On October 19th, 2012
Adam Brown

The race is tight but few are watching with binoculars
Both sides are confidently uncertain they will win
I wouldn't take a ten thousand dollar gamble on it
No matter how many steroids the pollsters take

We could debate in a hypermasculine tone
But we'd get nowhere, stuck in a rhetorical swamp
While your cousin's clutching food stamps
And your neighbours are self-deporting
Listen Women! Look the Herald’s singing
'They'll take your contraceptives and your votes
And be black for your orgasms tomorrow
Onl.: moment's locus call be unbound the next

Don't forget how the world watched both angry and sad
As you drove dangerously in heavy traffic
Please look left when turning right
The bloodied child has already been hit twice

Only 47> of this poem is written
I won't take responsibility for the rest