Donald Trump is an American billionaire born of an exiled Hebridean mother. He plans to build ‘the world’s greatest golf course’ and five hundred executive houses on a pristine beach near Aberdeen, previously viewed as a protected land (see www.trumpgolfscotland.com). This bàrdachd arose from his attempts to evict an elderly woman who stands in his way. It is not an art poem. It is a bardic declamation coming out of a tradition that speaks social truth direct to power – hot, rough, and on the hoof.1

Alastair McIntosh

O Donald Trump
It was my own old mother’s taxi driver on the Isle of Lewis who said he lives next to your old mother’s house on the Isle of Lewis. That made me think how close we are being separated by just two mothers and one Stornoway taxi. And got me thinking of your visit to the Island back in June 08 to your family croft home (according to reports) for fully ninety-eight seconds and told the press (with reference to your true relations which is to say the Trump International Golf Links) yes, told the press: ‘I think this land is special. I think Scotland is special, and I wanted to do something special for my mother’2 To which the neighbours said: ‘We never saw the likes of this in our lives’

‘He’s had a lifetime to come here so why is he doing it now?’ ‘It’s a PR stunt...’3... because, as a former councillor elaborated the place was being ‘...cynically manipulated’4 and even your own cousin said with classic Island understatement (not passed on in your genetic strand): ‘We’re happy to see him although the visit is very brief.’

O Donald Trump
it is not the press before you now nor Island dignitaries nor even me... I am but the scribe moved by the land itself that as you said ‘is special’ to raise my pen on its behalf The Island too has got a voice (though not a PR machine) The Island too has got a view upon the ways of such a son as you The Island knows about your wealth and what you did to get it and hears you speak of Barron Trump your own ten-month wee son paraded down the Walk of Fame at Hollywood – you said: ‘He’s strong, he’s smart, he’s tough, he’s vicious, he’s violent: all of the ingredients you need to be an entrepreneur!’5 We would have thought it in jest were it not for the blood trail of real estate ... (who pays rent and who collects?) and the casinos ... (whose lives are spun on that roulette both during hours, and after?) The Trump World Tower The Trump Star Tower The Trump Elite Tower

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Donald Trump

Alastair McIntosh at Ceann Hulabhig, Isle of Lewis

EarthLines

Issue 1
The Trump Palace
The Trump Taj Mahal
and Trump Marina
far from the chip shops of Stornoway Harbour
And your name golden everywhere
high-rise windows glittering
‘with Viracon’s 24-karat gold-coated glass’
not from you ‘cold-shoulder gold’
but a Liquid Gold Bodywrap
with a 24-karat Gold Facial
at the Trump Tower Spa
which according to publicity
(that surely speaks the Truth as much as you)
soothes away the wrinkles
by immersing crinkled body parts, I quote
’in pure gold minerals and Egyptian chamomile’
and ‘muscle soothing massage with oils
infused with golden particles,’ and:
‘to top off the opulent treatment
guests are dusted in shimmering,
iridescent gold powder’
… thereby offering
‘… discerning spa guests
the ultimate combination
of optimal skin care
and guiltless decadence.’

O Donald Trump
of Midas hubris, Golden Calf and Babel Towers
who with your trumped-up politicians
(a disappointment to our Scottish soil)
stand bunkerized, as the prophets say
‘convicted by their convictions’
or the deficit thereof
It is not I that prosecute
but the Island – of your mother and my youth
whose skeins of calcium and phosphorous
were knitted through our fledgling frames
from out of herring bones and sheep and milk and oats.
You stand accused, Donald Trump
…Stand up before the Court!
the Island’s court
… of forcing golden facials
on nature’s long protected countenance
at Menie Links by Aberdeen
to make for tourist golf a course
with calls for airport fairways stretched
to fly the face of global climate change
To trumpet up a way of life
this world no longer can sustain
(for the Earth can no longer afford the rich)
To force your way bulldozed in
by forcing others out
although you hid the might of clout
and spun the spin which said:
‘The Trump Organisation
has no Compulsory Purchase Order powers.’
You stand accused, Donald Trump
of seeking to evict
eighty-six year-old Molly Forbes
and her son, and the budgie perched on her shoulder,
who says about her place:
‘I don’t want to sell it.
It is my paradise.
I want to live in it.
Why should some of those top knobs
in Government with their crooked ways
of claiming money
get legal aid
but I can’t?
I think I can’t get any
because I’m too honest.’
To which your sugared growlers say:
‘It is regrettable that an elderly woman
Has been used to front
this frivolous court action.
There are consequences
for filing a baseless claim
and her son and lawyers
should pay the expenses.’
Oh really, Donald?
Consequences!
to seek protection from the law
of human rights
so not to be cleared out
from her own wee but and ben
for your greed, not need
with legal costs of up to 50k
more than she is maybe worth
but not as much as principle
(in case you fail to understand)

