My grandmother holds my hand as we sit on the front porch and in the warm dusk whispers in my hair 
*Bote enteryè,* beautiful soul. My skin drinks in her words, downtrodden and parched from the American Dream drought. Her blessings are potent in the golden hour of the sun and I remember the superstitions my family carved into my skin. To fear the dark and stay weary of stranger’s homes, their demons cling to your clothes like beggar tick seeds and plant themselves in your aura.
I remember the way they weaved the prophecies and prayer through my braids. How my lullabies told me that dreams were omens of times to come and to heed their words, no matter how bitterly they went down.
I learned that revenge and spite is okay, though no one else believes so. *Bay kou bliye, pote mak sonje,* the one who strikes the blow might easily forget, but the one who wears the scars must remember.