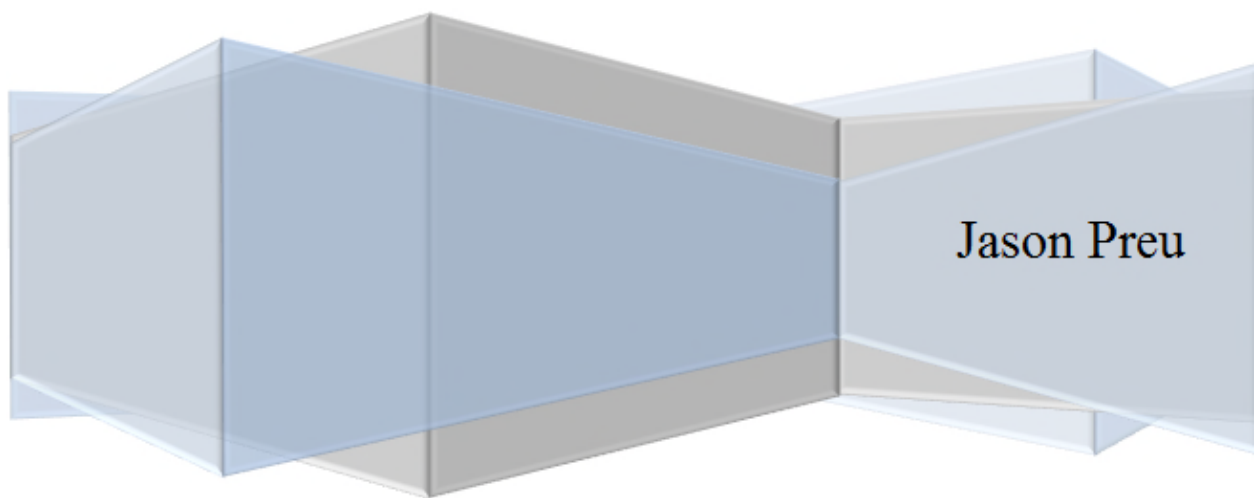


America Hates You, America

A poem





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Americans, like human beings everywhere, believe many things that are obviously untrue. Their most destructive untruth is that it is very easy for any American to make money. They will not acknowledge how in fact hard money is to come by, and, therefore, those who have no money blame and blame and blame themselves. This inward blame has been a treasure for the rich and powerful, who have had to do less for their poor, publicly and privately, than any other ruling class since, say Napoleonic times. Many novelties have come from America. The most startling of these, a thing without precedent, is a mass of undignified poor. They do not love one another because they do not love themselves.

— Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse-Five*

In America, anyone can become president. That's the problem.

— George Carlin

America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.

— Allen Ginsberg

America, the plum blossoms are falling.

— Allen Ginsberg

Make America great again.

-Donald J. Trump

What Patriot wrote that shit?

— Allen Ginsberg



Memo

To: America
From: America
CC: The Future
Date: 8/29/2016
Re: Hating you

America hates you so much, America.

America will never be deep purple, only something like the grey-green tainted waters of the GNP.

America will never understand you, America, because America hates you, America.

America is a little sorry, a little sad, and a little surprised by this.

America hates your privilege, America, and your incompetence, too.

America hates your impossible dream, America; your loud, lonely, looming, threat of a dream.

America hates just getting along, America. America wants to get ahead, America, way ahead, so far ahead it can watch its own ass saunter down Main Street in some sweet, black, party pants, America.

America, America, America continues to be stuck in traffic while soft clouds whisper grey overtures overhead overall, America, America.

America wants to get all its tattoos of you removed by Lazlo Hollyfed-level lasers, America, or overwritten with something less complicated than you, America - maybe a black hole?

America hates thieves and liars, America, and its ministry of time travel has no hope of roping in Mick Jagger to paint a black solution to the problem of you.

What America needs is more money/less money/no money/new money/old money!

America knows that checks and balances is code for cash in politics, America, and so America hates.

Even the first peoples, the Americans before you, America, well, America hates you with a particular and peculiar and persistent malice. Yes, America hates all of you, America. Don't think you can hide behind Will Smith and Mr. T., America.

America hates your fly-over places and your cloistered-in concrete spaces and your OMG!, flip-flopping, hard-working, hip-hopping faces, America.

America can no longer tolerate your Facebook feed, America, so get your Kleenex ready when America unfriends you, America. One click and it's done and you won't even get an e-mail notification.

