The Messenger

Volume 2020 Issue 1 The Messenger - Spring 2020

Article 7

2020

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Recommended Citation

Baugh, Raven (2020) "Poetry From "Consider the Twists"," The Messenger. Vol. 2020: Iss. 1, Article 7. Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2020/iss1/7

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Poetry From "Consider the Twists"

Raven Baugh

i. began

The twists began with hope, vision, and love.

Maybe.

To reject, likely, is to favor a thing.

That's more honest. For me, twisting, was a rejecting of straightened hair. Straight hair, relaxing, was quite costly.

ii. freedom

Twists are freedoms like rights
To then define to other people
By force, twisting fine hair into small chains
Is it (maybe)
Worse to submit then convince the self: [submission]
Is the answer to my freedom?

iii. building
I am twisting,
I am building,
Left hand right strand,
Tension to the root,
gentle to the ends,
But I always pull—
Twist like the screw,
Right hand left strand,
So much more to do.

iv. together
I put the twists together,
I take them apart:
Plump, juicy, thick
Then
Mini, tight, rigid
Hands coated in leave-in
Mind tired but I don't want to go back to the start
Are either types really what I want?

v. free
The Twists are free
To be what I want them to
By force, I twist fine hair into small chains
Locked up, side by side, into one collective
The Twists
Is it their making—
Or their undoing—
That is the answer to my own freedom?