

My grandparents come from an island
On the flag is medusa's face, snakes all
Braided into a crown atop her head
Wild strands held in place by ears of wheat
The women who tell me now that they are
jealous of my long thick wavy hair are
The same girls in middle school who made fun
Of the matching untrow and mustache
Sometimes at the salon I am told it's
Too thick and it will damage the sink and the scissors
Giving instructions on how to cut it
Is like listing the rules of gremlin care

Everything grows weaker as I age
But my thick hair retains all its power



Thick Hair

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