
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Epephanie LaBoy: Two Poems

Epephanie “Piff” LaBoy · Wednesday, June 10th, 2026

Fact Check

— *after Jericho Brown’s “Bullet Points”*

He would not shoot Himself
in the heart, He would not shoot Himself
through His eyes, He would never hang Himself
around His neck, and if He did
we all promise you, they tried to lie about
that street in Stanford, Florida
or the barn in Drew, Mississippi
which He never knew of because
He was just visiting
away from home. Yes He was at risk
but we promise you, the river water
of the Tallahatchie did Him better
than that group of white men
let alone the white woman that led them. We trust
the grief of His mother, the casket
that scorched our eyes, like the specks
of sunlight in His, or His suit
so clean and pressed, some might’ve forgotten
He was Negro and lying dead. 14.
If they didn’t kill Him, He would’ve still died
we promise you: at the old age of 80
on a bed, bones brittle
with a history from a whole lifetime,
during one of those windy Chicago summers
laying to rest. We promise if you hear
of our early death in America
then know it was America that killed us. They ripped
us from us and left out bodies to be
distinctly separated. Which was,
no matter what we’re being told,
always part of the plan
and will always cause more issue

than anyone trained by this system with their gun.

*

why you cannot touch my hair

— *after Eve Ewing*

my hair was my growing enemy who used to try to get to know me every month, became cool in high school, and then began to self harm. kept herself small but now is back trying to learn to love and we like to share a playlist every 2 months when she's free.

my hair went to Turkey. my hair went to get a permanent height change surgery, they had to use the strongest dose of anesthesia, propofol, only because my hair was too strong to go down.

my hair is the Spanish language. specifically the Puerto Rican dialect. it's not that it's hard to learn—it's just that you have to love it to want to.

my hair did a lot of work and got her degree. it took a lot of failing to get here. my hair ran out of mental steam and has been just having to push through since but is determined to be ok with the fact that she got through it. not perfectly, but still did. my hair endured fourteen hours to get braided. that's a lot of work.

my hair is making a cure. not sure quite what for. but it is wildly important.

my hair used to care about what you want.

my hair has two sisters. they shampoo, conditioned, combed, diffused, and styled my hair in the shower with no hot water when my hair was depressed. They taught her to grow it out. my hair's sister has a son. my hair's sister's son has long soft curls that I sing to while I run my hands through, holding him at the roots, I cried so gently when my sister cut him short.

(Featured image from Pexels)

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