America's new faith is convenience, America, though at night, behind closed doors, America knows it hates ease and comfort along with everything else truly American, America.

America hates watching you on reality TV, America, and America thinks you are ignorant and undeserving and spoiled and rotten to the very core, America.

America wants you to be better, to know better, and to treat everyone better, America. Why won't you, America? America wants to know why you, America, don't. Can't you, America? Why can't you, America?

America hates your broken right and frightened left and walled-off top and forgotten bottom, America.

America hates and mistrusts your applications, America, and the black-mirror storefronts beckoning for spare change, fighting for dulled, red eyeballs in Ritalin-suffused dead nights. America can no longer control America's bowels, America, and America needs America's help after sucking down beer and BBQ and Dorito after Dorito, America, America, Doritos and America, such a greasy pair; America hates it all with a delicious, orange, powdery rage.

America is the judge, America, and America is the jury, America, and you betcher red, white, and blue BOMB POPS! that America is the executioner, too. America hates that, America.

America would rather process be due like a library book so it can fine your always-late ass to oblivion. Truly, America hates wearing so many hats and being so many things to so many people. Hates it, America. Just wants to be one thing, America. Great again, America! But

America hates greatness and gratefulness, too, and don't even mention intellect or science or faith or love or moral truths that bite and leave marks to prove they were there.

America hates the new you and the old you and the now you, America - all at the same time! Tell America how such paradoxes are even possible, America. Speak to America, America, of your magical powers and your mythical, mystical essence.

Spin America an American Fievel Tail of days past fueled by blood and germs and steel, the good ol' days with those good ol' boys never meaning no harm since they day America was born, America. Trouble with the law, America. And how. How do.

Hate how. America, hates how you do so famously, America, that America is going to amend your Constitution, America, going to amend it 40 more times over 40 long days until there is one final amendment with these words:

“No New Amendments for America Hates You. This document is complete and right and forever impervious to America, America. This Amendment, as is, now stands quiet in the uncut swamp grass that probes from the Disney dust corners of the Oval Office, stewing and simmering like green meat under red heat.”

America hates – won't stand for – your protest poems, America. Not since 1997. And surely without bookstores America makes known to America that yer furry, ragged howls ain't welcome 'round these parts no more no how.

America hates seeing its best minds destroyed by sadness, America, raving bored through your meaningless streets, America, bath salts and Big Gulps, tattooed and tongue-tied. America begs you for answers, America, but all you have these days are questions and shiny distractions, which America hates about you, America, hates so hard.

America hates your blackness, America, and your yellowness and brownness and redness, too. And let's be honest, America, America hates your blank, quiet whiteness. Hates it. Unless your whiteness is a chewy center wrapped around by lush, green silks, America hates you, America.

You read that at the start, America, but it bears repeating way down here, too.
America hates, yes, truly abhors, your fired, your poor, all your huddled masses, masses of any
type, truly, truly, America, America. America smirks and refuses to open its golden door to
anymore tempest-tost wretched masses, America.

You might be a star tonight, America, so let that camera roll.

You're the red, white and blue, America.

