is finally convinced that humans contribute  
to climate change  
by Colin Kaepernick kneeling before a football game  
while the national anthem is being played.

Eliot Katz, 2017

## Trump Has a Small Stroke on Live TV

On the late night talk shows last night a few comedians I admire showed replays of Trump slurring the last words of a speech, mis-pronouncing “the United States,” as he was trying to ask God to bless our country. One late-night comic said it sounded like Trump’s dentures were loose, but I don’t know if he wears dentures. The next morning, the White House blamed the slurring on Trump having had a dry mouth. But then I saw a longer replay of the televised speech, and it turns out Trump slurred his last three or four sentences, and not just our country’s name. Seeing this, I stopped laughing, recognizing that Trump had sounded like my now 94-year-old father had sounded one night about eight years ago, when I was talking with him over the phone at the Senior Center where he was living with my late then-Alzheimer’s-suffering mom. At the time, my dad was in quite good health for a guy in his mid-80s, but in the middle of our conversation, he started slurring his words like he had never done before. “Dad,” I said, “You just started slurring your words in a very unusual way. Could you be having a small stroke?” My father was self-aware enough to answer: “I think I might be having a small stroke.” I told him I was going to hang up, and phone the front desk to call an ambulance for him to take him right away to the nearest hospital Emergency Room. It turned out that my dad did indeed have a small stroke, and the MRI showed he was a lucky guy— The stroke had only a very short-term effect, but if it had taken place in a vein or artery a quarter-inch to either side, it would have had a permanent impact. Trump’s slurring sounded to me last night like my father’s slurring, as if he had had the same small stroke my father had, and also lucky to recover quickly— but not healthy enough to serve as president of a large country he could no longer pronounce. So far, in the last two years, since the beginning of Trump’s presidential campaign, as a doctor of literature, and thus with no American Psychiatric Association “Goldwater Rules” limits, I have diagnosed Trump with early-onset dementia, unhinged-elbow narcissism, flu-level science denialism, racism rocketing to the galactic heights of textbook-level mental illness, prison-deserving sexual predatory sadism, antibiotic-resistant pathological lying, straightjacket-warranted right-wing fanatical safety-net destruction, camera-mugging compulsive thief and scoundrel, and now the victim of an aging man’s paranoia and

stress-induced stroke. Whether for reasons of inadequate health for the job, disastrous political policies pushed through mainly by Executive Orders and extremist judicial appointments, Commander-in-chief pollution of America's air and water supply, impeachment-level crimes of obstructing justice and foreign collusion, golf-carting America madly to the edge of nuclear war with North Korea, or karmic payback for decades of racial rental exclusion and serial sexual misconduct, my personal polling shows there is a 61.57% chance that Trump will not serve out a full four-year Presidential term. Okay, let the late-night comedians continue, and let the progressive organizers organize!

Eliot Katz, 2017

## A Hair from the Fixer that Bit Him

Donald Trump demands loyalty  
from all those strolling around his wandering hands,  
but he gives out loyalty to no one  
except his daughter, Ivanka, his gold-striped leather wallet  
and extra-long silk necktie, and the right half  
of one of his intelligence-challenged sons.  
Trump has done so many terrible things before  
and after his election that would have  
brought down most people with ordinary atomic particles—  
admitting on an Access Hollywood tape to groping  
women's genitals without their consent, criticizing  
Republicans' hero, John McCain, for having been captured  
in a war that Trump avoided by being a multi-millionaire  
and claiming to have a swollen foot, lying uncontrollably  
about issues from football field kneeling  
to the size of crowds on the Capitol's inauguration lawn,  
profiting off the presidential gift certificate given him  
after losing the popular vote,  
violating the Constitution's blue emoluments clause,  
making fun of disabled people and making secret Helsinki deals  
with Putin that have yet to be revealed,  
after clearly unveiling a fatherly-learned love for KKK and neo-Nazi  
marchers, and statues honoring Confederate soldiers  
that are now all wearing Trump's election hats,  
signing Executive Orders to dump more coal waste  
into America's lakes and rivers, while appointing  
extremist judges who enjoy the taste of coal waste  
in their drinking water, paying hush money before the election  
to at least two women with whom he had  
extramarital affairs to avoid losing the hypocritical  
right-wing evangelical vote, kidnapping thousands of immigrant children  
from their parents and locking them in zoo-like cages  
while blocking the public from ever visiting those zoos.  
And yet somehow Trump has so far proved to be another  
Teflon president, with about a 40% base that seems to let all  
sins slide off his slicked-up orange hair and skin.  
But now the clock has started ticking on his presidency: tick, tock,  
tick, tock, the result of his lack of loyalty to one person  
he should have pledged allegiance to, like he suggests  
people say a pledge to the flag that he himself can't remember—  
in this case, his old fixer-attorney Michael Cohen, who knows  
when and where the U.S. and Russian mob agreements were signed,  
and who created the sham companies that paid for women's silences—  
a fixer who once said he would take a bullet for Trump, but who now  
has released a tape proving Trump knew about pay-offs  
to Karen McDougal that Trump had long denied, and who confirmed  
he was in the room when Trump was told beforehand

of an upcoming meeting to conspire with Russia  
for the 2016 election, another of Trump's pathological lies  
now uncovered for the history books. The end of Trump's presidency  
may wait until after the 2018 congressional elections are over,  
when the special prosecutor, Mueller, will likely release his findings,  
or maybe even closer to the 2020 presidential elections--but the deed  
is done, Trump's fixer has become his personal demolition man,  
and even people living miles away claim to be able to hear  
and see the uncontrolled wailing and flames of Trump's  
runaway temper tantrums that match the color of his hair.  
Tick tock—only Mueller knows what the timing of Trump's fall is likely to be,  
and what was in the million files his feds collected from Michael Cohen's  
office, computers, and disposable cell phones,  
but it is clear to all who are paying attention there is now enough  
to bring down a criminally insane president. On Fox News TV,  
Trump's newest lawyer, Rudy Giuliani, is already preparing  
the grounds for an insanity defense to keep his client and himself  
out of jail, and I have to admit the insanity defense seems  
to be a compelling one in the case of both Trump and Giuliani,  
but jail or no jail, it will take decades for the country to repair  
the cracks that Trump's people have created in the heartland  
of America's mind and body.

Eliot Katz, 2018

## **On the Appointment of Judge Kavanaugh to the Supreme Court**

A pathological liar sexual assaulter of a president has managed to place a fellow extremist pathological liar sexual assaulter onto the Supreme Court's long wobbling oak table.

Although many commentators labeled the contradictory stories of Kavanaugh and Christine Blasey Ford a he-said-she-said thing, I called it a "she-passed-a-lie-detector-test" and "he-was-afraid-to-take-one" thing. While Kavanaugh, with cheeks growing redder than Pinocchio by the minute, answered a question by Kamala Harris by asserting polygraph tests are not reliable, he had previously ruled as a judge in a 2016 case, *Sack v. Department of Defense*, that polygraph tests "serve law enforcement purposes" and are fine to give any job applicant, apparently except himself.

Kavanaugh's latest Senate lies about sexual assault were no surprise, given previous whoppers about being open-minded, about respecting precedents on abortion and voting rights issues, about lending legal support to Bush team rights-violating policies on post-9/11 torture and detention programs, even about the not-so-secret sexual innuendos in his high school yearbook bio. The Cutthroat Party has just cut out another slice of Supreme Court credibility for decades to come.

Why didn't Democratic Senators focus more on the lie detector tests--knowing America's adoration from Law & Order nightly TV shows to daytime chair-throwing Jerry Springer guests, where it is only after the polygraph results are in that an onstage parent can decide, along with the audience, who the real co-parent/sibling/priest is? People trust these tests a hell of a lot more than politicians! Now, we'll see if the Dem Party can win elections again, despite Repug voter-suppression gerrymandering and computer-hacking tricks. Maybe the Dems could even pull an FDR and add judicial seats to the rotting Supreme bench. As the newest judge on highest court, will Kavanaugh be allowed to change his high school yearbook page? "Why did the chicken cross the road?" Kavanaugh was asked, as his opening polygraph baseline question: "To get to the side with the most effective propaganda tools."

