

practice

like how I braid
the finest hairs
at the nape
of your neck
while you sit
head bowed
careful not
to disturb
my fingers'
articulate knitting
or the black teeth
of my one good comb
while I split
& weave each
strand stitching
a wet ladder of v's
binding one snug
rung to the next
like how I hold
your hair
in my mouth
how we hold
& pass our
tongues through
difficult hours
& still we dip
our faces
into our faces
like bobbing
for apples
in a pail of cool
copper water
kneeling here
& trying again
when we miss