

# Election 2020

by [Bill Corden](#) (September 2020)



No ifs, ands, or buts—  
they hate each other's guts.  
I'm talkin' 'bout Harris,  
I'm talkin' about Joe.  
The democratic 'pimp'  
and the democratic 'ho'

There they were six months ago,  
at the presidential primaries.  
Bitter fighting, toe to toe—  
in the battle of the binaries.

Hurling threats and calumny—

their foreheads pumped with botox.  
Placing blame for anomie,  
to get you to their votebox.

But now we see it's all an act,  
papered on a devil's pact.  
They're holding hands  
like man and wife,  
a perfect marriage  
without strife.

You see, *they know*.  
They're unabashed  
in fooling us  
—the great unwashed.

"We're two as one,  
we're only kidding,  
we always do  
the other's bidding."

"Please elect us as a team,  
as a ticket, we're the dream.  
We're the ones who'll put things right—  
until, of course, we start to fight."

So with this tale, there's thought for pause,  
the two don't have a common cause.  
They don't agree on anything  
and that can break a wedding ring.

But Uncle Joe can't fire his friend,  
if they go different ways.  
VPs are there until the end—  
as the constitution says

You can't ditch the number two—  
it is something you just can't do;  
And it's quite likely—sure and fast—

that Mr Biden might not last.

He's starting to get on in years  
—and many have expressed the fears—  
that he won't make it through the night  
and that his mind's a fading light.

In the shadows, standing steady,  
both guns drawn, cocked and ready  
will be his phony running mate  
next to step up to the plate.

The winsome multiracial girl  
who appeals to every colour.  
She'll take a knee or give a twirl  
whichever is in favour.

Will the torch be carried through  
by someone old and frail?  
Or will we see her take his place  
if his heart should fail?

As confident as Joan of Arc  
when she laid siege to Paris,  
she'll knock the ball  
right out the park—  
your own Kamala Harris.

An unelected President  
yearning for the job—  
A fighting feminista—  
born to weave and bob.

And so we wait, to see what comes  
in this: a crucial fight.  
Will we see the darkness  
be vanquished by the light?

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