Eliot Katz, 2018

## Trump's Lies

Akdnalleieliadlkmndal;a aldijeielal;alssjdsdid dallkeidhgoih;add;adk mklidiielalidcpajkdi  
Ekelkdgiidaopdpodipa al;kdjoipihewiejoi akldoihadoi;;lkd;lkd [ee;akl;dfoida/adjdifoad  
Wlk;wjkadlkfkl;adfiadika/c,mzc[oepw cmd[9dmeaeoa;kdfkd;a akldopejiek/akoidopd  
hot air out anldliammdadjkdia makda;dkdka;;d covefealdidnntlltltl

Eliot Katz, 2018

## **Trump Appoints a Nuclear Warhead as His New National Security Adviser**

The nuclear warhead has a funny mustache  
and lightning in his Bolton name;  
Through his eye sockets, one can see radioactivity  
trying to push itself out his brain.

Eliot Katz, 2018



## The President or Polar Bears?

For the first time in his controversial tenure, the Justice Department has penned a document accusing President Trump of directing his lawyer to commit campaign felony crimes by paying hush money to Stormy Daniels and Karen McDougal to prevent them from talking publicly about affairs they had with The Donald soon after his youngest child was born, secret payments made to help him win the 2016 election. Trump has answered Justice by tweeting that there are no “smoking guns,” perhaps hoping to distract people with his poor ability to read or spell. Meanwhile, the four-star generals Trump had picked to supposedly provide stability to his original cabinet have all resigned out of some last-minute regrets for being associated with a mean-spirited pathological liar, even if they didn’t seem to regret helping to engineer a war in Iraq waged on a big WMD lie. And now, as legal commentators on TV say that, if Trump wasn’t President, he would already be in a courtroom facing criminal charges, Trump is finding it difficult to talk anyone in his circle into taking the newly opened Chief of Staff job, since previous job seekers seem to prefer the thought of spending time with their original families rather than the new families they would have to make in prison.

Under Trump, climate change charges forward unchecked, more industrial pollution is dumped daily into America’s lakes and rivers, oil pipelines are built to leak across sacred lands, a new generation of mini-nukes adds another layer of threat to human survival, immigrant infants and toddlers are separated from parents and placed into building-block handcuffs and jails. And still, 40% of Americans seem to support Trump no matter what he does, as if he was a baseball team they had chosen and will continue to root for, as a fan, throughout their lives, no matter how badly the team is playing this year nor how nasty the players have started to behave. This is a president who has grown up, according to his biographers, with unbreakable ties to American and Russian mobs, when storefront U.S. banks stopped lending his shady businesses money. And now dozens of his old acquaintances are having to choose between singing free to the feds, or remaining loyal and silent for years in a padded cell. In truth, almost all of our presidents in recent decades have committed war crimes worthy of rebuke and impeachment in a more just world--from illegal wars both overt and covert, to remote-control drone bombing of innocents half a globe away. But we have arrived at the day that Prince sang about when the doves cry, that Dylan sang about when something is happening here, but you don’t know what it is, do you, Mr. Trump? Researchers report the climate is mutating even faster than expected and will not be able to house human life for many more centuries without major changes in energy cradles and policies. Which scientific researchers should I call to report that I have just seen flashes of dark matter and dark energy light up in rainbow colors above my computer screen? Is there a reputable medical journal where I can publish an article, one hundred years too late, about a theory that I’ve developed on how to cure the deadly 1919 flu? It’s difficult to explain my theory in the kind of poems most poets are writing these days--but using advanced mathematics, digital microscopes, and gatherings of people and

polar bears, I think the creative equations describe a kind of Green New Deal and improved capabilities of quacks and quarks on an inter-galactic scale.

Eliot Katz, 2018

## President Really?

Donald Trump has hired retired lawyer and former New York City mayor with shared authoritarian instincts, Rudy Giuliani, to go on Fox News and talk in neocortex-spinning circles, like hopping on a carnival merry-go-round pony--with waterproof cushions and slow-motion turning to protect elderly New Yorkers who have recently entered early-stage dementia--and hoping to find an otherworldly landing stop that would prove Trump is not one of the most dishonest and corrupt Americans presidents the country's electoral college has ever place-matted into office. Unfortunately for the fake president and his new Martian attorney, the merry-go-round of Earthly life does not include such an intergalactic pitstop, since all of Trump's potential hop-off points include a lifelong history of brazen lies and unconstrained selfish horserace fraud. How to explain that a president supported by so many blustery hypocrites on the Religious Right paid off a porn film star, a Playboy model and no one knows how many other women just weeks before the presidential election so that Trump's extramarital affairs would not become television ratings fodder for the last TV presidential debate? Maybe, if Giuliani and Trump continue to shovel more coal waste into America's rivers and to cut scientific climate-change research funds, they will destroy America's future before Trump's solipsistic presidency is brought down by a pre- and post-2018 skyscraper-sized pile of crimes?

Eliot Katz, 2018

## Trump Orders Kidnapping of Thousands of Children

Nobody should be surprised that a president who takes the idea of having a bully-pulpit literally has ordered thousands of immigrant children, including wailing infants and toddlers, to be kidnapped from the arms of confused, waving parents, many of whom were told their kids were being taken into a nearby room for a bath. This is a dangerous lying clone of a man who has never displayed a wooden-nickel sliver of empathy for others in his entire life, having learned from his KKK-hood-wearing father that the only moral values that matter in life are winning versus losing, whether in real estate or the fake public relations wars one wages when one has used every imaginable trick to get out of fighting a real war when it was his time as a young man with hawkish, malignant narcissistic views. Now he has scattered three thousand children all throughout the country, most snuck out of airplanes and buses after midnight, after the cable news TV shows have gone to sleep, children thrown into what the toxic administration itself is calling “tender age” jails, with no clear database mechanism created to track kids back to their parents even if anyone was left in this cabinet’s rotating doors who believed that would be the best thing to do. “Be best” is Melania Trump’s newly chosen catch phrase, and her stated purpose to stop the bullying of children, an impossible task as the spouse of America’s biggest bully of children, who was terrifyingly chosen by an outdated electoral scheme to become president after losing badly in the actual vote.

After a week of negative headlines, and Trump lies claiming nothing he could do, Trump reluctantly signed an Executive Order to stop the kidnapping of kids, but it is an Executive Order that will run into legal electric fences, because Trump is now trying to imprison entire families for years, when the law says immigrant children cannot be held more than 20 days. Of course, Trump has no use for laws, unless he can somehow figure out how to use them to harm others, and so he will likely ignore this law unless he can find enough right-wing judges willing to skirt it. Much that was previously unimaginable is now real-life in Trump’s America. The U.S. has always had its racist presidents, its presidents willing to bomb first and talk later, its presidents willing to lie, cheat, and torture; but America never had a president who knew so little about so much, whose ego was so much bigger than his intellectual grasp, whose pathological lying was so tightly knotted to a lack of any concern for human or environmental well-being. “Be Best”—difficult to imagine a more ironic catch phrase for any president’s spouse.

Eliot Katz, 2018

## Shooting at the Tree of Life

Here's how to make Trump's toxic soup, as shown and promoted by Fox News: Begin with a broth made from the rhetoric of fear and violence; add cinnamon sticks of hatred, racism, and xenophobia; remove any tiny tea leaves of empathy that may have accidentally dropped into the liquid mix; throw in a flavoring of subtle and overt appeals to the coming-up-from-the-underground white power movement; and then add the final secret ingredient—thirteen herbal drops of near and far scapegoating that will motivate a portion of soup eaters with the most extreme tendencies to act in predictably murderous ways, one of which will be the worst mass killing of Jews in American history.

The country that did so much to help defeat Nazi Germany now has a choice between ceasing to make or support this kind of toxic soup, or turning the Pittsburgh shooting into America's Kristallnacht, a beginning. What a week—a Saudi-American journalist murdered, acid-washed, and bone-sawed into pieces; the killing of two black grocery shoppers in Kentucky which would have been worse if the black church's front door wasn't locked; mail bombs sent to over a dozen of Trump's high-profile opponents by a Trump fanatic who probably believed Trump's previous public offer to pay for lawyers for people who would beat up those protesting his political rallies; and then the semi-automatic shooting of 11 Jews praying peacefully at the Tree of Life.

Meanwhile, a neo-fascist president has just been elected in Brazil, promising to cut down swaths of the Amazon Rainforest, which will speed up climate change as much as anything that any country could do. How did a species like humanity evolve with such a mix of intelligence and ignorance, inventiveness and destructiveness, empathy and sociopathy? When a Tree of Life is shot up, the choice of whether to create a human future or not becomes urgent, a choice that for the moment could go in either direction. Will the roots of the Tree of Life next be watered and nurtured, or ripped up? What do you think?

