

If you ever have a child (or children in your life), what will you teach them about their hair?

I will love yours at the root. I will love what is. You will do the same. Nurture and blessings will begin beneath the scalp so that every coil emerges whole, already saturated in unconditional love. I will always let you touch, cuddle, and struggle with your hair. And mine. Yours will never be a stranger to you; you will always know each other's needs and souls. You will be joined at the root.

WRITING PROMPT (10 minutes):

Write a poem or short story about your journey with your hair. What emotions have you associated with your hair in the past? What emotions do you associate with your hair now? Does the way other people view your hair influence how you feel about your hair? What do you love about your hair? Use your earlier answers as inspiration for your work.

You are an assignment and I can never find the right workspace. You are an unfinished task that makes me procrastinate, panic. A project that keeps me up at night. When I'm finally ready to strategize and attack, I can never also find the right chair, the right open area with a little perch for all the products, the right amount of light, the right angle, the right mirror, the right way to grab you at the roots and demand your submission.

I have yet to enjoy your company. Instead, I shift, plead, beg, will, tug, tease, soothe. I eventually cry and wish and eye the blowout dryer. The hot comb. The scissors.

I don't know how to make you happy. I don't know how to sit with you and listen to you and let you explain what you want, what you need, how to please you.

What is your love language?

Can I put my fingers here?

Should I pull, or should I tease?

May I rest my hand there?

You didn't like that, but you said nothing.

I only know because you twisted the other way and ignored me.

Tell me what to do and I will never treat you like a pet again.

I want you to want me back.