

Cuyahoga County Public Library

By Siaara Freeman

HAINT BLUE

Red, White, and Black Make Blue – Andrea Feeser

Grams says a haint sat on her bed when she was a girl. When I was a girl, I got to visit her childhood home where she learnt how to be the *third girl*. A lesson she taught my mama who taught me. Some things just got to be learnt on a porch. I am the third girl of a third girl of a third girl of old blood in a new body. I am a Freeman. I am love & craft & country. I got some steady eyes in the back of my hope. Some spells just take centuries & so much blood to complete. I be a good book in bad hands. I am the sword & the stone it was pulled from. I am pinned to my own chest like a note from a teacher. Education is a woman who comes from porch people. Ancient like

darkness. Each strand of her hair is a new name for a god that you won't even try to pronounce correctly. Her heart is on backwards. I am to go back and stop her from crossing the water. I am haunting myself for generations. I am haunting myself into myself into myself. The water is whatever you think it is. I am right after something borrowed. A gift that will not be returned easily.

Indigo child, my sister Angie called me indigo child when I was a child. I looked it up only once & it scared the prayers out of me. Just like in third grade when that lady with a smile filling the whole classroom sent me home with a packet. I read it before sharing it with my mom or my grandma. I couldn't stop shivering. It said, *Your child is terribly gifted*, it did not say with what.