

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Rosie Flores: “The Writing Braid”

Rosie Flores · Wednesday, June 5th, 2019

The Writing Braid

You look at your reflection through a mirror in the morning. Sometimes.
And you remind yourself that you'd like to change
the person you once were yesterday.
You're looking at yourself and trying to come up with ways you can use you:
Maybe your fingers intertwining with his won't help you become attached,
the beauty within the tree's branches, its vivid colors sway around your room
like feathers floating after a pillow fight

Last night, a goddess in the sky
told me what it takes to become apart of her world.
In a kingdom where there is no rule. I remembered everything she was saying,
knowing that it would go in one ear and out the other.
There's nothing worse than fearing that the lover of dead things won't love you now.
I loved being alive. I'm not the same person that I was yesterday, today.

Reminiscing, once, at home, I braided
my long thick strands of hair. So long that you can tell stories out of it.
And as the colors of it changes, you start to see its damage.
Split ends from overthinking and discoloration
from smiling on the outside and not within.
I write about how love tasted. And as I do I have to hope
that it's made up of what I've always wanted.

So I cut my hair and I dye it once more.
Layers and layers of hair.
With a fresh face and ice shaved
it can't hold.
And I know this because my stories began to stick out of my braids.
Love cannot be held anymore.

Love keeps you up at night.
It's the best feeling in the world and the worst.
It brings you higher than you've ever been.
It builds you, completes you.

It destroys you, and makes you question pure goodness.

It's wanting someone else's happiness more than your own.

It's mutual respect, it thrives on my hope.

Love is every emotion you will ever feel and never see.

You won't be able to deny it.

Love, is the hardest word you'll ever say.

It's easy to spell, but difficult to say.

And if it fails, it is not love.

If it fails, it is not you.

If it fails, it is not meant.

But most importantly, love, does not regret.

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