

## No, You Cannot Touch it

I grew up in mostly white neighborhood and everything was good, had my friends, we was cool. I mean, there were only a couple of other black kids in my school and everybody thought we was related but that's some other problematic stuff we ain't even gon get into. There was one thing though. One thing that must have made them really think, "Oh she different". One thing that seem to captivate everyone's mind and generate the most interest. My hair. Couldn't really understand their curiosity at first. My locks been this way since the day I was born. My mom never permed and I ain't never had a relaxer. Sometimes I had cornrows though, other times box braids, sometimes bantu knots, or I would leave it out in all its curly afro glory. Then questions be flooding in for days. Why is it like? Why isn't straight? Do you wash it every night? You don't? My mom says that means it's dirty. Can you make it straight? Why is it in braids? Why do your braids look like that? How do your braids look like that? Can I touch it? I'm gonna touch it. I didn't know why this happen every year. I mean people know google exist right? Or people could just like... I don't know, curb their curiosity. I'm calm. I'm mellow for the most part, it's just these people be askin all these questions sometimes and it gets to be a little much.

Like no, you cannot touch my hair Samantha. I hope you know you actin hella creepy. Wowww so you gon put you hand over here anyway, all up in my personal space. I already told you to stop playin and woww you're still gonna continue with your straight nastiness. I saw you pick your nose ten minutes ago Sam! I saw it! And Caroline I know you just finished a bag of Doritos so don't even think about comin over here witcha grubby hands. Haven't you ever heard of keeping your hands to yourself. I get it's cool, it's different, you've never seen braids like mine before, you ain't never seen curls like mine before, this been a whole new experience for you, I get, it but Imma need you to restrain yourself or Imma haveta to head out. Do you see me trying to caress your scalp on a daily basis? No? Exactly. I ain't never been no dog, I don't bark,

I don't do tricks so please refrain from petting. Do I need a sign that says, "Do not enter my personal bubble"? I feel like you know youse being hella creepy, hella sus and if you don't stop we ain't gonna be cool no more. Andrew! I told you not to touch it! BOY if you don't...Yup now wipe your hands on ya pants cause I bet you wasn't expecting all them oils was ya. Don't wrinkle your nose in disgust. That's the good Moroccan stuff from the beauty supply store on 22. Also, shouldn't I be the one disgusted? Intruding on me. Been messin with me for the past twenty minutes, boy I got things to do, and Samantha, sis, if you don't back up we gon throw hands, don't test me.

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Translation key:

We cool = we had good feelings towards one another, no feelings of anger or dislike

we ain't even gonna get into = we are not going to discuss

She different= She is different, she is not like us

be flooding= would be flooding

people be askin= people are asking

Hella= very

So you gon= So you're going to

all up in = in

stop playin= stop joking or messing around

Straight= without reservations or exceptions

nastiness= gross or rude behavior.

Witcha= with your

Imma= I am going to

Haveta= have to

Head out= leave

ain't never been no dog= I am not a dog

Youse = you are

Sus= suspicious

Sis= girl

We gon= we will

Throw hands= fight

Don't test me= Don't give me a reason to show what I can do

Been messin= You have been messing

Other translations:

22 = route 22