F*ck this new administration!

Do i have your attention
Yet strange times with new rhymes
Things are smelling Musky
Who's whose of government
Questions the funky fabric of America
We told you so
Deny, deny, deny
I did not commit genocide against the original Americans
That was my ancestors
I did not participate in enslavement of Africans
That was my ancestors
I did not benefit from the Homesteading Act, Government Aid, the GI Bill
Or any other free or no/low interest handouts
OK, maybe that was my ancestors, too
I stand as a free white male,
or maybe I just identify as one because skin color is everything, you know,
who worked hard to be able to navigate a system that benefits me.
All you other lazy bums need to get on board the Trump train
I digress
F*ck this administration.
I worked hard to be mediocre
Breathing, going to fancy schools,
getting IEP's to get more time on my SAT
My mother was clever with that one
Being one of the boys, letting me get away with mischievous acts
Like sexual assault of advice columnists, having numerous babies out of wedlock
I can afford it
And still rise to the presidency (or at least influence one)
What's wrong with you people?
Didn't your father leave you millions?
Now i am told that i don't count
my support counts for no thing
Being white does not make me wealthy,
Being white does not guarantee my job
Being white does not even allow me to look down on black folks in big cities
I FAFO'd in Philly one day
Back to the counter narrative
I am great
I know how to play the game, shit, the game was created for us by us
And now this Mofo comes back into office and pretends my support did not count
I vented to one of my black friends the other day, okay, you got me, my black co-worker
Who politely responded, then walked away

His words, still hang in the air–
*How does it feel to get the n*gg*r treatment?*

Myla Grier–2025