A Mother’s Touch

When leaning my weight on my mother’s knees she propels me forward, tosses me a pillow with no cushion, and tells me to sit up straight. A body with no easel. Straighten up, so that you are protected.
The hot iron corrodes the TV stand for the third time today; I am the last of my sisters. She insists I have naps like my dad’s side of the family. That’s a lie; to prepare me, she rations a fine layer of Blue Magic, George Long’s cure to a black woman’s suffering across my scalp, and presses the rattail comb against my coils: settled and tired of being teased.