

*Allison Joseph*

## THIRTY LINES ABOUT THE FRO

The fro is homage, shrubbery, and revolt—all at once. The fro and pick have a co-dependent relationship, so many strands, snags, such snap and sizzle between the two. The fro wants to sleep on a silk pillowcase, abhorring the historical atrocity of cotton.

The fro guffaws at relaxers—how could any other style claim relaxation when the fro has a gangsta lean, diamond-in-the-back, sun-roof top kinda attitude, growing slowly from scalp into sky, launching pad for brilliance and bravery, for ideas uncontained by barbershops and their maniacal clippers, monotony of the fade and buzzcut. The fro has much respect for dreads, but won't go through life that twisted, that coiled. Still, much love lives between the two: secret handshakes, funk-bottomed struts. The fro doesn't hate you because you're beautiful. Or ugly. Or out-of-work or working for the Man. Because who knows who the Man is anymore? Is the president the Man? He used to have a fro the size of Toledo, but now it's trimmed down to respectability, more gray sneaking in each day, and you've got to wonder if he misses his pick, for he must have had one of those black power ones with a fist on the end. After all, the fro is a fist, all curled power, rebellious shake, impervious and improper. Water does not scare the fro, because water cannot change that which is immutable—that soul-sonic force, that sly stone-tastic, natural mystic, roots-and-rhythm crown for the ages, blessed by God and gratitude.