Eliot Katz, 2018

## **One of Trump's Soldiers Is Arrested**

An active Maryland Coast Guard white nationalist Lieutenant, Christopher Hasson, was arrested by federal authorities who had discovered his planned terror plot to murder dozens of outspoken opponents of Donald Trump—including Democratic presidential candidates, reporters, congressional leaders, activists. Having compiled a supply of 15 high-powered guns and over 1,000 rounds of ammunition, Hasson had drafted an email on his computer to say that he was dreaming of a way to kill almost every person on earth. While Trump tweets daily to criticize people who criticize him, including late-night TV comedians, Trump was silent for over a week after the arrest of his loyal soldier and white nationalist teammate. When finally asked about it in a news conference, he said it was sad and a shame, with reporters seemingly taking Trump to be sending a shallow note of disapproval about the guy's actions, whereas I took it to mean Trump was sad that one of his most loyal soldiers had been caught, especially after Trump said he had no regrets about how his coarse language might be affecting the national climate. Both because of Trump's words and his policies, every sense of the climate is approaching a political tipping point. As Abbie Hoffman used to say, Rome wasn't destroyed in a day.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## Thinning Out the Forest

Dear Greta Thunberg, President Trump does not believe that humans are contributing to climate change, so he has initiated some inventive proposals to stop the spreading forest fires and the rise in extreme weather events that, as you have been raising awareness so well, each ensuing week threaten more of human and other animal life. Trump's industrialized EPA is going to pass out U.S.-made steel rakes to people who live near more than 12 trees in the belief that fewer leaves on the ground might help save the planet, and he is also going to promote the use of "clean carbon monoxide" within large apartment buildings, including his Trump Towers, in each of America's Democratic-leaning cities, to help thin out the human forest, after which surely fewer humans are bound to be affected by climate change. Why didn't anyone think of this before Donald Trump: clean carbon monoxide!

Eliot Katz, 2019

## **Trump Forgot to Put on Sunglasses to Look Directly At the Hemisphere's Eclipse**

After running as a President opposed to foreign interventions, now Trump's new policy team includes some of the most strident interventionists of our time, and they are threatening the government of Venezuela, which unlike Trump, actually won the popular vote. His administration says Trump's opposition to interventions only applies to other hemispheres, but I think it only applies to his pre-election lies, that he does not know when and when not to cover his eyes when looking directly at a blocked sun. John Bolton came out to a press conference with troop numbers to Colombia written on his yellow pad and also on his gray mustache, and Elliott Abrams has flown to Venezuela hoping that young Americans have not yet read about his Iran-Contra crimes or his Reagan-era support for murderous dictators who created far more dangerous political temperatures than the one in Venezuela. There is no need to defend the government of Venezuela in order to oppose any U.S. intervention there, there is only wonder how even some mainstream Democrats can support Trumpian cross-country interference at the same time they are investigating Russia meddling in U.S. elections. Trump knows less about American history and law than any other previous president; and his level of vicious narcissism outdoes all others. But hypocrisy has been found in White House food for too many decades now, and that, too, is now visibly dripping from Bolton's mustache.

Eliot Katz, 2019



## **Mueller Report Excerpts Run Through a Burroughs Cut-Up Machine**

Trump Donald cannot prove he is a president of truth, cannot prove to be  
Putin's Internet Research Agency, liked not Hillary Clinton  
nor Eric Trump, loved only Ivanka Trump's cell phone and his own mirrors.  
Appointed was Mueller bold, appointed was Mueller cowering  
behind steel slat border fencing to scope out Occupy and Black Lives  
Matter movements. Manafort his jail entry form received. Michael Cohen's  
prison uniform tailored too small by minor campaign aides. Flynn is  
General Redacted and F\*\*\*\*D. Russian ambassadors crash dinner party plates.  
Americans crash elections and wide world military bases. After ignoring all  
questions about Moscow Trump Tower, lawyers sitting on Trump wrote  
to Mueller they had answered all his questions. Trump's jail license is  
somewhere transiting in mail, move-in date signed to be by Congress. A fire panic  
sparked in Comey's office with Jeff Sessions hiding for personal safety reasons.  
Trump begot angry. Trump later begot angrier. No cut-up machine yet invented  
can count exactly how many were asked to lie for the Donald. The best memory  
and the best words he could not recall 37 times. White House counsel ignored order  
to push Mueller out 13<sup>th</sup> floor window door, told coworkers asked by Trump  
to do "crazy shit." Mueller Report facts broke cut-up machine program. Yes to  
more than ten obstructing justice. Karen Daniels and Stormy McDougal have asked  
allowed to use official exits, after Trump perhaps met Constitution's impeachment  
clause for bribery. Cannot exonerate Trump's burnt climate presidency  
nor his exquisite scrambling of syntax, spelling, and truth. Language Poetry, despite  
faulty oft-stated theory, has weakened American poetry's ability to affect  
this country's cracked political field—a need to rebuild, and not just deconstruct.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## **This Is No Time for an R & R President**

With so many local, national, and international emergencies, this is not the time for a lazy rest and relaxation president, nor for a racist and rapist president.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## President Trump's Transcripts and SAT Scores

I know why the president had Michael Cohen  
send threatening letters to prevent colleges and the college board  
from releasing his transcripts and SAT scores.

It's not because they would show he was only an average student  
after pretending that he has always been a brilliant guy.

It's worse than that.

It's not because his transcripts would even show some failed courses  
and that his SAT scores were far below average.

It's much worse than that.

It's not because he failed one of his key business courses  
while preparing to take over his father's real estate business  
and that his SAT math score was especially terrible  
which helps explain the ease with which he exaggerated his wealth  
for insurance policies and magazine wealth lists, and undervalued his wealth  
when it came to paying income and real estate taxes.

It's worse than that.

Personally, I confess I got a perfect 800 on my math SAT score  
and with this poem I give any reader the okay to request my college grades  
or college board scores.

But it doesn't take a math whiz to figure out why Trump would  
want to hide his grades and test results.

$D + D + D$  equals  $3D$  and Trump's three-dimensional crimes are standing  
naked in the room, easy to see for anyone who decides to look.

In his business courses,  $B\text{-minus} + C\text{-minus} + F$  equals Lock Him Up.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## **Free Advice to All of the Democrats Running for President**

In an election to beat a narcissistic Insulter-in-Chief,  
I predict that the first candidate to say ten times about Trump  
that America should not have a rapist as president  
will win.

Eliot Katz, 2019

**A List Poem Written After Reading Levine and El-Faizy's  
*All the President's Women***

Having already created a slew of impeachable offenses documented by the obstruction section of the Mueller Report, and after criticizing Joe Biden's son for cashing in on his father's vice-presidency, Donald Trump tweets that his supporters should all buy his son's silly new book-length incoherent gripe against the American left, looking for more presidential-related profits for a Trump family whose bank accounts have always united the family's goals. So why haven't all the Democratic presidential candidates been telling people to read the important new book about Trump: *All the President's Women: Donald Trump and the Making of a Predator?* How could readers of this book support having a rapist and serial sexual assaulter as U.S. president? The number of women accusing Trump of sexual misconduct ranging from unwanted kissing to groping to rape is simply too numerous to doubt. How about this for a list poem: Kristin Anderson, Rachel Crooks, Jessica Drake, Jill Harth, Cathy Heller, Juliet Huddy, Alva Johnson, Karen Johnson, "Katie Johnson" (then age 13), "Maria" (then age 12), Ninni Laaksonen, Jessica Leeds, Melinda McGillivray, Cassandra Searles, Jennifer Murphy, Natasha Stoyhoff, Temple Taggart, Katy Tur, Karena Virginia, Summer Zervos, E. Jean Carroll, Faith Daniels, Elizabeth Beck, Mariah Billado, Lisa Boyne, Heather Braden, NaKina Carr, Tasha Dixon. Plus witnesses identifying Trump as a predator seen first-hand with non-consenting teenagers, sometimes alongside the widely acknowledged and now-deceased Jeffrey Epstein. Perhaps in the eventual 2020 debates, the Democratic candidate running against Trump could place a copy of the book standing front of her or him as they rebut one of Trump's pathological lies?

