

Ode to my Mama and the Purple Dress, Circa 1992-1993

In this picture my mama know she fine
lavender sweater clinging all her curves sitting right.
Glory be her exposed thigh earrings licking her shoulders
her hand a cocked smirk at her hip.

I squint when I see lavender sequins fitting her curves like lingerie.
Teenaged me couldn't picture my mama a woman dressed to pull
her hand a cocked smirk at her hip cabernet colored lip
curved like a fishhook dragging men behind her.

Before this picture I didn't see her as *just* a woman
though I know she must have been those hips
curved like a fishhook dragging men behind her.
We don't discuss who she was before children

though I know she belonged to herself once.
She says she is too old to wear mini skirts, run the streets now
that we wore her down. We don't discuss who she was before.
What picture will I show my kids to prove I still got it

once I'm tricked into thinking I'm too old for mini skirts,
the glory of exposed thighs, large hoops? I imagine
my children squinting at old photos proof that I was a woman
before them —thinking— in this picture my mama know she fine.