

# Innermost Outlandish Ego

by Frank Ruf

## **Air Force ONE**

the real estate sized flying soap box opens up  
and releases a military parade of daughter-dating-dolls asking:

hey, how super-inflated can a single atom be?  
well, for a nuclear-button-second, like the king of debt

who lets the son-in-law try to dump  
his 666 on an oil-boy

with a princeling-to-prince booze-hug

## **TWO Coups**

first, sell your condos to Russian roulette-professionals  
those Crimean-Champagne-players

ready for the intercontinental game  
and then, second, sell a tax-trick to the public

waiting outside the Winter Palace  
the rest is knee-jerk-talk

about the honor of the flag and the hacked social-media-gulag

### **THREE Screens**

upvalue the anti-spaceforce-warfare-capability (or whatever)  
of your Nixon-suite with gut-extention and a golden knob

treat the manic children of your mind's ever-hungry eye  
to cheeseburgers in bed - and then put those kids in cages

while watching yourself  
on three screens

killing your father

### **FOUR Walls**

build four walls around the swamp  
and below the water banana-replicate a rublegate - here devour

the sound of silent citizens - your favourite song – go mad with it  
auction off the last reverberation of foreign policy

and then safely sit for a deposition (a.k.a. the pee-pee):  
but draw your knife-sword-gun (#GetReadyRussia)

and pardon your precious bodily fluids

### **FIVE Ideas For The Next Napalm-Opera**

first: hire & fire

second: let it hot-desk throughout your innermost outlandish ego

third: reuse evidently oily soap on sad facts

fourth: let its desert-bleached moustache

fuel your carbon-government

fifth: fire the fire and make new soap

from the ashes

## **SIX<sup>TH</sup> Sense**

to relax the lizard-brain after noble nuclear diplomacy  
heat your bodily fluids up for spankee-mode

grab an anti-locker-room-talk-capability-magazine  
roll it up and hand it over

all news is good news? – the truth is:  
333 million of us spankers own

the presidency's tanning goggles

## **SEVEN Ties In Tar**

ring seven dictators  
marvelling at the shiny row of the seven

lawyers of your lawyer  
who dance in the foam of clean coal

dangle your seven ties  
and let them sign

non-disclosure-agreements in tar-sand

## **EIGHT Years In Office**

a hot deal to squeeze your dacha-family  
into the Oval Office-jacuzzi, gently simmering

right atop the red tip of our melting iceberg:  
make your barbies and princelings drill crude-butter by the fire

place the fairytale-machine on the mantelpiece  
(or read them Oedipus?) and every year try to swallow more

of that super-rich and debt-fizzy fat

## **NINE Heel Spurs**

nine years of high-ISO Vietnam War-icon painting  
and another loser was: journalism

now, embedded, reporters instead paint  
war-porn with black-site-blood

naked they storm the headlines  
blind behind the visionary parade

of legendary deferments

## **TEN Commandments**

Sayonara Mr Spankee, before you go  
please, finally fake the Bible and de-bribe

the bear, your brides  
and the Broad and Wall-Streets

and then convert to Islam  
pay your 130,000 dollars

so they won't tell Krishna

## **The Commander's ELEVEN<sup>TH</sup> Commandment: Cable Beauty**

how fancy to wear a fox-tail  
to the jacket of Commander-in-Chief

as the Army's Field Manual requires of every officer:  
zoability – through mutation down to soundbite-bombast

how hard to de-dress in billboard-combat and  
how easy to mobilize a furry broadcaster

just share your fixer

## Five To TWELVE

Now we're past Easter 2018  
resurrection-season for über-hawks

camouflage-painted raptor-eggs are suing their own memories  
while wizards go for witch-hunts in golf-carts

the so-called leader of the (so-called?) free world mutates  
– as long as pussygrabbing fake-trumps evolution –

into a fact-stripping porn star outcelebing el presidente