Eliot Katz, 2019

## Would Trump's Wall Perform Magic Tricks?

Trump says a wall of concrete or steel slats has to be built along the U.S.-Mexico border for national security, so I am wondering what magic tricks it would perform:

Could the wall tell that I have picked a jack of clubs out of my deck of blue-striped playing cards?

Would the wall rain newborn rabbits down from a hat on its highest point?

Could the wall read Trump's sociopathic mind and stop his pathological lying?

Would the wall prevent Zeta Reticulis from piloting flying saucers across national boundaries?

If the wall could really protect our security, would it draw down CO2 and methane to reverse climate change?

Will it find thousands of lost children kidnapped by Homeland Security from Central American parents?

Could it do something to make Trump's skin look more human?

Would it safely melt the world's nuclear missiles and power plants and drink up radioactive plutonium shakes?

Could it ferment tofu into tempeh? Find missing prophetic notebooks of William Blake?

Would concrete or steel slats improve global free-speech protection?

Could a wall provide medical treatments for sick kids whose parents cannot afford a doctor?

Will it stop another meteor from destroying Earth's large-sized life again? Can it bring back even one recently extinct species?

Could it prevent the monthly flooding and power outages in my home town of Hoboken?

Would it create a new Israeli/Palestinian peace plan without having to wait for Jared Kushner to finish his schooling?

Could the wall compete against the best magicians on America's Got Talent?

Will it prevent the healthiest apple polyphenol dust from leaving our country?

Can it send more young progressives like Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez into Congress?

Could it fix the broken zipper on my winter jacket? Filter out the lead in too many U.S. water supplies? Find a cure for chronic Lyme disease?

Would the wall offer a good resting pillow for the necks of zebras?

Could it patch potholes? Stabilize bridges? Fix electric grids? Prevent ransom computer viruses from spreading across the web?

Would the wall prevent Trump from ripping up any more peace treaties?

Okay, I just picked a new card. Wall, can you tell me what it is?

Eliot Katz, 2019

## **The Amazon is Burning**

The Amazon is burning and it's the rainforest, not the website,  
which brings a smile to the Trump-like extremist currently running Brazil,  
who believes his private swimming pools will save  
the Bolsonaro grandkids if global heat stroke ever arrives.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## Jigsaw Puzzle of the American Left

I met a magician on Broadway who was selling magicians' playing cards and various jigsaw puzzles and I bought a jigsaw puzzle called "The American Left." The box said it had 128 pieces of different shapes, sizes, and colors. Some of the colors were solid which seemed to represent groups that met in person and rallied in the streets, and some were a light dotted shade to represent groups that were mainly online advocacy organizations. Each piece had a different name related to either the name of an American left group or the name of an American left strategy—names like Progressive Democrats of America, Justice Democrats, Just Us Democrats, Indivisible, Invisible, MoveOn, MoveOut, Extinction Rebellion, Extinction Then Quiet, The Green Party, The Blue Whale, Sunrise, Moonlit, 350.org, Black Lives Matter, National Organization for Women, Healthcare Now, Healthcare Later, Students for a Super-Democratic Society, Students for a Semi-Democratic Society, Our Revolution, Our Reform, the AFL-CIO, Committees of Correspondence, Committees for Rotary Dialers, Committees for Poems Only Readable on the Smallest of Cell Phones, Consensus Decision-Making, Majority Decision-Making, No Decision-Making, Horizontal Structures, Vertical Accountability Triangles, Mass Marches, Direct Non-Violent Action, Indirect Unmarked Map Actions, Bernie Sanders, Elizabeth Warren, Kamala Harris, Cory Booker, Jimmy Carter, the Obama vegetable garden, Independent Journalism, Listener-Supported Radio Journalism with Unending Internal Struggles, Jewish Voices for Peace, Catholic Workers, Wake Up Late Atheists, United for Peace and Justice, War Resisters League, Daily Kos, Daily Beast, Don't Be a Beast, Huffpost, Huff & Puff Post, Democracy Now, The Nation, The Nation Divided, the Left Forum, and the Virtual and Sometimes Apparently Left. Some of the varied pieces seemed to be much older or less flexible than others. I spent almost every waking hour the week after buying the puzzle, but I just couldn't figure out a way to fit the pieces together, even though the front cover of the box showed that there should be a way. At one point, I separated the pieces into two equal piles. When I counted the piles, each pile had 64 pieces. Then I put the pieces into one pile, and I counted a few times, but the pieces always added up to less than 120. How could that possibly be, but for magic? When I was a three-year old kid, my father used to enjoy showing me off to his friends. He had trained me to know that 64 plus 64 equals 128. Although I was much too young to know what that meant, I always knew the right answer for his impressed friends, and I think that comfort with numbers



helped me to later become good at math. Unlike for Trump, Michael Cohen can feel free to release my perfect math SAT score! But somehow I could not get these jigsaw pieces to add up to 128! At one point, I asked my partner, Vivian, if she could take a look, and she spent a few hours on it, but she couldn't get the pieces to fit together either. It was so frustrating that I took another careful look at the puzzle's small-font instructions, and noticed a line that I had not previously seen and that may not have even been there before, which said that if one is having trouble getting the pieces to fit, try sprinkling the pieces with light grey Celtic sea salt. After I sprinkled the salt, some of the pieces grew bigger and some smaller, but it did not make it any easier to fit the pieces together. At age 62, with my post-surgery neck, I had to stop spending so many hours working on figuring this puzzle out. Bending down and looking at the pieces on my kitchen table was beginning to hurt my neck too much. There were two young activists, a sister and brother, who lived downstairs in my apartment building, one a college student and one in high school. I phoned them up to see if they would be willing to give it a try, explaining to them that it was a really challenging jigsaw puzzle that I had bought from a street magician in New York. They came up at noon one day, and I left them working at my kitchen table while I went out for a physical therapy session and to grab a nearby lunch. When I came back a few hours later, they were still hard at work. It was difficult to tell, but I had a sense they were making more progress than I had, that it was likely up to young people to figure this enigma out. We put the half-solved jigsaw puzzle on a big piece of cardboard, so these young activist siblings could take the puzzle home with them. Months later, I stopped in to take a look, and the puzzle was on their living room table, still unfinished, and I left, hoping they would still give it at least an occasional try.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## **Who Should a Vice President Kiss?**

Donald Trump tells a huge campaign crowd that Joe Biden was only a good Vice President because he knew how to kiss Obama's ass, which is language one doesn't usually hear out the mouth of an American President, especially not one who depends on Evangelical Christian support. A TV reporter then asks current VP Mike Pence whether he agrees with Trump on that assessment of Joe Biden? After a long pause of silence, and realizing there was no way to win with any answer, it was surreal to see Mike Pence's head explode on camera.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## What is Worse, the Crime or the Cover-Up?

When Trump wants to win something badly or feels desperate about the probability of losing, he moves into mobster-speak mode. The most recent revelation—his telling Ukraine’s new president that, in return for U.S. military support, he would like the “favor” of them digging up dirt on the Bidens. The extortion threat was so obviously illegal that Trump’s people took the call transcript out of the standard computer system and coded it into a top-secret server where they hoped it would never be found. Unfortunately for Trump, a whistleblower reported the criminal conduct and the computerized cover-up, and now it is more likely than ever that Trump will be impeached. According to the whistleblower report, this wasn’t the first time a Trump phone call had been locked away.

