

A poem from Donald Trump

I was sitting at the
table. We had finished
dinner. We're now
having dessert. & we
had the most beautiful

piece of chocolate cake
that you've ever seen,
& President Xi was en-
joying it. & I was given
the message from the

generals that the ships
are locked & loaded,
what do you do? & we
made a determination
to do it, so the missiles

were on the way. & I
said, Mr. President, let
me explain something to
you—this was during
dessert—we've just fired

59 missiles, all of which
hit, by the way, unbeliev-
able, from, you know,
hundreds of miles away,
all of which hit. Amazing.