Memories of love around me, and in me.

As she secured her scart around her neck, The sunlight from the window caught on Some of its sequins, And streaks of gold hastened from them. This caused my heart to turn.

The rays shooting out from the gems Stirred up memories of yellowy evenings, Stirred up memories of yellowy evenings, The sun sinking away, but spreading its Beams far out on the horizon, in a final Display. Stirred up

Childhood

And all other forces trying to drift us apart.

One day, the rain will draw you over, to me... Maybe not in the same way a rope swing swings you across the lake, to my hands, but quickly enough for droplets of sweat to Decorate my forehead.

You will inch over, each step triggering the Realization that Our fingers would look like art, interlaced. My clutching hands will loosen their grasp on One another

When our glances finally meet, When our glances finally meet, our glances of the cold rain pelleting us

Together

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Every Origami micro-chapbook may be printed from the website.

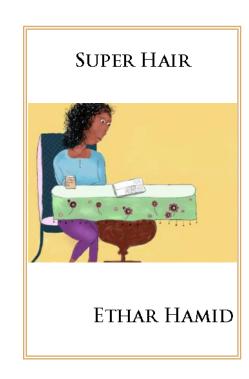
Cover art by Ethar Hamid

## M Deligna vasco imagho

Super Hair Ethar Hamid © 2016

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If only grows longer through the years

Of people putting it down—

Through the years of disparagement, it lives on.

Coily and frizzy and poofy—

Every word you can think of that is the opposite of straight—

That is my hair.

And when it defies gravity and grows three inches above my scalp (because it's super-hair), it is a halo around my head.

As my mama twisted and turned my hair into braids, The turn of the century came; It took three years to finish my hair (1997—2000). (I was three years old when she started, Amd six when she finished.)

My hair, though, is super-hair:

Super Hair

## Dark Skin

Chai tea with nutmeg goes well with dark skin; The liquid's modest shade of brown Intensifies any rich mahogany Flesh that handles it.

The amber-colored tea streaming into My mug gives glory to the deep copper-Hued hand pouring it. Set against the Subtle brown tinge of the tea, The waiter's hand and forearm look Like sublime pottery, His rich brown hue—earthen, pure—Outdoing the light stream of chai he pours Into my cup.