Where could that secret computer be, and what else is hidden in that secure safe or vault? Are there murdered Trump mistresses mummy-wrapped in that room? Receipts of Trump bribes for old NY and otherworldly real estate transactions? Decades of tax fraud with Sharpie smiley-faces drawn all through his returns? Audio files on the secret server of midnight calls that he can’t stop making to Karen McDougal and Stormy Daniels? A tape of him telling the Saudi royal family that he totally understands their desire to chop the head off a Washington Post journalist? Late night talks with Putin about their admiration for the old Russian Czars? Remote island bank slips with deposited emoluments money? Private doctor calls about how to better hide gray hairs and growing dementia? FaceTime calls confessing to far-right evangelicals his past crimes of rape and serial sexual assault? And to which countries has he issued threats to dig up dirt on the two most progressive candidates running, Elizabeth Warren and Bernie Sanders? Democrats in the House: please get access to the secret vault and server or add one more obstruction count to the Impeachment Articles—and please also learn the lesson that it is not ethical, either, for U.S. foreign policies to interfere with the elections or fairly elected leadership of other countries.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## Trump Releases a Paper with His Ukrainian Crimes

Thinking he would be exonerating himself, Trump released a summary of a phone conversation he called “perfect” with the Ukrainian president in which Trump illegally requests foreign help to dig up dirt on the son of one of his potential 2020 electoral opponents. The summary is classic mob boss-speak: we’ve been good to your people and now I am asking you a favor if you want more help—find me dirt on Bidens! Even if you have to make it up! Is Trump losing his nerve or his mind? Does he always resort to mob-speak in a panic, finding himself losing badly in the polls? A panic noticed so clearly by key aides that his extortion conversation was quickly locked up in a top-secret server in a buried concrete vault. Having committed a large wrestling ring’s worth of constitutional and human rights crimes, does Trump harbor an unconscious desire to get impeached and convicted—able to rationalize a return to his lazier landlord overseer life? And why the hell is New York’s former mayor, Giuliani, undertaking Ukraine shakedowns for Trump? What old secret NYC campaign favors does the mayor owe? Days later, Trump demands the right to meet his accuser despite whistleblower protection laws, and promises Big Consequences!--as well the crazier threat of an actual civil war. It is he who released the evidence-filled phone call summary to the press! Look in the mirror, Mr. President! Your accuser is there, staring into a pair of sociopathic eyes.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## The New Religious Language

Trump has called Republicans who don't support him "human scum." I think our narcissist president has been spending too much time again in front of his gold-flaked mirror—and trying to figure out which phrases would be the ones his hypocritical evangelical base would most like to teach their children.

Eliot Katz, 2019

## **When Republicans or Centrist Democrats Criticize The Idea of Medicare for All**

Can anyone name for me even one conservative candidate for President or Prime Minister in any other developed country who would dare run for office proposing to change their national health care system to a U.S.-style, private, for-profit health insurance-based system? Is there another living species of animal or plant that would oppose the idea of a Green New Deal?

Eliot Katz, 2019

## Drone from Another Planet

One night when I was awake alone typing poems at 3am  
after the Republican Senate had sadly acquitted Trump of all charges,  
a drone landed on our 11<sup>th</sup> floor Hoboken balcony.  
I stared wide-eyed as a miniature humanoid creature crawled out  
the drone and somehow passed easily through our apartment's  
thick clear glass window, whereupon it slowly enlarged  
to just a little above my own six-foot height.  
I was scared, but it quickly spoke in English and assured me  
it was not here to hurt me, just to ask a New Jersey poet  
a few questions its planet was curious about.  
I asked it whether it had a name, what I should call it,  
whether it was male or female or did that matter  
on the planet where it was from? "I'm Peach," it said,  
"and on my planet we can move easily back and forth  
between 18 genders. What we don't do very easily on my planet  
is lie. When any of us tells a lie, our bodies shrink a little bit  
with each falsehood told. We are wondering in our world  
how your pathologically lying president can remain  
over six feet tall? On our planet, he would be about the size  
by now of what you call a soccer ball, and our teenagers  
would be kicking him around for sport. How did a person  
like that become your country's president and how does he  
keep that job?" "Peach," I replied, "That is a complicated  
question and there are many theories: some think he fooled  
working-class Americans into thinking he would help them  
even if it was obvious how selfish a person he always was;  
some think he won with the illegal help of another country;  
some that he had the luck of running against another candidate  
many people disliked even more than they disliked him; some  
believe all of these had to be true for him to win; and others  
realize that he actually lost the election in terms of  
the total number of votes and only became President because  
of an antiquated law that created an Electoral College, which  
would be too complicated to explain quickly. Now, three years  
later, many are trying to take away his office for a variety of  
crimes, including obstructing investigations of those crimes,  
but the process of taking away his office is also a complicated  
one. Peach, does your planet have any surefire way, besides  
watching a body shrink, of proving to an entire national public  
that a political official has been lying to them?" "Yes, we spray  
the person with a non-toxic purple paint, and then the person  
will begin to float away from their own hot air if they  
have told too many lies." "Peach," I asked, "Do you think  
you could send me a sample of that purple spray and help us  
make sure that an even higher percentage of the American public  
can see that the President's words are often pure hot air?" "I'm not  
sure," Peach answered, "whether I can get you a bottle  
of our purple paint since the flight was more difficult

than I had guessed it would be, but do take a look out your balcony window every few nights, and our planet will try our best to help in some inventive way to get you a better President.”

Eliot Katz, 2020



## Trump Proves Unable to Stop the Coronavirus

Although Trump tries to encourage Americans that the new coronavirus is no more serious than a seasonal flu  
Trump's lies and boasts prove unable to stop the growing numbers of virus sufferers and deaths  
nor to stop the steep drops of the stock market that Trump views as threatening his re-election efforts.  
At one point, Trump said the virus numbers were 15 and about to become zero. Even if his usual Republican loyalists believed him, the highly contagious virus did not;  
Trump had defunded key pandemic prep committees and now many are comparing Covid-19 to Bush's Katrina moment.

Me, I'm totally worried, being over 60 and with a Lyme disease-weakened immune system,  
falling well within one of the groups experts say are most vulnerable.  
I take herbs and supplements to help—garlic, colloidal silver, elderberry, C & D3, quercetin, zinc, andrographis—but I have no idea if they will help.  
I've also heard to keep the mouth watered, and to hope the summer heat will at least slow the virus for the summer.

My 96-year-old father is in a NJ senior center, the kind of center commentators say are the riskiest places to live in this moment.  
I received a call today that family visits are being cut off for safety reasons. Death is inevitable for all of us, and very few get to choose the exact time, place, and circumstance.  
In the Democratic primaries, out of a field of dozens of interesting personalities and positions,  
the Democrats have chosen the most experienced candidate who sounds the most confused on every debate stage thus far.  
Of course, Biden would still be a million times better than Trump on the entire range of policy issues.  
In the meantime, there is not enough coronavirus testing equipment, and Trump sets a terrible example by continuing to shake hands.  
Shake shake shake, shake shake shake, shake this trembling planet even more.

--Eliot Katz, 2020

## The Coronavirus Took My Father

My father was one of the kindest people I've ever known and a great father. A few months after mostly recovering from bronchitis, his lingering cough turned into pneumonia, and the NJ senior center where he was living moved him from his first-floor room to their skilled nursing section on the second floor where they could give him IV antibiotics and nutrients. Because he had been hospitalized a few times before with pneumonia, we did not think it was related to the coronavirus pandemic.

On Monday night around midnight, after listening to my father wheezing in the background while on the phone with staff, I brainstormed possible treatments with his doctor, who nonetheless told me to brace myself—a compassionate but impossible thought. On Tuesday morning at 8am, a nurse from the center called to tell me my father had passed.

Because of the pandemic, my father's funeral was largely virtual, and I was able to speak about my father to extended family via Zoom.

On Friday morning, I got a call from the center's head social worker that began, "don't worry your father is fine, we are just making routine calls to family members." I stopped her and told her she was freaking me out, that my father had passed away days ago, after which she apologized and said she was working from home and didn't know.

Two hours later, my father's doctor called me to extend his condolences and to tell me the results of a swab test they had done with my father on the previous Saturday had just come back, and he had tested positive for Covid-19. The first person I knew taken by the coronavirus turned out to be my father. A few hours later that same Friday, I found out that my late cousin, Bert's, wife, Gail, had just died of the coronavirus, too. Since then, I have heard of two other people I knew, including a Rutgers professor, who have been taken by the newest invisible killer.

What a crazy time to be alive, a time when I could not even go out to mourn my father properly, when Vivian and I wear gloves, masks, and personal ionizer necklaces just to go downstairs to our building's lobby to pick up mail, packages, and groceries that we are these days having delivered, being over 60 with Lyme-weakened immune systems and with medical advice to try avoiding the grocery store and pharmacy if possible. My father was a creative scientist, a supportive spouse for over 60 years to my late Holocaust-survivor mom, a World War II veteran who received medals for volunteering for dangerous mustard-gas defense experiments, an extraordinary expert at intellectual games like checkers, chess, and bridge.

I hope the coronavirus will take a break for the summer heat, and that effective treatments and vaccines will be developed soon. I have also suggested to every peace group I know to propose to the U.N. Security Council and General Assembly a yearlong moratorium on wars and sanctions and a commitment to cut annual military budgets in half to battle the virus—to create protective gear and vastly increase treatment and prevention research--, with each leader who implements sharing a Nobel Peace Prize. I also hope Covid-19 will decide that taking two members of my family will be enough.

