

2018

A Letter to Good Hair

Hunter Moyler

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Moyler, Hunter (2018) "A Letter to Good Hair," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2018 : Iss. 1 , Article 32.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2018/iss1/32>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

A Letter to Good Hair // Hunter Moyler

Dearest Despised "Good Hair,"

In a fashion uncharacteristic of me
and my head,

I'll be straight with you:

You're not my cup of tea.

If you were a human being

With the unctuous skin,

And sallow stink,

And sodden clothes

That one surely gets from

Slithering coolly from frowns and wrinkled lips

Into the waxy ears of children,

I'd fancy knocking out your two front teeth

With the butt end of a Negro comb

And see if you can still whistle "Dixie."

Because like that ditty,

You were born on a plantation

And ought've been left there to rot

Like pigs' feet and other atrocities.

If you were a product available

In bulk at Sam's Club, I'd buy

You out and burn you in the parking lot

Using a spray bottle of Sta-Sof-Fro to feed the fire

Of your demise and my discontent.

And I would hope that the supposed sons

And daughters of Ham would behold each other

By the light of that fire and see that it is not they

Whose skin has been burned and hair scorched

And mangled by the sun

But that the sun saw them

and kissed them

With as much love

as the good lord saw fit.

Sincerely,

the slave's dream & hope