

O DONALD TRUMP, WOE DONALD TRUMP

ALASTAIR McINTOSH

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
Inside of which you stepped
(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'



Alastair McIntosh at Ceann Hulabhig, Isle of Lewis

'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

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'⁶
 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*.'⁷

O Donald Trump
 of Midas hubris, Golden Calf and Babel Towers
 who with your trumped-up politicians
 (a disappointment to our Scottish soil)
 stand bunkered, 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 bulldozered 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.'⁸
 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.'⁹

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, unmask, 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.'¹⁰

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!'¹¹
 Woe to you, Donald Trump, for:



Balmedie beach: looking north towards Menie and the site of Trump's proposed development | David Langan

'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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 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>

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).

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 & snuffled
 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 anabranched – 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