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.”