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Brushing My Daughter's Hair

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Charlotte Pence

Brushing My Daughter's Hair

My daughter tells me I hurt her every day. My comb tangles in insults intricate as wedding lace. I kiss-touch-brush her bangs, yet the tense tangles grow throughout the morning rush. She yowls the loudest when I slice the scalp with a part. I forge ahead, blitz her toast with butter, bite my bitter coffee, slit the milk carton's throat. Meant to embolden, my sing-song battle cry of practice-makes-perfect; try again; let's repeat . . . thins her self-worth. But I cannot part with this comb that promises clean lines and perfection. This plastic line of teeth is all bite, no bark. My house is a hive of buzzing braids, of work and rinse, curls and cull-downs, where my daughter and I wrestle at the nape of our neck, a French knot, a choke hold, all the hands my own.