

Some *Fiiiiiine* Hair

Sadonia Feazell

Straight from the bare bottom of my mother's womb
my hair was very straight and clingy.
My mother thought to herself,
"My baby gonna come out with some fiiiiiine hair."
She could imagine putting it in all types of cute little styles
with ponytails,
running her fingers through her baby's thin, straight hair.
Weary she would become,
not yet ready to take on the shape and the color that it would
become.
The fist pumping baby has come and the feeling of I will
overcome
has now become a teenager
with a different strand of hair—curls and afros,
not to mention the beaded braided kinky now twisted hair.
The world has no choice but to be ready
but the mother thinks she's got this covered
with all the dyes and perms that will fry her daughter's hair.
A solution to the madness:
let the hair grow
whatever way it's going to grow.
Don't try to tame it like it's something you're afraid of.
Love the God given hair that's thin, thick, straight, curly,
and gray.
I don't care; this is my hair. And, yes, Momma,
Your baby's got some *fiiiiiine* hair!

Sadonia Feazell is a student at Next Step Learning Center in Oakland, CA. She has been writing for a couple of years and this is her first published poem. She hopes it will be the first of many.

