


Substantial Disruption



The Trumpth of July

By Mike Tully

*Was I a commoner?
or was I actually a member...
of the pharaoh's royal family?*
- Slim Pickens, from [Rancho Deluxe](#) (1975)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Trump. Something wicked this way comes. Three wives and six bankruptcies ago, his father brought forth, on this real estate, a new demon seed, conceived in Queens, and dedicated to the proposition that Trump men are superior. Now we are engaged in a great civics lesson, testing whether this nation, or any nation so confused, and so divided, can endure his presidency.

He peers outward like an orange Moses as his armies and worshipers descend on the National Mall like the biblical Red Sea in rewind. Flyovers and fireworks testify to his glory. Nearby, stationed on the sad, sagging streets of Washington, are his "[brand new](#)" [Sherman tanks](#). The last Sherman tank rolled off the assembly line in the 1950s, but that matters not. Time stops in the glory of his presence. Lincoln looks down from behind; Honest Abe has his back. "Nobody knows this," he bellows to his throng. "But Lincoln was a Republican." No point in getting bogged down in all that freed-the-slaves stuff. That would be a buzzkill at the glorious celebration of [God Emperor Trump](#).

(Lincoln looks down on the God Emperor from his lofty marble throne and thinks to himself, "If only statues could move. I'd stand up, unzip my pants, and shower that swamp rat with Lincoln rain. Get off my lawn!")

The God Emperor beckons his children, who queue up onstage like gilded Von Trapps. "Come up here, Ivanka," he calls to the Czarette, her blonde hair uncoiling over a dress of her own alleged design. "Come here, Jared," he calls to his minion-in-law. "There they are," he snorts, as they nervously resemble a misplaced wedding cake topper. "The Beauty and the Least." Ivanka turns red, Jared turns white and the sky stays blue. "Just kidding," says the God Emperor. "Jared is my closest advisor. He's going to make history by bringing peace to the Middle East. We're going to make history, aren't we Jared?" "Yes, sir," replies the terrified Jared, as wooden as Charlie McCarthy, "history."

There are more progeny awaiting their turn with their Father's passive-aggressive compassion. "Let me introduce my two grown sons," he tells the crowd. "Uh..." He forgets their names and looks offstage. A union technician glances up, sees the God Emperor's confusion, and whispers, "Uday and Qusay." "Here they are," he shouts. "Uday and Queasy." "Don Junior and Eric!" screams a panicked White House staffer. "Don Junior and Eric!" "I mean Don Junior and Eric," says the God Emperor. He looks around, confused. "Aren't there two more?" he asks absent-mindedly. "I thought there were two more." "The Professor and Mary Ann," shouts the electrician, before park service personnel escort him from the premises. "The Professor and Mary Ann!" exclaims the God Emperor. The crowd roars.

So does the sky, as the Blue Angels fly overhead, followed by aircraft sometimes known as Air Force One and Marine One. “Look at them!” cries the God Emperor. “They are magnificent. Those are mine, you know, the big plane and the helicopter. There they go: Air Force One and Marine One. I like the Blue Eagles, too.” “Actually,” says Best Supporting Actor in a Defense Secretary Role, Mark Esper, “it’s the Blue Angels. And they are only called Air Force One and Marine One when you’re on board.” The God Emperor momentarily pauses to contemplate his greatness. “I am aboard those aircraft,” he says. “I am up there.” Esper momentarily retreats to his happy place, a dark forest far, far from here. “I, uh, I don’t understand, sir,” he stammers. “You’re up there?” “I am here, I am there, I am everywhere,” replies the God Emperor. “I am all of this.” He gazes outward to the crowd, past the roped-off gaggle of donors and lobbyists, to the teeming masses of MAGA hats, birthers and Proud Boys. “My people know that I am everywhere. That’s why they love me.” Esper fibs about “nature calling,” and wanders absently to a port-a-potty where he retrieves a hidden flask and pours its 150-proof elixir into the empty cavity where his soul used to reside. The God Emperor briefly notices that he’s gone. “Where’s Casper?” he asks of nobody in particular. Then he turns back to his adoring crowd.

“The world will absolutely note, and will long remember, what I say here,” he declaims. “Look at our glorious military. Look at our magnificent planes and helicopters, our beautiful new Sherman tanks. And look at our troops. Aren’t they beautiful? They are the greatest fighting force in the history of the Galaxy, absolutely world-class, the best. Give them a hand.” The audience politely applauds and a drunken choir chants, “USA! USA!” The troops stand silently and stoically as a thousand inner voices cry, “shoot me now!”

The God Emperor reminds the crowd how the nation suffered under lesser presidents, how only he could fix it. America is great again, thanks to him. You have been redeemed, he tells them. “You are respected and feared once again,” he screams. “You can say Merry Christmas!” “Lock her up!” chants the crowd. “America is the envy of the world,” he roars. “Lock her up!” they respond. Then come the parade, fly-over and fireworks, after which the royal family leaves the dais and the crowd dwindles like scattering termites.

Lincoln remains. “We need a new birth of freedom,” he says to himself, “so that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.” And darkness settles on the National Mall.