

Mama loves you!
Baby girl

Mama loved you since you
First nibbled on her knuckles.
“Love Bites!” She said
And gave you red lipstick smooches
Smothered all across your cheeks.

“Big-headed baby scissorhands!”
She knew you grabbed her flab so hard that
Black turned to blue
Because you never wanted to let go of Mama’s Love
Handles.

Never.

Mama’s big hips could bounce back and forth to
D’Angelo, and Stevie Wonder and Michael Jackson
Back when he was black and handsome
‘Till biscuits browned and beans turned to proper green.

Mama always kept you well fed.
So well that before dinner
In your head
Were ways to say “No thank you, ma’am”
To her wrinkled chestnut hands.
To make the plate she held sink back to the table

Mama woke up early for you!
While you pulled on your pants
She fried eggs and browned bread.
So you could eat on the way to get your Jesus on.
Mama insisted on bowling while you were in town almost as much as
She insisted on your black excellence.
Her fingernails accidentally scratched confidence into your skin.
That spread through your body like the way Mama bragged about you to her sister.

Mama stays seated nowadays
She only needs a couch and a drink
Nowadays
And her TV, a 2003 flat screen
And the oven, sticky stiff buttons she doesn’t bother with

Nowadays.

But Mama still loves you!
When you're in town she
Bathes everyday
And puts on a wig and lipstick
To pull your face down
And smother you with her
Freshly baked kisses.

"Mama Loves You!" by Aanika Pfister – Lane Tech, Chicago