

Smothering A Mothering

I was gifted my black tongue from an uncooked chili I was five there is a big
burn on the side of my mouth it only shows when I once on Eid I rode
on a goat I was eight and fat and the goat collapsed I got a lashing
for not possessing thoughts other than for myself on this cheek I have a lash
it holds my crave to lie I have been held guilty for wishing upon a god
and waiting for him to arrive ever since I bled I have wanted
my hair to be red in Hell's Kitchen I went to a salon to get dyed
but it just wouldn't set my scalp screamed my nose choked
my hairdresser accused me of henna he stripped me of my truth he filled a
gun with bleach he aimed it right at me I had just turned 23
and now look at me my temple holds a brand new hole where swings a bell
without its belly where a tree grows only to become heavy
where the body smothers the tender the loving the all possible motherings