

V. After Trump

During my freshman year of college in 1969, I had my 15 minutes of fame when a group of anti-war protesters wanted to haul down the American flag and I was determined to not let them do it. A reporter for the school newspaper snapped a photo that made the front page (that's me on the left). The flag stayed proudly atop the pole, but the protesters and I were able to engage in a civil conversation about the war. My father had recently returned from a yearlong tour of duty in Vietnam. I was proud of his service and convinced that we were fighting for a righteous cause. Today I have a much more nuanced view of that war and of those who protested against it; the nuancing began the day I listened to what those protestors had to say.



I've included *Best American Poetry, 1963-1973* from my collection *The Great Divide* because the songs of that era captured the rapturous hopes and the crushing disappointments of those days. I write *Trumpianity* in the hope that I, like the anti-war protesters who first challenged my understanding of the war in Vietnam, can challenge people who believe that Trumpianity is truly Christian and that Trumpism is truly patriotic. We and the generations to come deserve better.