

Headlock, Pt. 1 - Mother

Jensen McRae

I am eight years old
Mama come in my room bearing pictures from a magazine
She has 'em all laid out
All the women and men that look a little bit like me
I can see her now
Hunched in the morning light with scissors and a cup of tea
She tell me, "Hunker down, girl
Lemme show what it really means to be a beauty queen"
She sensed the monsters before I could even see their claws
She saw their foaming mouths and put that shit in a headlock