

Adam Scheffler

Americas

O thank you, Lord, for modernity, now shoo:
you can have half of America,
the other half goes to the dog lovers.

The real America and the false America though are
getting along quite well recently. They are
meeting on the sly, they are having tea
and pretending to be British.
'Rarara I'm the Queen' say both Americas at once
grinning, holding out to each other
their prised hands made of every ethnicity.

When a little America is born into the world
it is very perplexed and tries to make sure
nobody can have an abortion.
When it grows up, many wings sprout
from its back, and it talks to itself incessantly
about who shot who.