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Mom in the Morning

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Mom in the Morning

Jasmine Holloway

She greased my hair with coconut milk shifting the curl between her index finger; her thumb stroking the rope like silk.

The rope (*the braid*) so long that she lingers.

I sit up to put on my uniform-

Miller Wall Elementary polo,

scuffed grey knee, navy blue high-waters. *Warm*, steam still coming from the Iron on low.

Slow, she slips on my dirty white K-Swiss as I tie the bitten-tip shoe laces.

My little brown eyes see that she may miss me in the living room near the bookcases, staring at a book of Christian love poems

from Grandma with cancer that spread like phloem.