

Grey Hair

Kayla McVeigh

The first strands of grey were rooted just above my right temple.
A gentleness that comes from the aging of dark hair to a softened grey.
For the first time in three generations, fingertips traced lovingly from the scalp all the way down to the frayed split ends. Taking notice without reaching for scissors or dye.
Daily surprises are offered within a lifetime.
These strands are threaded through a lineage before me. A twist of silver now twirled through my own fingers.
We don't have to do anything more than observe.
Each life presents us with something familiar, but new. Returned knowledge and deepened connections. It's not just in our blood and our birth. It's in our change and our marks of age.
Touch it if you can. Feel it and be kind. Your body is never static and still always exactly as it is meant to be.
Pain and all. The beauty of softening from dark to grey.