

Pantoum for Earnest

Eleanor Boudreau

Dear Earnest, I have been thinking for a long time about us,
and sometimes Donald Trump.

Sometimes I am like Donald Trump,
and sometimes you are like Donald Trump,
and sometimes Donald Trump is like us—

We cannot say what we mean.

And sometimes, Walt Whitman, you are like Donald Trump—
you contradict yourself.

We cannot say what we mean.

Donald Trump says, *History is watching us*. So history sees
you contradict yourself.

Last winter, the snow, this spring, the grass blades,
and Donald Trump says, *History is watching us now*.
I don't understand history. I never did.

This spring, the grass blades in their uniform
shades of green—repeat, repeat, repeat.

I don't understand history. I never did. But history is
just motion in a larger field, like TV,
repeats, repeats, repeats.

I have been thinking for a long time, dear Earnest,
we are motion, like TV.

I am in earnest, Earnest! And I am like Donald Trump—

My words don't mean a thing.