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What did you notice first?

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“What did you notice first?”

She wears her hair up.

Sometimes in elegant swirls, threads of liquid chocolate weaving together to rest like a crown upon her head;

Sometimes in a messy bun, rebellious follicles straining toward the sky for a better view of the sun.

(Though the sun can never quite compare to you, my dear.)

She wears her hair up.

Strands clinging to her cranium as children cling to their favorite toy -

Whether their grip is ironclad or lazy and loose, the prize is never relinquished, even for a moment.

(If only I could have more moments here with you.)

She wears her hair up.

Exposing a distracting expanse of porcelain skin,
Speckled with angel kisses as far as the eye can see.

(And an angel you must be to smile at me so.)

She wears her hair up.

The rich earthen tones of her tresses rivalled only by the sweet honey of her eyes -

Honey on a summer's day, deceptively deep and impossibly alluring, drawing the curious in just close enough to taste the sugar in her smile.

(If you are honey, then I am a bee, forever enraptured by your charm.)

She wears her hair up, and it's beautiful.

And yet,

I dream of how it would feel to card my fingers through it,

Removing clips and pins and worries as I go,

Reveling in the peace we would find together.



(She still wears her hair up.
But sometimes she lets it
down for me, and I love her
all the more.)

Thirty Minutes of Ink
Ink on mixed media by
Natalia Tertusio

Alyssa Ahlert