

Hairs • Pelitos by Sandra Cisneros

Everybody in our family has
different hair.

My papa's hair is like a broom,
all up in the air.

And me, my hair is lazy.
It never obeys barrettes or bands.

Carolos's hair is thick and straight.
He doesn't need to comb it.

Nenny's hair is slippery –
slides out of your hand.

And Kiki, who is youngest,
has hair like fir.

But my mother's hair, like little
rosettes, like little candy circles, all
curly because she pinned it in curls
all day, sweet to put your nose into
when she is holding you, holding
you and you feel safe,
is the warm smell of bread before
you bake it, is the smell when she
makes room for you on her side of
the bed still warm with her skin,
and you sleep near her, the rain
outside falling and Papa snoring.

The snoring, the rain, and Mama's
hair that smells like bread.

Noticings: Structure / Craft