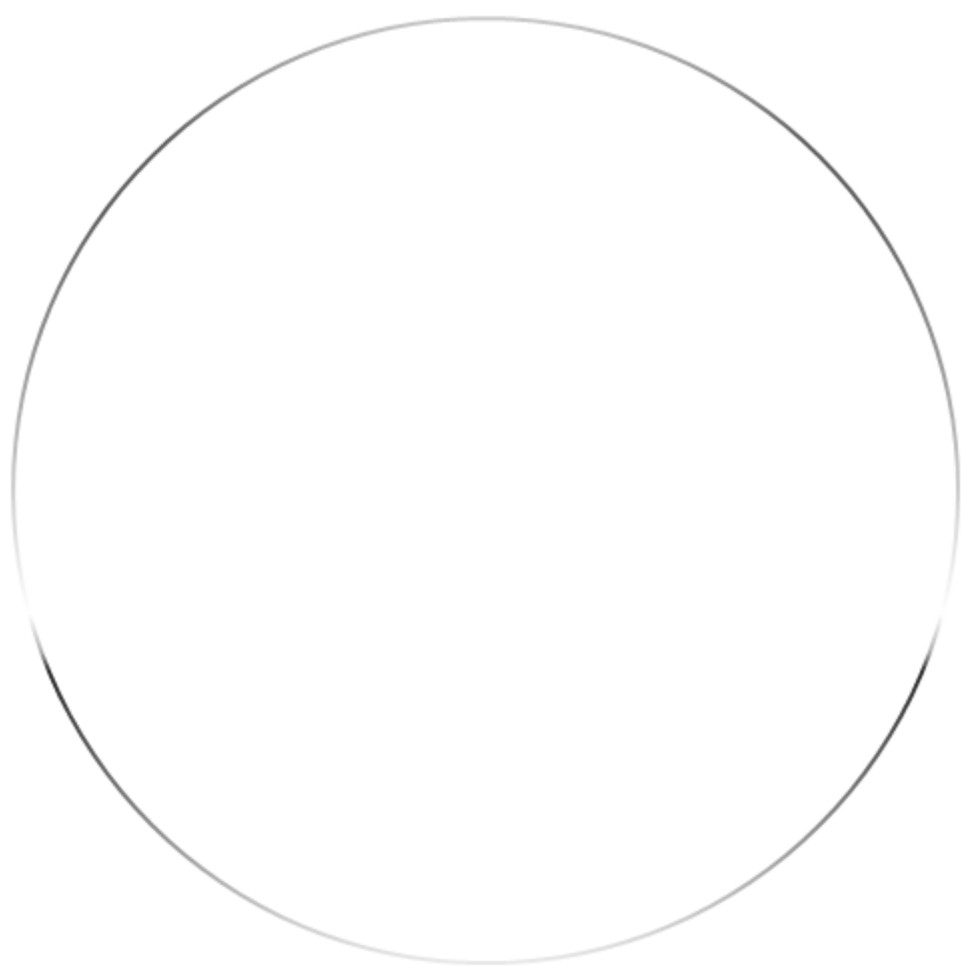
Oh the funnyfunnyfunny things you do, America.

America,

America,

America...

What are you?



Bleeding White

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW Washington, D.C. 20500 (202)-456-1111 whitehouse@aol.com

America wonders, America. In 1776, in 1492, in 1945, in 1865, in 2001, America wonders. In 2125, America wonders whether it will ever love again, will America recover its passion for fecund flora and fauna and find fascination flowing down artificially-intelligent freeways. Like our nanobot-filtered storm waters, America wonders when and where this will end. Where can it end? It cannot end, for America is destined and America has manifested such spacious skies, such hearty grains, such purple...no...there are no longer purples are there America? No purples left for mountains or any things of majesties. No things of majesties left, America. Does your hope and future lie within the black mirror, beyond the mindful ticking stopwatch of your helicopter parents?

Professional Experience

- America has so many questions for you, America. Lend her your ears and some bitcoin for she no longer keeps any change in her pocket going jang-a-lang-a-lang.
- When did you last call for low bridges way down yonder?
- And from what avian avatar did fall the feather in your hat? (And what cold, dead macaroni?)
- And which of your keys scoot frantically across the locks of your greenbrownblue tomorrows, America?
- America has only one name left for you, America, only one signifier and that is: America.
- You are destiny, America, and this America knows, America predicted, America engineered from the bowels of Babylonian best practices and C.O.R.E. values.
- Though you have not let her down, America still hates you, America. Now, you are left to wonder why, America.
- America supposed this all started in Jamestown, America. All of this. Croatans, be damned.
- Yet some nights, when the stars twinkle ever-so-gracefully, and with a half-eaten bag of Oreos in its lap, America wonders if all this really started in the way way wayback along the open borders of that beautiful toll-free Bering Bridge.
- America could see Russia from there, America, and America could see the future, too, an ice-aged Cassandra with frozen tears trying to stay warm draped with the latest in Betsy Ross...America could see Russia from there, by God, by Country, by Almighty Dollar, by Tea Party, by No New Taxes, by Greed is Good and now America wants to know: where are the funds it needs to repair that beautiful, decrepit Bering Bridge, America?
- America can remember a time when America had an answer to that question, America. America thinks America may have been able to answer that question in a metered rhyme over an 808 drumbeat. America remembers being that funky fresh, that damned hype.
- But now America wonders by what good greed comes a sturdier bridge?
- The Devil or destitution?

