


# Substantial Disruption



## The Pompatus of Trump

By Mike Tully

Language has yet to spawn a term that captures the essence of Donald Trump. The word has eluded pundits who fumble to adequately describe him, whether they are supportive or opposed. If I took a drink every time I heard a commentator exclaim, “I’m out of words,” or “words escape me,” or “there are no words,” I’d be soused. Trump rampages through the 24/7 news cycle like a rabid rhino and stories go stale before ink goes dry.

Some reach for the stratosphere in support, or defiance of, Trump. That includes those who see him as a hero, a savior. Millions of Americans believe Trump is [God’s messenger](#), whose presence in the White House is God’s will. Some of his followers won’t settle for that lowly “God’s messenger” thing, and elevate him to an even higher status. They proclaim Trump “[God Emperor](#),” or, curiously, “Big Daddy God Emperor.” (The “Notorious BDGE?”) I’ve seen excess on the left as well. Many anti-Trump commentators lapse into a dream state limned by visions of Mueller indictments, impeachment, public humiliation, maybe even prison. They don’t gather into *ad hoc* mobs and chant, “lock him up!” Not yet, anyway, but many get juiced on speculation that if the evidence shows, this, this and this, then Trump is guilty, guilty, guilty. Fair enough, but they forget that evidence may fail to show this, this, and this and Trump would be not guilty, not guilty, not guilty. Both sides, whether deifying Trump or slurping impeachment sauce, are practicing political voyeurism. Trump pushes them to the extremes and they rush to their crazy little happy places on opposite sides of the universe. They don’t have *the word*.

I do. It came to me while hauling a couple of tons of building materials for a back-yard landscaping project. Agony can make our minds play tricks on us. Or jokes, which brings me to “The Joker,” which contains the word: *pompatus*.

It’s perfect. Just the sound of it strikes me as Trumpian. Who among us is pompatus? Would you feel comfortable telling someone, “I’m pompatus?” Me neither. But suggest to somebody, close acquaintance or total stranger, that Donald Trump strikes you as “Pompatus,” they will more likely than not stroke their chins, gaze upward, and exclaim, “Yes! That’s it! Trump is pompatus!” You will get that reaction over and over unless, in an unfortunate twist of fate, you suggest it to Steve Miller, who will argue that it only means whatever you want it to mean. (Buzz Killer Miller.)

Steve Miller, of course, is famous for coining the term “pompatus,” which he included in the lyrics for the song “The Joker” wherein he sings of “the pompatus of love.” [Wikipedia](#) suggests he was influenced, perhaps subliminally, by earlier popular songs. He used the term previously, in a song called “Enter Maurice,” but “The Joker” made it famous. The word has no meaning; Miller simply made it up. When Dan Rather asked him what the word meant, [Miller replied](#), “whatever you want it to mean.” I take him at his word. I want it to mean whatever makes Trump Trump.

It's good word for Trump just because of the way it sounds, like a mash-up of "pompous" and "POTUS," two words that definitely apply to Trump. If you were asked what famous personality best fits the term, "pompatus," it's hard not to visualize Trump. He looks pompatus. He sounds pompatus. He acts pompatus. He is pompatus personified. Pompatus Trump: it sounds regal, in a daffy, nitrous oxide kind of way. The "God Emperor" is pompatus. How can he not be?

Pompatus is not a real word. I checked *Merriam-Webster Online* and *Dictionary.com* and it was not within their vocabulary. *Merriam-Webster* suggested other terms, such as "pompous," "vombatus" ([a wombat](#)) and, ironically, "comitatus." *Dictionary.com* also suggests "pompous," as well as "peripatus," a worm-like creature. Both websites suggest "pompadour," perfect for Trump, with his limoncello fright wig. "Pompous" and "pompadour" are encapsulated within "pompatus," along with a worm and wombat. It fits Trump so well, it's like magic.

Trump is a "space cowboy;" he wants a Space Force. And "the gangster of love?" Score! Isn't Trump also a "lover and a sinner?" And what of these lyrics:

*You're the cutest thing that I ever did see  
I really love your peaches, wanna shake your tree  
Lovey-dovey, lovey-dovey, lovey-dovey all the time  
Oee baby I'll sure show you a good time*

The only lyric missing is "non-disclosure agreement." I guess that's hard to rhyme.