## **Dream Song**

Allen Ginsberg sang to me last night in my dreams.  
It was to the tune of his song-poem, "Don't Smoke,"  
which I had seen him sing dozens of times at shows,  
only in my dream he was singing, "don't drink bleach."  
I guess he had seen Trump's coronavirus press conference  
that afternoon, too.

Eliot Katz, 2020

## **When Incompetence Combines with a Deadly Virus**

According to an Intercept article by Sharon Lerner, Robert Kadlec, a top-level supervisor at HHS, denied a request by Rick Bright in his department to arrange with a large manufacturer to begin mass producing N95 protective masks at the earliest stage of the U.S. coronavirus crisis. When Bright kept shopping-cart pushing his advice, he was demoted to a soundproof subsection, from which he later walked out to become a whistleblower. When Trump claimed Obama left the nation's medical shelves empty and was asked why he didn't try to fill them during his three years already in office, Trump stammered about impeachment, unable to offer even a torn cue card of an answer after way too many weekend golf trips, and even blaming Obama for faulty coronavirus test kits, when the virus didn't yet exist during Obama's terms. Too bad for Trump it is so clear he has handled the coronavirus crisis worse than any other world leader, easily seen by looking at the virus paint numbers. Although there was obviously a lot of uncontrollability re this virus, the spread of it throughout the U.S., including U.S. nursing homes, was also undeniably a result of Trump and his administration's denial and incompetence, and I personally place at least partial blame on Trump and Kadlec for my father's Covid nursing home death. Since a president is mostly immune from lawsuits related to presidential duties, consider this poem a moral equivalent of filing a civil lawsuit against Trump and Kadlec and any other federal officials whose neglect allowed the virus to spread more than would have happened with a more competent president and administration and more than has happened in any other country. Could the other Trump officials responsible please raise your hands? In November, if Trump can be prevented from undermining a fair mid-pandemic election, the American people will get a chance to show the world and each other the American heart—whether that heart is more than half-filled with compassion or whether right-wing crazies and callously hardened arteries and heart walls have taken over the larger half of the body of America. I am crossing my worried fingers that America's heart is still a caring one, and that U.S. voters can help make America Trump-Free again.

Eliot Katz, 2020

## **Guess Again**

Who would have guessed  
the most important civil rights protest movement in decades  
would come in the middle of a pandemic?

Eliot Katz, 2020

## Trump and the New Civil Rights Movement

Despite the risk of new coronavirus outbreaks, tens of thousands of brave young people across country and across ethnicities are marching against racism and police brutality, under the main banner of Black Lives Matter, after a brutal murder-by-choking of George Floyd, widely beloved in his home town of Minneapolis and his earlier Houston. National televised marches have put core-earth issues of racial justice on everyone's mental map, and have led to arrests of all four police officers involved—the chief boot choker and three complicit blue-clad accessories. Late nights, a small number of people, mostly white, including some right-wing provocateurs hoping to discredit anti-racist causes, have been looting neighborhood stores against explicit Floyd family requests, after which President Trump issued a sledgehammer call for harsh police repression of protests, not realizing this repression would provide even more solid evidence of protesters' police brutality accusations. Videotapes from across America have shown police cars running into peaceful groups, aiming at journalist eyes with blinding rubber bullets, lines of staggering police wandering into young ralliers with pepper spray pellets and metal batons banging onto vulnerable kneecaps and backs and skulls, pushing a 75-year-old Witness Against Torture human rights advocate in Buffalo head-first onto a head-cracking concrete sidewalk. When rallies reached a park across from White House, Secret Service hid Trump, his wife, and a son in an underground bunker, which Trump later realized made him look weak; so next night, he and Bill Barr ordered mass teargassing of park protesters so Trump could slow-walk toward a fantasy photo op holding up a bible—not his own and upside-down—in front of old St. John's Church, violent military maneuvers the church's own religious leadership vigorously condemned. Hoping to follow 1968 Nixon's electoral path and the behavior of autocratic world leaders he deeply admires, Trump declared himself a Law and Order president, quickly built a wall around the White House to keep public out, and threatened blue state governors to send in military if they didn't begin to “dominate” protesters, an unlawful threat even the current Defense Secretary disavowed for a day—and after which Trump's original Defense Secretary, Jim Mad Dog Mattis, said he'd never seen such a divisive and constitution-threatening leader in his lifetime, an opinion soon supported by other key Republican generals like John Kelly and Colin Powell, at a time during a viral pandemic when nation could use all the healing it could get. Well, I guess one cannot expect healing musical tones from a tone-deaf anti-culture sociopath, and one can only hope that Trump's Law and Order strategy doesn't work today like it did for Nixon in 1968. There have been many new voting generations over five decades—let's hope, especially among the young, there has also been evolutionary support for racial and social justice in America.

Eliot Katz, 2020

## **Tightly Packed Indoor Campaign Events**

President Trump is losing desperate to Biden in every poll so he's starting tightly packed indoor rallies in states where coronavirus numbers are on the rise.

His narcissism has made it unpopular for supporters to wear masks. Anyone who comes close to Trump is tested for Covid, but not so for his supporters, who have to sign a waiver before entering arena or church, promising not to sue Trump campaign if they catch the spreading plague.

How could it be any more obvious that Trump doesn't give a shit about the well-being of his most enthusiastic supporters?

Will he invite those who catch Covid at his campaign stops to play the 18<sup>th</sup> hole with him at Mar-a-Lago?

Eliot Katz 2020

## **How to Deal with Illegal “Law and Order” Tactics**

In Portland, unidentified camouflaged feds have begun kidnapping protesters off the streets, and pulling them into unmarked vans, like they do in dictatorships, but not usually in countries claiming to be democratic nations. Luckily, for the left, Trump has never read any history books, or these nameless thugs, who are even teargassing lines of concerned moms trying to help reduce violence, would probably be disappearing the protesters instead of eventually letting them back onto the streets. No one in America has ever seen Trump’s brand of illegal “law and order” before, federal tactics being challenged in courts by the local and state governments in Portland. So far, Portland’s mayor hasn’t asked me for my suggestions yet, but let me offer them anyway—have your police arrest the kidnappers and bring them to Portland’s local holding cells, and hold them overnight until they can prove, with federal assurance, that these really are law enforcement employees and not simply uniform-wearing thugs. Then publish the names of those who were arrested and watch their vans drive out of town as quickly as possible. If they drive above the speed limit, give them speeding tickets.

Eliot Katz, 2020



## Crashing the Limits of Democracy

Incapable of empathy, when interviewer Jonathan Swan mentions that 1,000 are dying each day from coronavirus Donald Trump can only shrug and say, “it is what it is,” as he then hands Swan four-color charts that his staff have given him to make the case that his administration has handled the pandemic well, only Trump needs Swan to try to make sense of these incomprehensible, if well-made charts. When Trump says there are books and manuals that show what a good job he has done, Swan asks, “What books? What manuals?” to a silent response. Trump also tells Swan that he has done more for Black Americans than anyone except Abraham Lincoln, which proves that Trump has certainly not read any American history books and has probably barely heard of Martin Luther King, Rosa Parks, Malcolm X, Fannie Lou Hamer, the Underground Railroad. Reading off a teleprompter, Trump is unable to pronounce Yosemite National Park and moves on after two unsuccessful tries. But it is when he tosses out the possibility of postponing the November presidential election that even his Republican sycophants exclaim that he has now gone a bullet too far into the heart of democracy, that a presidential election has never been postponed before, and won’t be this time even if the head of their party is a wanna-be dictator whose lies they are afraid to correct and whose crimes they are afraid to prosecute. Instead, they will just go along with Trump in trying to sabotage the election undermine mail-in voting so that people will be afraid to risk their lives at crowded polls during a pandemic, throw voters off registration rosters so that legitimate Democratic votes won’t be counted, have Trump supporters go around to collect petition signatures for a third-party Kanye West campaign to try to siphon Black votes away from Biden, teargas peaceful protesters to create chaos and then claim to be the only candidate who can calm the chaos. In 1999 Seattle, the chant at the WTO protests was “this is what democracy looks like!” and now we are seeing a clear picture of what the end of democracy would look like. When Donald Trump and his father were sued for racial discrimination in housing, did Donald know that his father had once been arrested wearing a KKK hood? Is that why Donald praised KKK and neo-Nazi marchers in Charlottesville for being “very fine people” because they reminded him of his father, in a portrait that would very well match the description in his niece, Mary’s new book? When Jonathan Swan pressed Trump to explain what he meant when he said he might not accept the results of the 2020 election, Donald hemmed and hawed, but never really gave an answer. Apparently, it is difficult to be clear when one is trying to end a dream of democracy.

