

“They was sho’ stringy today.” Madear sucks her teeth at Ancestors while rocking and massaging wear from her hands, pressing pink pliable flesh with the same rhythmic kneading Big Mama taught her many Moons ago. Many Suns have shone, drawing her eyes taut, vision yet impeccable behind those lenses.

How she so perfectly rounds the ragged and smooths the sharp, spoons sweet warm Root into its hearth that Bindweeds may bind weeds of Discord.

She’s made this Cure before. Now it cools in the window as the draft lifts the lace that teases the crust of Madear’s Sweet Potato Pie.