

Four Tom Beckett Titles

Forgotten Fantasies

"I was saved by doG to make America grate again." — D. J. T.®.

Annie Leibovitz once sought me out to pose for a *Rolling Stone* cover photo wearing only an orange thong.

Barack Obama wanted to come on to *The Apprentice*. He didn't make it past the first screen test. "You're fired!" I told him.

Chelsea Manning was my late night hornpipe-dream until I discovered they weren't the Clinton's daughter.

Donald Jr. upheld his pledge for the family trust to not do deals & investments in foreign countries, as well as not collect payments from foreign governments in its U.S. properties, during my first term in office.

Europe willingly became my fiefdom.

Fans flocked to the T.®umpcon I arranged at the Capitol Building in 2021.

Gerontologists predict that I'm going to live longer than Methuselah.

Haitians lined up in droves to pay homage to me, believing I was the Messiah. I gave visas to those who brought a benison. The remainder begged for beneficence. I don't know what the words mean.

Israelis also believe I'm the Mashiach, the Messiah. I've given them Lebanon & Syria already, & tomorrow when I wake, I'm going to give them Mesopotamia & Persia. I love those old-fashioned names!

Utricoli

Next week I'm giving them the Ukraine & China because those countries are going to cost me money & the I.D.F. knows how to handle uppity countries.

Jack Black wanted to falsely indict me for trying to overturn the 2020 election results. I took his Emmy away.

Kelloggs have begun to include T.®ump figurines in their Corn Flakes packets. Anyone who collects twenty of them will be guaranteed a spot in Heaven because, by then, I'll be the centerpiece of the Trinity.

"Let me grab your pussy," I say to every woman I find attractive who I come in contact with & they let me.

Melania doesn't get pissed at me.

"Nearer my God to thee," shout the adoring crowds pressing closer as I pass through them.

Overseas military service is something I would have willingly participated in, but my country needed me elsewhere.

Papa Was a Rollin' Stone was one of the first singles I released. My version made it to No. 1 on the *Billboard* Hot 100.

Queer Theory, as I have often stated, is the philosophy that binds my administration together.

Rand Paul said, in September of 2014, "The President, Barack Obama, acts like he's a king." I've decided to go one step better & proclaim myself one.

Society needs me as an unbiased arbiter. No one else in the world could fill such a role.

Teleprompters are something I do not need. I write my own speeches, remember them, & speak them without notes.

Utriculi

United the States had never been until I came along.

Vladimir Putin has permanently canceled Russia's Victory Parades because he knows they can't compare to mine. Mine's bigger & better in every respect.

Weltherrschaft, world domination, is not something that the Elongated Muskrat & I are deliberately seeking. But should it happen, we both have the ethical & moral fortitude not to take advantage of it.

X has tried to maintain its pace with my Truth Social but can't keep up. It's no contest. See V above.

You only have to see my oversize & illegible & arrogant Sharpied signature on the plethora of executive orders I have executed to know that I'm a man of wealth & taste.

Zelenskyy is a pain in my rectum. When I have a spare afternoon, I'm going to paint him pink, parcel him up, & sell him to the highest bidder.

Ghost Whirl

There aren't many choices in the context of real music performance now that the bug category has been changed to critical & white shapes illuminate the village bakery. Something went wrong while

submitting the form. Lyrics for the song have yet to be transcribed. Nightmare fuel cells have exploded & set the transcriber alight in a true pad-dock-to-plate experience. The only functioning things left are

rhythms composed of simple integer ratios, & a mathematical function that extracts a character or a specific number of characters from a text string. As technology develops, the lines the mind perceives become increasingly faint.

Homophone Nights

Five minutes after I
plug the phrase into
Google, its AI partner
comes awake & tells
me it thinks it's *knights*.
I was on edge there for a
while, worried I may
have keyed in some-
thing that could have
brought the morality
police around. But now
I'm breathing easier, I
return to Google &
enter 'homophobe
knights' which is what
I was going to search
for in the first place,
to see if the castle
cloisters were safe for
a struggling minstrel
to stay in overnight.

Irregular Interventions

Apparently influenced by the concept of Manifest Destiny, a dominant theme in the history is a subculture of birds made queer by endocrine disruptors.

It's a pervasive idea, a form of colonial environmental violence, worked around an exhaustive dataset of cells that limit the entry of race into popu-

lations. A supervised machine learning model to predict pipeline success in which it is remarkable should a middle/passive verb occur even twice.

a mantra for nights when there's a full moon

wolfgang masochist footbridge conundrum
burial bode apprise visual agway vitriol
vanderpoel apart bawdy husbandry communion
amoral kapok neutron kennecott ale wing
emphysema heinrich plod schoolbook stoic
chaise gangplank anteroom quadrangular
descendant commend amphibious covary era

muscovite sabotage disposable accentual
backlog traceable contiguity boyfriend airspace
net bohr excavate bacilli donner dimension
invoice premiere biochemic cheeky annal
dominate bullyboy della lunch idyllic baneful
ariadne annette babble fluke debugged assign
engineer fermentation criminal copy pygmy

cotillion deflect hilly geology leap plenum
applique derision curtsey assyria deign
quadrangle arrack millionth agglutinate ike
dickens falter decent fedders jeannie clarke
australia employee changeable graduate
pathology architect tuberculin bennington
recuperate humphrey monocotyledon civet

persian belfast basal algorithm lipid republic
briefcase complicate behold cloudy dowling
thoroughgoing meant spheric bureaucrat
diploidy ashland osgood dean reef
contradistinct withheld beset profligacy beloit
algorithmic stillwater predatory amount
deprivation plenty gigavolt stipple townsmen
rapture dearborn caribbean retard

Mark Young was born in Aotearoa / New Zealand but now lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia. He has been publishing poetry for over sixty-five years, & is the author of around seventy-five books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, non-fiction, & art history. His most recent books are *Some Unrecorded Voyages of Vasco da Gama*, from Otoliths, Home Hill, Australia; the downloadable pdf, *Closed Environment*, from Neo-Mimeo Editions, Nualláin House, Monte Rio, California, U.S.A; & *The Complete Post Person Poems*, from Sandy Press, all published in March 2025.