

Corn Rows

By Missie Alanis-Shannon

For: My Hubby Cornelius T. Shannon

Corse hair parted

Interconnected

Inter-corse, he is

my heart eyed living emoji and riding out of 5am waterfront fog dark horse. Course hair parted and torn, the length of forever longing finally started..I mourn. I readily become Maliki, a child of the corn, Doo rags hold my sermon down,

each one is 6ft. under..... down,

style and non- system of a down,

Tech-house underground;

The criss-cross finger movement to make rows and French braides, dreaded, twists and turns

made me green and ripe enough to live,

wistful umbilicall, unfurnished heart,

prophesied and oft amended to leave out

strands,

Cart away the dusk in a wheelbarrow, now that the rows are done my face is the landscape; I

have a new face, sleek and ginger, born into a jade stone, precious until unraveled

strand by strand

and each hair stands alone again.

The End