

# Momma and Me

*by* Tawnysha Greene

On Saturdays, we pull out big white poster boards, magic markers, and draw babies. Heads with black eyes, bodies curled, hands in mouths, a blue cord running from their bellies to somewhere off the page. Momma does the writing, block letters in red, colors them in with diagonal stripes, pen squeaking with each stroke, and sings worship songs the way she does when she irons Daddy's clothes. She lets me outline the letters in black, blow the ink dry, and we pack the car, drive to the big road where the brick building is with the green sign, the outline of a woman. Beneath her, it says hope. Momma's friends are there and we stand by the road, hold up our signs in the rain. On these days, Daddy and the younger ones stay home and it's just Momma, her friends, me. I feel like a big girl. We call it special time.

