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 cut 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