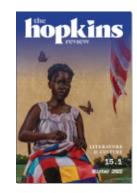


Perpetual Resin: A Cento, and: First Black Cop Bop

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Sylvia Jones Perpetual Resin: A Cento

For a gripping narrative that was itself perpetually given because the day demanded money the bill arrives as a eulogy: itemized with the ancient genitals blacked out our faces a chocolate bar, facing the night but when I need to die, who will light the fire? night-blooming flower being pried open in the morning like seeing like things the same dim through the misty panes and thick green light a harpoon in my flesh I nodded to shave your face you took off your wig zigzagging through who wakes first, and from which dream is Paradise an island of perfection? the house bristles the future bursts there is a ghost its height pierces the low cloud my steps toe to heel to toe counting the lengths of air from each palm with girls for hollow stamens ribbed with joys two cesarean scars takin guitar lessons and what ceases to tick just before dawn cannot be my heart being hung as in we grow as we are but can't I imagine her high, thin song when she returns from the hunt

Sources: Lyn Hejinian, Brigit Pegeen Kelly, D. A. Powell, Howard Nemerov, Lynne Thompson, Jacques J. Rancourt, Donald Revell, Roxane Beth Johnson, Fanny Howe, Wilfred Owen, Ishmael Reed, Tongo Eisen-Martin, Geoffrey Brock, Roger Robinson, Kay Ryan, Gwen Head, Donté Clark, Henry Dumas, Layli Long Soldier, Graham Foust, Owen Dodson, Camille Guthrie, Reginald Lockett, Robin Morgan, Victoria Chang, and Robert Whitehead.

First Black Cop Bop

At Patapsco State Park with Frederick Douglass mining lithium out of fossilized
Beanie Babies, in the switchbacks off the Chevrolet trail. Ever colder a slippery slope takes hold atop a ludicrous anachronism. Gaddafi opens an envelope and

I ran like a cheetah with the thoughts of an assassin

into a mosh pit at a house show in Shockoe Bottom where Harriet Tubman begets an image of Andrew Jackson donning a neck tattoo of Lil Wayne with the locks pulled back, hence

I ran like a cheetah with the thoughts of an assassin

All mystery, flattened and sanded down into stereotypical jive, broken windows speaks of blight. Me? I'm in a different room trying to interview Abner Louima for a true crime podcast

I ran like a cheetah with the thoughts of an assassin

Notes: The italicized lines in "First Black Cop Bop" are from "N.Y. State of Mind" by Nas from his debut studio album *Illmatic* (Columbia Records, 1994). The Bop is a poetic form coined by Afaa M. Weaver.