



A GRAY FITTED

jayy dodd

After "A White Handkerchief" by Roberto Bolaño

I'm protesting in the park, it's winter, because another one of Us got killed in this land. Until this night my life had been different, I didn't believe in love, etc. I witness the police-line; it's shifting, famished, but my sisters brush it before I feel how rough it really is. From here I attempt to grab their belongings. Splayed between gate & police & protesters. A cold breeze insulating, fortifying my body immobile. The cops batons my frame while another plies his entire weight onto my throat. A flock of protesters quake. They holler over the policeman's head. The police-line rattles off my grey fitted while an old man from the NAACP tries to pull me back to safety. Neon-green brimmed, the hat is almost immediately swallowed by the swarm. Maybe it's the bystander footage of my limp body retrieving the cap from the abyss that makes me think this way. I am still unable to sit for a while. The police vans are white & almost unmarked. The protest continues down the street. A faction splinters North. Another East. One of them passes the jailhouse where my sisters are being held. Those of us still on the outside, gathered for a cigarette as they were released. A few moments later, out of our collective silence... "just some Black girls going out downtown" "a police-line, car crash & 10-mile hike"