





. . . Look closer
and you'll see.

My hair is as soft as a blanket,
A cloak of the silkiest thread,
It wraps us up, it gives us strength,

For all that
lies ahead . . .

My hair is as dense as a forest,
As tangled and curled as a maze,
And in its thick, majestic state,
It trails on for days.

My hair is as strong as a drawbridge,
Over waters swirling and grey,
Reaching across the chasms deep,
To help me find a way.