

O My America!

An overweight, bearded middle-aged
 black man wearing a baseball cap,
 t-shirt and cargo shorts spreads
 his stocky legs wide, leans forward
 over the trunk of his Ford sedan
 parked in the driveway of his suburban
 middle-class four-bedroom brick home,
 hands behind his head, fingers locked,
 as an overweight, bearded middle-aged
 white cop wearing a handgun and Taser
 moves his open hands over the suspect's
 body, maintains a spoken commentary:
 license my roving hands and let them go
 before, behind, between, above, below.
 O my America, my newfoundland!*

Nathanael O'Reilly

* *Note: The last three lines of the poem are adapted from John Donne's "Elegy XX: To His Mistress Going to Bed."*

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