

Natural Highlights

When I had few,
I'd pluck them out like weeds while wincing.
When I could no longer keep up with their growth,
I dyed them.
When I tired of dying them,
I succumbed to them,
letting them grow unchecked,
their gray heads erupting below a fake sea of black.
They make me look grand now—
slivers of silver that scintillate in the sun.

Miriam Manglani