

“Twisted, Tied, Tangled and Knotted in My Nappy Roots”

Literary Arts: Poem

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Twisted, Tied, Tangled and Knotted in My Nappy Roots

In the depths of my nappy roots, a tale unfolds,
Twisted, tied, tangled, a story yet untold.
Each curl a whisper of history's embrace,
A journey of resilience, dignity, and grace.

Tangled threads of heritage, woven tight,
In every loop, echoes of a proud fight.
Through trials and tribulations, they've grown,
A testament to strength, uniquely my own.

Knotted strands tell of ancestors' strife,
Their struggles, their triumphs, the essence of life.
Bound by the struggles of those gone before,
In each twist, their legacy I adore.

Yet in these coils, there's a beauty profound,
A richness of culture, in each loop found.
For in every twist, there's a story to tell,
Of resilience, endurance, and breaking the spell.

So let them twist, let them tangle and knot,
For within these roots, my history's wrought.
A tapestry of resilience, forever ensnared,
In the depths of my nappy roots, proudly declared.