Eliot Katz, 2020

## Dear Kamala Harris

Dear Kamala Harris, congrats on being chosen to be the VP on the 2020 Democratic Party ticket. I made my first small donation to the Biden-Harris campaign this evening, partly because your initial email announcement highlighted Donald Trump as a serial predator, which I don't think has been noted nearly often enough, either by Democratic candidates or mainstream media. Because I'm afraid this is likely to be another 50/50 election, in part because of dirty Trump campaign tricks—including weakening the post office, removing names from voter rolls, getting petitions signed in swing states for Kanye West, provoking violence by his supporters--, I wanted to offer two suggestions for the campaign, which I have previously sent to the Biden campaign's main email address. First, keep emphasizing that Donald Trump has been accused of sexual misconduct and assault, from self-admitted groping to rape, by dozens of women. E. Jean Carroll's civil suit against Trump for rape was just allowed by a NY court to move forward. When Donald Trump insults you or calls Biden, Sleepy Joe, your campaign should begin calling Trump, Rapist Donald, or Predator Donald. Repeatedly mention E. Jean Carroll's lawsuit and pressure Trump to turn over a DNA sample to see if it will match the sample she has kept all these years. There's a compelling book—have you read it?—*All the President's Women: Donald Trump and the Making of a Predator*. I suggest holding this book up continually at political events, whether in person or on Zoom, in hopes that highlighting Trump's history as a sexual predator might draw away even a few percent of the evangelical Christian vote needed to beat Trump in the electoral college. Secondly, highlight Trump's terrible job handling the coronavirus pandemic by saying that many in the U.S. are now calling the pandemic “the Trump virus.” This is true; look online. This would likely drive Trump to say something nuts in response, and also accurately portray how Trump's anti-science incompetence has made our country the one most affected by the virus in terms of deaths and chronic long-haul illnesses per population—including my own father's coronavirus death in a NJ nursing home in late March. I hope these suggestions will reach you and that you will consider them. With thanks for (hopefully) listening, Eliot Katz, poet. P.S. When talking about Trump's anti-science views, please remember to mention his refusal to enact policies to slow climate change, which threatens all life on the planet, and is already responsible for more extreme weather events and maybe more new viruses.

--Eliot Katz, 2020

## **In the Words of His Sister**

It is good to know that Donald Trump's sister, Maryanne Trump Barry, a long-serving federal Reagan-appointed judge, who has known Donald longer than anyone alive on the planet, confirms on audiotape some of the things I have been writing these last few years, that Donald is a cruel, lying, non-reading, unprepared phony who only cares about himself. In her words, "holy shit." I hope Biden and Harris will quote her relentlessly in the coming months.

--Eliot Katz, 2020

## **Trump Tries to Start a New Civil War**

I don't know whether Trump will succeed, but it is clear that he is trying to start a new civil war, largely based on his foundational racist beliefs and his win or destroy the country view of the upcoming election. After praising his supporters for riding into Portland to shoot civil rights protesters with paint balls and tasers, Trump excuses the shooting of Jacob Blake in Kenosha, Wisconsin, by saying the cop who shot Blake seven times in the back probably just choked like a golfer missing a putt, and he then also makes excuses for a 17-year-old white terrorist who drove a half-hour with a rifle to kill protesters, which he did, out of his misguided love for Trump and the police. When Trump visited Kenosha, Wisconsin, he refused to talk with the father of Jacob Blake because the family wanted a lawyer on the phone, and Trump surely realized he wanted to say some terribly racist and dehumanizing things he would be unable to deny or lie with a lawyer as a phone witness. Instead, Trump told a different lie, saying he spoke to Jacob Blake's family pastor, after which Jacob's father said they don't have a family pastor. For Trump, "law and order" is a phony phrase he thinks will help him win like Nixon did in 1968, and it only means for Trump that his opponents ought to be silenced or jailed and his supporters ought to have free reign to drive the streets locked and loaded, ready to shoot any Trump opponents who are not quick enough to avoid flying orange bullets. This is obviously another new low for an American president in my lifetime. For the election campaign, Trump tells what the Nazis called Big Lies, which are believed by more people than small lies, while the Democrats use soft critique, as if they are playing on two different fields, one team playing hard ball and the other team softball—leaving unmentioned Trump's history of sexual assaults, including rape, of working with Russian mob, of his own sister on audiotape calling Donald a liar without any principles. In a just world, this election ought to be over already, and Trump ought to be the one in jail, which still might happen if he loses this presidential bid, one reason he is willing to do anything to win, including the crime of urging people in North Carolina to vote twice, once by mail and once in person, and even provoking another U.S. civil war, over 150 years after the original, perhaps another reason he keeps ridiculously comparing himself to Abraham Lincoln.

--Eliot Katz, 2020

## Whose Side Is God On?

In an attempt to keep his evangelical Christian voters, Donald Trump says that Joe Biden winning the presidency would hurt God. Do evangelical voters really believe that a 77-year-old guy obviously past his physical prime could injure a being they consider omniscient and omnipotent? What did Trump's evangelical voters think of Trump's implying such divine weakness, or when he had peaceful protesters across the street from the White House teargassed and hit with batons so that Trump could stroll over and hold up a bible upside-down in front of an historic church? Does God approve of teargassing peaceful protesters or of a sociopathic politician holding up a bible that wasn't even his own for a quick publicity photo? As Trump argues for the risk of fraud when it comes to mail-in voting, except in Florida where he knows he will need the mail-in votes of Republican seniors, would God vote in person, if she or he could, during a highly contagious pandemic? Advice columnist, E. Jean Carroll, has just won a New York court case allowing her to proceed with her civil suit against Trump for rape—do religious Christians really believe that Jesus would approve of a candidate accused by dozens of women of a range of sexual assaults from self-admitted groping to rape? Everything I've read in the Old and New Testaments, from the Golden Rule to Jesus's preaching of compassion and mercy, argues against the malicious selfishness of Trumpian far-right-wing policies, whether economic, ecological, or racist; or when it comes to his desire to build a new generation of Earth-destructive nukes. As a longtime activist and atheist, I believe that I know what God would want better than most evangelicals, and it sure as hell or no-hell isn't Trump.

Eliot Katz, 2020

## Notes from E. Katz's Behavioral Crimes Unit

After having read a dozen books about Donald Trump in the last few months, plus a lot of journalistic articles, there is one question I can't quite figure out, partly because of differing opinions of family members, former friends, former members of his White House staff, and different experts in various fields—whether Trump is a sociopath or a psychopath, or whether he could be both. In a book penned by psychiatrists who usually honor APA guidelines and avoid diagnosing public figures they have not personally examined, most contributors agree on calling Trump a “malignant narcissist,” with some adding other psych disorder labels as well. In the book by Mary Trump, Donald's psychologist niece, subtitled how her family created the world's most dangerous man, she describes how Donald learned early from his wealthy landlord father, sometimes via teaching and sometimes by example, to be a selfish, cruel, and immoral liar, with no core principles, who would care only about “winning,” about how to advance himself; and also learned to be a sometimes overt and sometimes covert racist and anti-Semite. In his book, *Disloyal*, Michael Cohen, Trump's ex-lawyer and fixer, writes that Donald was so racist he once hired a black man who looked a little like Barack Obama just so Trump could yell at him: “you're fired,” the trademark line of his TV show, *The Apprentice*, and also that Trump thought South Africa was better during the years of racist apartheid before Nelson Mandela was released from prison. Cohen paints Donald as a pathological liar and con man, whether cheating on his taxes, which he still refuses to show the American public, even after the NY Times has discovered he paid nothing in federal income taxes for most of the last twenty years, or exaggerating that same wealth to secure bank loans or impress financial magazines, while also stiffing countless contractors who did work for one of his companies. When it came to Donald cheating on Melania, and Michael Cohen arranging payoffs to Stormy Daniels and Karen McDougal to avoid the sinful news getting out to heartfelt Christian evangelicals before the 2016 presidential election, Donald callously told Cohen he didn't care much if Melania ever found out and left him, that it would be easy to find another wife with his wealth and celebrity.

