

Super Hair

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,
 And six when she finished.)
 My hair, though, is super-hair:
 It 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.

Together

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 your knock on the door sounds.
 When our glances finally meet,
 Our hands will find each other,
 Regardless of the cold rain pelleting us

Childhood

As she secured her scarf 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
 Of the scarf (like luminous flowers)
 Stirred up memories of yellow evenings,
 The sun sinking away, but spreading its
 Beams far out on the horizon, in a final
 Display. Stirred up
 Memories of love around me, and in me.

SUPER HAIR



ETHAR HAMID

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.

www.origamipoems.com
 origamipoems@gmail.com

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Origami Poetry Project™

Super Hair

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