

## Braids

by Natasha Warikoo

My half-moons  
lost in this sunshine,  
they flutter,  
a hummingbird moth,  
have you seen their wings?  
Picture them on the edge of my lids  
where my eyelashes should be  
and don't you worry about me.

I found a scalpel in my hand.  
I can't wait to see  
if my stitches are water-tight.

But you should know  
I'm sitting in this lawn chair  
missing Tennessee,  
and how it smelled,  
and our funny names,  
and bringing water to papa  
as he toiled in the roses,  
and reaching for ma  
as she spun spoonfuls of honey in  
milk, and we laughed so hard, *bhaiya*,  
I fell out of a maple tree  
sliding down it laughing,  
inner thighs burning,  
scraped red for days,  
but we had juice boxes in the garage as  
we marveled at my survival.

There's a cymbal in 6/8 and a base,  
and I am just trying to figure out what I  
want to be.