

OLD WORLD BEAUTY

BRIDGET HERRERA

Her white fingers quarter child's earthy crown
Each plot a nightmare of tangled naps
African roots coiled tightly against her breast
Pale mother tills the knotted mess

Bad hair, good hair
She tugs and pulls
Good hair, bad hair
The taming is cruel

Tears moisten innocent supple face
Beauty measured by mane's regal state
Dab the lye upon her tresses
Then parade the child in pretty dresses

Coarse words follow when dreads abound
Tentacles brings on many frowns
Dilute her blackness into red
Eyes relax when hair is dead

Bad hair, good hair
Straight brings praises
Good hair, bad hair
A cultivated girl she raises