



OF TWO MINDS

Sylvia Jones

half shuttered, half bright
 soft powered, I—
 astrally projecting, subpoenaed
 midair, feet up walking pink
 clouds on the water's edge, angling
 upstream, these shiny limbs folding
 into human tears, logic jettisons, abrupt like
 a red-crowned crane, on stilts
 half shuttered, half bright
 soft powered, I—
 alien eyed underneath
 nights awning, subjective
 as dead armadillos, below
 goliath sized power grids
 soft powered, I —
 half have not, half bright
 reenact my blackness
 in manufactured shade, keen
 on splendor, live
 in the shadow of a much larger tree
 undimmed perennially wholly
 uncool chase—
 ransom captive evergreens, sullen
 mouth shaped things

The germ of this poem came from two places :

- 1) a quote by David Shields from his book, *Reality Hunger : A Manifesto* (Knopf, Vintage, 2010): "'I'm interested in the ways in which stories of suffering might be used to mask other, less marketable stories of suffering."
- 2) The 2019 film adaptation of Richard Wright's novel *Native Son* (Harper & Brothers, 1940)