

** This is a poem created using nearly all of President Trump's newly introduced words from his 2017 and 2018 State of the Union Addresses. The words introduced by Trump have been bolded in Red. Read the article from the Washington Post and discover the original contextual uses of these words here:*
https://www.washingtonpost.com/graphics/2018/politics/trump-state-of-the-union/?noredirect=on&utm_term=.57508a2b07f0

*IS THY UNION HERE?*¹

By Taylor-Cate Brown

Dethroned from the first **etched** instance.
I, not a **Sophomore** but a Junior then,
Watched and listened to the mocking, maniacal
Man claiming **intel** leaks from **Mazda** exhausts and
Motorcycles revving loud enough for our **tormentors**
To hear—**unaccustomed** to sprawling **lawns** but all too
Familiar with **booby**-traps, **amputations**, and bare earth
Littered with the **crutches** we've thrown to a world losing its
Leg to stand on. Gaping **paramedics** follow the
Footprints of legends, but in an **imploding timeline**
Only high stake holders survive—
Walmart, Softbank, Toyota—"Destroy **ISIS**," he says,
But the beast has many heads—
An **opioid spine**—and it breathes fear.
Respiration fit for a world with no atmosphere.
The **quarterback** throws the ball and waits
But doesn't hear the resounding cheer.
Turns out we were all there—gasping for air
Enough to shout—but the **vile** force of our own
Complacency choked us out. Too much
Cajun spice I suppose...better make the call for
Repose, but not until every last item on the
Evergrowing agenda has been closed—
Or, rather, silenced like thy union.

¹ From Act 5, Scene 2 of *Hamlet*.