O, Donald Trump!
Woe, Donald Trump
… Woe … woe … woe …
There are ‘consequences’ indeed
for what you do
The Island from within
sees the likes of you
The Island names, unmasks, engages with
the likes of you
who take its name in vain against the grain
The Island has a context
into which to place the likes of you
I quote, again
from the Island’s own … publicity:
‘Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!
For ye devour widows’ houses…
For ye are like unto whitened sepulchres,
which indeed appear beautiful outward,
but are within full of dead men’s bones,
and of all uncleanness.’
Woe to you, Donald Trump:
‘Woe unto them that add house to house,
that join field to field, until there is no more room,
and that ye dwell yourselves alone
in the midst of the land!’
Woe to you, Donald Trump, for:
"The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down."12

Woe, woe and three times, woe!

O, Donald Trump ...
be not mistaken
The Island does not cast a curse
does not return the shameful act with evil eye
Sufficient that it just ...
withdraws its blessing
T’is you who stand yourself accursed
and drains the flow of life ...
the artery cut that curls and tightens
dreadful back upon itself
The Island stands not for a curse
but only to forgive
to draw back in its Prodigals
‘not seven times’ they say
‘but seventy times seven times’13
You told the world you loved this land
and wished your mother’s memory
(though naming your development
we have perforce observed
not after Mary Ann MacLeod
but after ... Mr Trump)
Don’t make for her a bunker ...
... from the plunder of another woman’s world
... from beauty’s desecration of true nature free and wild
... from climate change vainglorious in ‘guiltless decadence’
Come home, Donald ...
Come home in your mind!
Come home to gentle honest folks!
Come home to nature’s guileless way!
without greed
without force
without tears
Renounce the rootless sands of capital and pride!
Renounce the decorated corpse of suppurating wealth!
Renounce those ‘vicious ... violent’ so-called winning ways!
... Come home, o Donald Trump, come home to this new start ...
... and build a golden Tower to be your greatest work of living art
... that rises from the fairway as the meteoric human heart

Transmuted ... Transfigured ... Transubstantiated
Come home, Donald ...
just come on home.

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3.http://www.timesonline.co.uk/tol/news/uk/scotland/article4097572.ece
Alastair McIntosh is a former director and current Fellow of Scotland’s Centre for Human Ecology, and Visiting Professor of Human Ecology at the University of Strathclyde in Glasgow. He is best known for his work on land reform, corporate power, nonviolence and spirituality. His books include Soil and Soul, Rekindling Community, Love and Revolution (collected poetry), and Hell and High Water: Climate Change, Hope and the Human Condition. His writing has been described as ‘inspirational’ by Starhawk, ‘world-changing’ by George Monbiot, ‘life-changing’ by the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, and ‘truly mental’ by singer Thom Yorke of Radiohead (see also www.alastairmcintosh.com).

Donald Trump flies to Western Isles to visit mother’s home.

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2007/01/16/donald-trump-on-his-10mon_n_38807.html


10. Matthew 23:14, 27 KJV
11. Isaiah 5:8 DBT
12. Psalms 146:9 KJV
13. Matthew 18:22 WNT

14. It appears that Mr Trump heard the outcry and has backed down on the threatened use of compulsory purchase orders – see http://www.pressandjournal.co.uk/Article.aspx/2115921?UserKey

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DOWNED TREES

First light. I take core samples as I slide into bed, your legs flashing white in the hall light’s ambivalent illumination, flashing white as you thunk bone-on-bone, flutterkicking away from consciousness & my side of the bed.

Your joints from heaped sheets: antlers from mid-summer grasses this afternoon at the zoo, the breeze skittering away every time the reindeer sighed & sniffled bodies working despite themselves, lungs long-running factories & your fingers on the chain link, your attention rooted for the moment to those flanks (& your flanks cool as you roll to me & sleep-walk the long corridor of my thigh through the sounding of the midnight train) …

After a summer in the grass, the reindeer will see their young shipped like parcels. I know the tap of branches on glass, your father’s nose whistles & your sighing swallows are dead letters compared to the downed trees of captivity. I know your shinbone-to-shinbone knocks will heal overnight no matter how many sirens are added to the night’s cool tongues but I can’t sleep.

Ariel Gordon

RAINFOREST, SHAME AND E-DELETE

Unabridged water-tongue speaks in its flow: nothing wider than the bank-breaker, dissolving the anabranch – resisting definition of course
in the forest
the man who knew the names, treated fear, heart & fever, logs off: cut down and fallen into river-space – the medicine hiding in the bark, the seed’s forgotten cure, the text of recovery astray in a leaf & what’s in the mouth changes colour, converted to eternal salt: the river sea, dyeing in its own trumpet: an amazed zone of remedy lost in the Atlantic twist

Charles Wilkinson