

Burn

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The sizzling metal clamps burn a piece of me. And I enjoy it. I don't mind that a part of me is being erased. It's only temporary. Although I wish it were forever.

I can hear my hair cry as the straightener forces the curls away. Each strand weeps as the stylist repeats the same movement over and over. I sit in the same position for hours, not caring that I'm uncomfortable and that my legs are cramping. Beauty is pain and pain is beauty, right?

The rancid smell of my dying hair fills the room. It kind of makes me feel bad for it. Almost as if I'm forcing it to decompose. I flinch when the tips of my fingers touch the burning comal when I flip tortillas. My poor hair. Smoke emerging from the metal. Forced to touch the comal. Over and over.

I wonder what my abuelita would say. Would she be mad that I'm rejecting the hair that she gave me? Or would she understand my pain? Would she have straightened her hair if given the chance? Perdóname, abuelita.