Reader, if this were a TV detective show like *Criminal Minds*, which one or more psychological labels or family traits do you think would explain Trump's tearing immigrant families apart and putting kids in cages? Which disorder or learned family behavior could explain Trump's serial sexual assaults, including rape, according to accusations by over two dozen women, as described in *All the President's Women: Donald Trump and the Making of a Predator*? How explain environmental deregulations from a nation's top leader to allow more poisons dumped into air and water? Which psych disorder could explain Trump saying there were “very fine people” among the neo-Nazis and KKKers marching with torches in Charlottesville or his defending a 17-year-old racist, Kyle Rittenhouse, shooting Black Lives Matter protesters with a semi-automatic rifle in Kenosha, Wisconsin?

Which label or family-taught trait might explain his vast ignorance of American history and Constitution law and his criticism of the brilliant people's historian, Howard Zinn, who Trump's friends admit that Trump has probably never even read?

Is there a psychiatric condition that causes a person to paint his face the color of an orange moon?

How explain a president who claims to be a "law and order" president running the most lawless administration and campaign teams since Nixon?

Which labels or traits explain Trump's willingness to believe Putin and other world authoritarians against his own intelligence agencies, or his contradictory stance of praising an increased military budget even as he calls America's soldiers killed in war "losers" and "suckers"?

Is there an anti-science disorder that could underlie Trump's decision to look directly at the sun during a solar eclipse despite warnings about potential blindness?

Which family-learned trait could explain the wild combovers Cohen writes that Trump does daily to cover up his hair transplant surgery-mistake scars?

And his claiming, according to the NY Times, \$70,000 in tax deductions for hair stylists during the TV filming of Apprentice?

Is there a name for the psychological obsession that causes Trump to enjoy golden showers from Las Vegas to Moscow?

How explain the strange ways he talks about his own daughter's looks, or how the NY Times discovered that Ivanka was probably paid illegally as an outside consultant while also an inside salaried Trump company exec?

What, along with pathological lying, underlies his claiming multi-million dollar profits one year on his presidential disclosure form while claiming a loss that very same year on his IRS tax return?

Which psych label or daddy-learned trait could possibly explain Trump's repeated lying to the American public about the dangers of the coronavirus, leading to a major pandemic mishandling that has already caused over 200,000 American deaths, a fifth of the world's virus death count?

What psychiatric disorder allows him to rationalize his legal efforts to strip away the ACA health insurance of millions of Americans during a pandemic?

And his unwillingness to offer an alternative to the ACA, which Trump says he has long held folded in his pocket?

And his willingness to continue holding crowded campaign events, after which he tells reporters he does not have health concerns about these forums because he is standing so far away, with no expressed concern at all about his audience, some of whom are bound to get sick.

One former Republican presidential candidate, Herman Cain, died of the coronavirus just a few weeks after attending one of these Trump rallies.

And when a reporter asks him if he is going to do something to recognize the 200,000 pandemic deaths, Trump just turns away and says, "next question."

Which psych label or family trait can clarify how the Washington Post has been able to identify over 20,000 public Trump lies as of July 2020?

How explain Trump's boasting to Bob Woodward that he has built a new generation of powerful nukes that no other country yet knows about?

Is there a psych label or father-learned trait that could easily explain some unknown level of desire to be able to destroy all life on Earth with bombs?

What explains Trump's unique historical unwillingness to promise a peaceful transition of power if he loses the upcoming election?

Would that be the same label or trait that inspires his willingness to have peaceful protesters attacked by tear gas and police batons so that Trump could stroll across a DC street for a quick bible-holding photo-op against the wishes of an historic church?

Michael Cohen says that Trump told him many times that he is pro-choice—how then explain Trump's willingness to stack federal courts with anti-choice judges solely to maintain a personal hold on power?

How explain his denial of climate change, in the midst of increasing national fires and floods, knowing even his grandchildren will surely be affected?

What explains a solid 40% of the American public supporting him, while author, Michael Wolff, says he couldn't find a single person working in the West Wing who believed Trump was fit to be President?

Actually, I'm not sure whether all professionals agree on the difference between a sociopath and a psychopath,

since neither are defined in the psychiatric profession's main DSM-5 handbook.

But according to some sites on the internet, there are many behavioral characteristics both have in common,

familiar to Americans who have watched TV shows or movies like *Criminal Minds* or *Silence of the Lambs*:

a broken sense of right and wrong, an easy willingness to lie for personal gain, an inability to understand or feel empathy for other people's pain.

Among the differences, according to WebMD, psychopaths have even less of a conscience than sociopaths, who can have a little.

Psychopaths are often cold and calculating, while sociopaths can be hot-headed and act out of stress or anger.

Psychopaths are better than sociopaths at playing along in social situations and pretending to be normal, caring, and even charming.

In the end, reader. does it really matter whether Trump is a sociopath or a psychopath?

Can he be both, sometimes lying or acting viciously out of anger, and sometimes out of cold long-thought calculation?

Does it matter whether cruelty was birthed in his genes or brought up in his family training?

Does it matter which psych labels or family traits motivated Trump to seek public office where he could damage the life of millions outside of his small circle of friends?

Reader, does it really matter which psych label would be responsible for the terrible re-shaping of Planet Earth if Trump is able,

with the help of Republican voter-suppression efforts, to steal four more presidential years?

--Eliot Katz, 2020



## **VP Pence, How Observant Are You? Or Questions I Wish Had Been Asked at the VP Debate**

Vice President Pence, how good of an observer are you?—was a question I wish had been asked of Mike Pence at his debate with Kamala Harris.

Why don't you realize there has been a fly in your hair for over two minutes?

How can a President and Vice President claim to be a law and order administration when they refuse to follow the simple rules of speaking during a debate only when it's their turn?

Why haven't you released your long-promised health care plan after four years now?  
And if the West Coast fires require forest management, where have you been when 60 percent of the forests are owned by the federal government?

How do you explain Trump spreading Covid this week even among his closest staff and supporters, with no apparent concern for anyone's health but his own?  
And won't climate change affect the lives of your own children and grandchildren?

Lastly, how does a religious person like you support a President who has been accused of sexual assault by over two dozen women, from groping which he admitted on tape, to rape? Or paying off women to be quiet with whom he had extramarital affairs?

How observant are you, Vice President Pence, in both senses of that word?

Eliot Katz, 2020

## Superman or Superspreader?

After the President caught the coronavirus, with most people in the country, whatever their politics, wishing him better health, Trump could have improved his national likability by displaying some humility; and some empathy for those hundreds of thousands of grieving families who have lost a loved one

to the pandemic; or who have a long-haul sufferer in their home trying to figure out how to improve their scarred lungs, bruised heart, or brain health. But having learned from his father that illness looks weak, Trump hid as much info as he could from the American public, and there was never a sliver of empathy in his heart to be found.

After getting a range of top-flight treatments, including experimental monoclonal antibodies that I hope will soon become more widely available, Trump decided that he wanted to play Superman, and took joyrides and photo-ops, both at the hospital and in the White House, without any concern for the health of anyone nearby.

Because of Trump's secrecy, nobody knows when he last tested negative, nor when he became contagious, nor what was shown on his lung x-rays. He may even have been contagious when he shared the debate stage with Joe Biden, a night when Trump and his family showed up late on purpose to avoid getting a Covid test,

and when his family refused to wear masks the Cleveland Clinic required. At one point after being released from the hospital, Trump walked onto the White House balcony twice, pretending to wave to supporters, but really hoping, juiced up on steroids, that he take off and fly like Superman. Unfortunately, his out-of-breath feet were stuck,

whereupon Trump decided instead to become Superspreader, walking through the White House, inside and out, and yelling in every direction at the top of his voice, adding another layer of public madness to his pre-existing madness, trying to see how many of his family, staff, donors, advisers, secret service, and generals he could infect,

which turned out to be quite a lot. In the end, most Americans decided it was simply too difficult to feel added sympathy for a guy who refused to follow his own scientists' guidelines, despite having access to some of the best doctors and technology in the world. As more of his staff and supporters had to self-quarantine for 14 days, with a few

hospitalized with no updates on how they were doing, it became clear that Trump's only chance of election victory would be widespread Republican voter-suppression efforts. Whatever one thinks of Joe Biden, it would be difficult to imagine a president with more psych disorders than Trump, with or without steroids or the coronavirus.

--Eliot Katz, 2020