

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

Kim Darby Newton

DADDY

He took me to get my first haircut.
My hair was soft and fine and easily
Breakable.

Daddy decided

That we'd just

CUT

it all off.

I remember, sitting in the barber's chair

And not in the salon

All those strong black men

Around me

Applauding

My Daddy and me

They must have been in collusion

Because they reached

A unanimous conclusion

That

I

Looked like a little African princess!

Head high,

I went to Chisholm Elementary

On first day,

Believing the same!

Boy, they sure showed me!

"Bald head, bald head,

Kim ain't got no hair!"

And Daddy wasn't around

To remind,

But I saw those little bastards

Every day!

"Bald head, bald head,

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

Kim ain't got no hair"
Thank God
For Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys
I retreated there.

And so forth,
For the next 10 years.
It kills me, when people ask
"Why didn't you go to your Reunion?"
Instead I went to college
Massa gone, and mama assured
That I got my forty acres
In the form of a 1979 Toyota Corolla
And my mule, with fuel and the freedom
To leave Montgomery, Alabama
The HELL
behind me.

And wouldn't you know
Daddy managed to disappoint
Me there, too.
Suspensions, the conditions
Of his love and support were legendary
Really no different,
Than when I peeped behind
My grandmother's curtains,
HURTING,
And waiting in vain for him to show
Up. . . Again.
So, though he's my Daddy
Only hypocrisy would lead me
To celebrate him on that day!
I usually spend it calling my friends
Who are single mamas,
To congratulate them

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

For doing their duties
As Daddy.
And the saddest thing is
That they call me
To congratulate
For doing the same things
For my beautiful boy!

I still, through my OWN
Machinations, wear
A crown of tightly curled hair
And I still reign
As an African princess
But I do it in my own domain
And sadly,
Without
Daddy

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Mother Moon

Call your son
Down to me
I have a form of
Sweet servitude
Of which
He is
Deserving!
Your embrace
Cools
When I desire
Heat!
Give him to me!
Mother Moon
I am not complete.
Your Sun
Lightened my days
Warmed my brown shoulders
He raised
My nature
And now you think
To withhold him from me?
Mother Moon
I think. . .
NOT!
My thighs burn
For the warmth
Of his rays,
My eyes yearn
For the particular blindness
That he serves
When I meet his gaze.
Do not be so cruel
To deny

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

That which
Rules
The coming of
My tides!
Send him down
To me
Mother Moon!
I want to wrap my
Arms
Around him
And light ablaze!
How can you envy
Our frenzy
When you
Are responsible
For showing me
His face?!
Mother Moon
I beg you
Do not hold him
Back
From me any longer
Send your sun
Down, as once before
To fire
My core!
I have been COLD
Too long.
MOTHER MOON!