

I remember...

morning rituals

great grandmother taught me to beat
wellness into her back until she

coughed bad spirits

said children stretched marks

were homes we built and

I could find them on her body.

at eight she taught me to hide behind
dark colors

winter didn't make us light enough

our skin was too black

to kiss red dresses

left a note on night stand

twelve minutes before she slept

"bury me in pink"