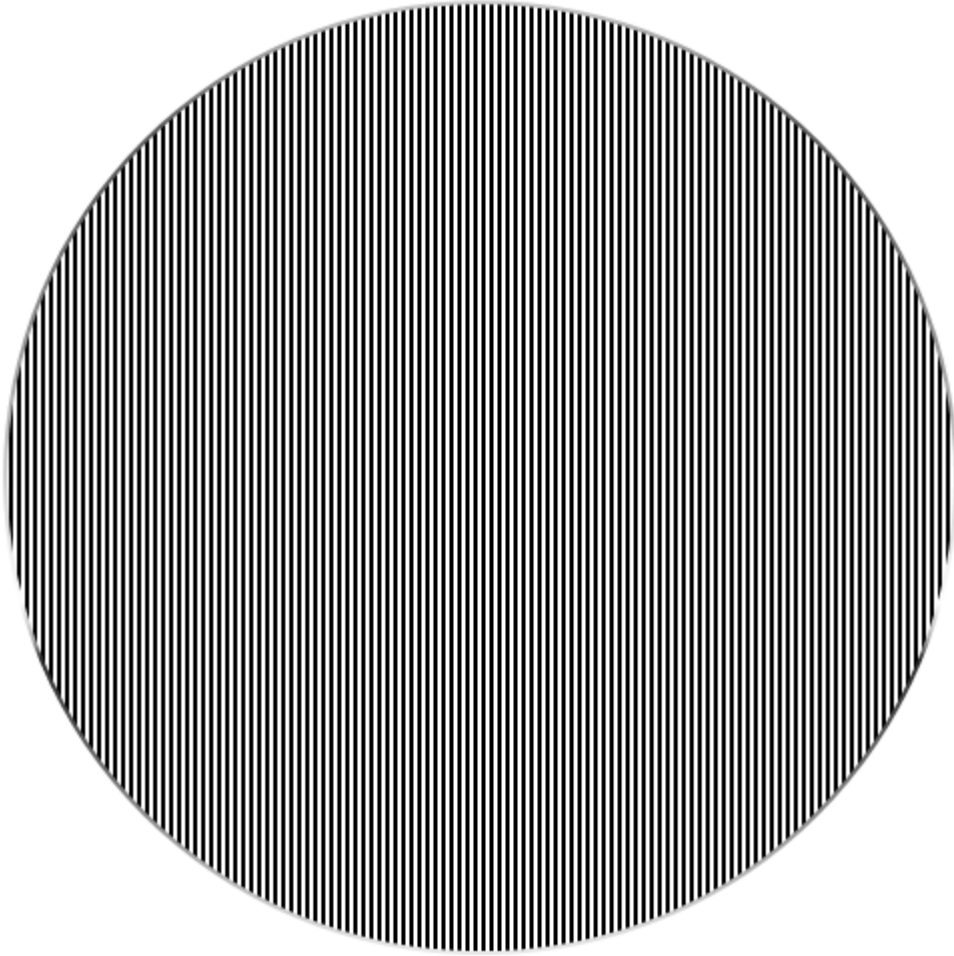
- But now, America watches America run fingers through its thinning hair, longing for powdered, white power wigs and Revolution; sweet, blood-soaked revolution.
- Goddamn, America. You make America proud. Proud to be an American, American, where at least America knows it's free, at least, at least for a small, lifetime tribute paid bi-weekly to companies U, S, and A.

Education

- And though all this seems like one ridiculous volley, America...one infinite jest meant to grab forever laughs like Homie the Clown ordering hot wings at Chez Whitey, America has news for you, America: America don't play dat.
- America is drivin' and cryin' and hootin' and hollerin' and hatin' all the way, America.
- You are not entitled to the world, America, despite your Mantra of Bloody Acquisitions.
- America needed white monuments and pristine fingernails and high-fidelity speakers blasting freedom rock from Riker's Island to Alcatraz, where Michael Keaton learned to fly, America, and where you begged, America, you begged to dance with pale Devils under a black cherry moon.

Additional Skills

- Then lightening and liberty, America.
- Then oui gifts from a loving son, America.
- Then a tropical blindfold, swarmed by mosquitos, America.
- Then fire and dust and first response, America.
- Then a blissful, binary haze, America, America.
- Then a long tail and a cold drink while the storm clouds gathered.
- Then a new breath reciting a final, feral, wonderful prayer meant to hold all the flood waters at bay.





