

GOLDEN HOUR

TYRAH CHERY



My grandmother holds my hand as we sit on the front porch
and in the warm dusk whispers in my hair
Bote enteryè, beautiful soul. My skin drinks in her words,
downtrodden and parched from the American Dream drought.
Her blessings are potent in the golden hour of the sun
and I remember the superstitions my family
carved into my skin. To fear the dark
and stay weary of stranger's homes, their demons cling to
your clothes like beggar tick seeds and plant themselves
in your aura.
I remember the way
they weaved the prophecies and prayer through my
braids. How my lullabies told me that
dreams were omens of times to come and to heed their words,
no matter how bitterly they went down.
I learned that revenge and spite is okay, though no one else
believes so. *Bay kou bliye, pote mak sonje*, the one who strikes the blow
might easily forget,
but the one who wears the scars must remember.