The day I learned that Brandy and Ed from *Good Burger* were wearing lace front wigs, I mourned the hours spent in salon chairs. My butt a frozen pack of pork chops. My neck a cinder block.

Oumy’s manicured flamethrowers burning my scalp. Sealing each braid to a point, like the Bugles I would place over my fingertips at recess.

All the white girls in my classes had crushes on Kel. *He’s so cute.* I didn’t see it. One got blonde box braids down to her waist. They only lasted a week.

On the jungle gym, my friend and I role-play seduction. I wear a feather-trimmed chiffon robe with nothing underneath, so my husband can see my penis.

The Queen of Dullsville calls me a freak. She does not want to play with me, Miss Spiritual Tramp of 1997. *On a girl, it’s not a penis. It’s called a pugenda.* She means a *pudendum*, Latin for “a shameful thing.”

I like hers better. Pug-end. My vulva, a list of plans for dogs with wrinkled faces. My bob, a head merkin drilled into my scalp to hide the kinks.