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

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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.