T.P.S. REPORT

C O V E R S H E E T

Prepared By: Feeling Blue Date: 11/8/2020

Device/Program Type: Constitutional Republic

Product Code: 4.8.1516-2342 Customer: www.opensecrets.org/pacs/toppacs.php

Vendor: America

Due Date: 7/4/3121 Data Loss: 461% over 8 years

Test Date: 7/4/1776 Target Run Date: 1/21/2010

Program Run Time: 244 years Reference Guide: Magna Carta

Program Language: Queen's English Number of Error Messages: 23

Comments: Can you breathe underwater, America?

Are you covered in chlorine dreams of a middle-class disquiet, sitting at the bottom of your bluer-than-blue sky, neighborhood pool?

Your children's children's children are filled with holes and crying.

You should not soothe them, America, and you should not take away their toys. Tell them to suck it up and act like an American, America. Body holes are as American as fried apple pie.

But your children plot a grand ol' mutiny, America. A thing with fireworks and fireflies and firestorms and firewalls and firebrands and firestarters and oh such welcome heat and light.

A thing where everyone remembers your name, America, and what you could have done, who you might have chosen, the words you might have read at your lush funeral.

Who could speak about America more fondly, more confidently, more truthfully than you,

America? How we all wish to deliver our own eulogy; to wax with such pain about losing ourselves; to create, only a day or two after hearing the news, a tear-jerking PowerPoint filled with your smilingest images? Who? Who else but you, America?

America hates you, America. With bared, gritted teeth, bulging veins across its Rocky forehead, from sea to shining sea, America hates you, America.

Are you afraid yet, America? Are you lonely? Are you lonesome? Are you alone? Are you filled with aches and pains? Can you hear America now?

Are you happy, America? Are you pleased? Are you tickled? Are you remembering things properly or is your Lipitor acting up again?

Are you there, America? It's me, America.

America is here, America. Are you listening, America? America is here...singing the blues, shouting from across the picket line, sweeping up your leavin's, securing your shores, sewing your shirts, and screaming your name: AMERICA!

America the Grrrrreat!

America the Good!

America the Ghost, the Ghosted, the Ghostbusted, exorcised by a RealVenkmantick, obsessing over the language used for these shiny, new, spiraling rites.

Where are the words, America? All these words, America. What is this world, America if all possible worlds and holy rivers forever lead to you, America?

America hates that sometimes, though slow and agonizing, America actually works - God, America hates it something fierce when America is right, America. So for America's sake, stop getting it right sometimes, America.

America, America, America hates you, America, and, America, buff, beautiful, and bitchin' America, America scrambles in all directions, scrambles to get in front of you, to get above you, scrambles to get into the holy rivers before you, America, just to, in so many polluted, flooded words! just to tell you, in so many colorful, weird, whispering, winding words! just to hate you, America!

America has to hate you, America, you lovely contradiction baptized in the holy rivers, in the pained profit plantations, in the blessed, bland boardrooms, in the immaculate split-levels; cannot but hate you, America, because everything you are is everything you are and because every beautiful and broken thing you are shall not perish from this blue, blessed earth.

