

Meditation on White Hair

José Angel Araguz

The tally kept in lines
across my body, I grow
old, different. The marks

of chalk on the walls,
my father's prison cell
as I imagine it,

what I've become. That
he kept count by striking
white, fixing it

in place – that it meant
what the moon does
again, snarling through

black clouds – that like
the moon he begins
to piece himself together

in another life – white
hair grows, and seems
stranded, breath pluming,

root-white and reaching
out from me into
the waters of this life.

José Angel Araguz is a CantoMundo fellow and winner of Rhino Poetry's 2015 Editor's Prize. He has had poems recently in *Poet Lore*, *Borderlands*, and *The Laurel Review*. He is pursuing a PhD in Creative Writing and Literature at the University of Cincinnati. He runs the poetry blog *The Friday Influence*.