



Dear black girl

Your hair is one with nature
Your hair is the flowers that the
butterflies Grace with their elegance
The vines of which roses emerge
The ropes of the out pine Forrest
As delicate as the dandelion in the
wind

And as strong as the thorns on a
prickly bush

You need not explain your hair's
uniqueness

Don't be afraid to let your naturality
shine

Naps curls wave all the forms of
expression of love from the man from
above

Your hair is your crowned jewel. Own
it. Relish it. For it is synonymous with
your individuality

