

So her skin would never know loneliness

by Eva Lynch-Comer

when she asked me

do you know how many flavors of sorrow I have tasted in this life?

I sprinkled water onto her afro

massaged coconut oil into her scalp

so her skin could soak in something sweet

when she asked me

why is my baseline always sadness?

I parted her hair down the middle

planted a row of rice seeds

and folded the strands over, one on top of the other

when she asked me

why does my rock bottom keep getting lower?

I rolled beads onto the ends of her braids

covered the ends with aluminum foil to keep the beads in place

when she asked me

when will this end?

I pointed to the rice seeds that laid dormant in her hair

and replied

when they start growing

