

My Hair

Sun, why yes, the sun.

Water dripping down her forehead as the soft breeze blew through her hair.

Free, yes, her hair is Free.

Oh, how she wishes that people with her hair, her beautiful 4C hair can flourish with theirs. She basks on those moments when she hid and mistreated her hair for years with the Feeling that her hair did not meet the beauty expectations.

Burned, it burned. As she sat down waiting for her, good fresh perm, each layer applied looked like white paint. Her coarse hair was growing back, so she wanted a new perm. At some point in the application, she felt a burning sensation. Her aunt yelled, "Wait a few more minutes before rinsing it out or it will not straighten" so she waited. When the minutes were up, she rushed to the sink and rinsed it all away, hoping it did its job. She burned the back of her neck, but she did not care because her hair was now straight. So, she was happy.

Heat, so much heat. She outgrew the perms. She abused the use of perms, so she is better off not using them again. Now she sits down, watching each group of strands get passed over with the flat iron. Every new strand embarks on a new sound of sizzle followed by the smoke coming off the iron. When the flat iron was done, the next tool came, which was the hot comb, to reach the areas where the flat iron failed to grasp. When the hot combs were done, then the mini flat iron was used to get around the tiny front pieces. At last, she felt happy because her hair was now Straightened.

Smoked, the room was smoking. She must have turned on the flat iron a bit too high this time. The bathroom was cloudy and smelled like burnt hair. She hoped the heat protectant worked a miracle. She knew her hair was burned and damaged, but she did not care because her hair was straightened. Oh, and do not let it rain or be any water around or she will be upset.

One day she watched a video of women in Haiti walking around proudly with their 4c hair. Her mind began to question. She wondered how happy their 4c hair might be. She wished that it could be her. She stared in the mirror and saw the neglect and mistreatment she had caused to her hair over the years. It was a wash day, usually after she washed her hair, she applied mass amount of heat so it could be straight. Today was new.

The sun was as bright as it could be today. Basking in nature with her hair, spinning around standing on a field of grass. Letting the air go through her 4c hair. As water from her hair fell down, she felt the touch of the sun, which felt like the divine mixture of heat that her hair rather wanted. Water was not a fear. She felt free, she felt alive! Finally, her hair could breathe
As she sat down, she realized:

My hair, yes, my hair, my hair you are Free!

and she is me.