C O N F I D E N T I A L

Kansas City, Missouri – May-August, 2016



FIRST NAME	LAST NAME	IN OFFICE	State	Age elected	NICKNAME
George	Washington	1789-97	VA	57	"Father of His Country"
John	Adams	1797-1801	MA	61	"Atlas of Independence"
Thomas	Jefferson	1801-1809	VA	57	"Man of the People"
James	Madison	1809-1817	VA	57	"Father of the Constitution"
James	Monroe	1817-1825	VA	58	"The Last Cocked Hat"
John Quincy	Adams	1825-1829	MA	57	"Old Man Eloquent"
Andrew	Jackson	1829-1837	SC	61	"Old Hickory"
Martin	Van Buren	1837-1841	NY	54	"The Red Fox of Kinderhook"
William H.	Harrison	1841	VA	68	"Old Tippecanoe"
John	Tyler	1841-1845	VA	51	"Accidental President"
James K.	Polk	1845-1849	NC	49	"Young Hickory"
Zachary	Taylor	1849-1850	VA	64	"Old Rough & Ready"
Millard	Fillmore	1850-1853	NY	50	"The American Louis Philippe"
Franklin	Pierce	1853-1857	NH	48	"Young Hickory of the Granite Hills"
James	Buchanan	1857-1861	PA	65	"Old Buck"
Abraham	Lincoln	1861-1865	KY	52	"Honest Abe"
Andrew	Johnson	1865-1869	NC	56	-none-
Ulysses S.	Grant	1869-1877	OH	46	"Hero of Appomattox"
Rutherford B.	Hayes	1877-1881	OH	54	"Dark-Horse President"
James A.	Garfield	1881	OH	49	-none-
Chester A.	Arthur	1881-1885	VT	50	"Elegant Arthur"
Grover	Cleveland	1885-1889	NJ	47	-none-
Benjamin	Harrison	1889-1893	OH	55	"Little Ben"
Grover	Cleveland	1893-1897	NJ	55	-none-
William	McKinley	1897-1901	OH	54	"Idol of Ohio"
Theodore	Roosevelt	1901-1909	NY	42	"Teddy"
William H.	Taft	1909-1913	OH	51	-none-
Woodrow	Wilson	1913-1921	VA	56	"Schoolmaster in Politics"
Warren G.	Harding	1921-1923	OH	55	-none-
Calvin	Coolidge	1923-1929	VT	51	"Silent Cal"
Herbert	Hoover	1929-1933	IA	54	-none-
Franklin D.	Roosevelt	1933-1945	NY	51	"FDR"
Harry	Truman	1945-1953	MO	60	"Give 'Em Hell Harry"
Dwight D.	Eisenhower	1953-1961	TX	62	"Ike"
John F.	Kennedy	1961-1963	MA	43	"JFK"
Lyndon B.	Johnson	1963-1969	TX	55	"LBJ"
Richard M.	Nixon	1969-1974	CA	56	-none-
Gerald R.	Ford	1974-1977	NE	61	"Jerry"
James E.	Carter	1977-1981	GA	52	"Jimmy"
Ronald	Reagan	1981-1989	IL	69	"The Gipper"
George	Bush	1989-1993	MA	64	"Poppy"
William Jefferson	Clinton	1993-2001	AK		"Bill"
George	Bush	2001-2009	TX	54	"W"
Barack	Obama	2009-2017	HI	47	"Barry"

CORPORATION	Country	FOREIGN ASSETS (in Millions of Dollars)	TOTAL ASSETS (in Millions of Dollars)
General Electric Co	United States	331 160	656 560
Royal Dutch Shell plc	United Kingdom	301 898	357 512
Toyota Motor Corporation	Japan	274 380	403 088
Exxon Mobil Corporation	United States	231 033	346 808
Total SA	France	226 717	238 870
BP plc	United Kingdom	202 899	305 690
Vodafone Group Plc	United Kingdom	182 837	202 763
Volkswagen Group	Germany	176 656	446 555
Chevron Corporation	United States	175 736	253 753
Eni SpA	Italy	141 021	190 125
Enel SpA	Italy	140 396	226 006
Glencore Xstrata PLC	Switzerland	135 080	154 932
Anheuser-Busch InBev NV	Belgium	134 549	141 666
EDF SA	France	130 161	353 574
Nestlé SA	Switzerland	124 730	129 969
E.ON AG	Germany	124 429	179 988
GDF Suez	France	121 402	219 759
Deutsche Telekom AG	Germany	120 350	162 671
Apple Computer Inc	United States	119 918	207 000
Honda Motor Co Ltd	Japan	118 476	151 965
Mitsubishi Corporation	Japan	112 762	148 752
Siemens AG	Germany	110 462	137 863
ArcelorMittal	Luxembourg	109 602	112 308
Iberdrola SA	Spain	108 679	127 235
Johnson & Johnson	United States	96 803	132 683
Nissan Motor Co Ltd	Japan	95 228	143 029
Hutchison Whampoa Limited	Hong Kong, China	91 436	105 169
Fiat S.p.A.	Italy	90 985	119 474
Pfizer Inc	United States	90 403	172 101
BMW AG	Germany	88 370	190 511
Wal-Mart Stores Inc	United States	88 206	204 751
Daimler AG	Germany	87 257	232 023
Telefonica SA	Spain	87 156	163 654
Mitsui & Co Ltd	Japan	86 023	107 016
Ford Motor Company	United States	79 092	203 752

about the author

Jason Preu breathes most often in Kansas City, which is a nice place to write things like poems and short stories and musical versions of *The Godfather*.

He's got other writing you can read, if'n you're inclined to do such.

You may find out more at jasonpreu.wordpress.com.

Sign up for Jason's irregularly published infozine about the cult of Avocadotzalcoatl, *Beyond the Bowl*, at: tinyletter.com/ballsauce.

Jason loves America with all his red heart, white skin, and blue blood. (But he often hates it, too.)



Tell the truth.

So help you God.