CUTTING MY EX-BOYFRIEND’S HAIR

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Andrea Saunders Gereighty / Academy of American Poets Award 1st Honorable Mention

he asked me later that day if I would write a poem about it all and I said probably not

the poem had already transpired

the poem was in how he stood stoic in front of the bathroom mirror and I cut his hair for the second time

(his rationale for letting me near his eyes and jugular with a pair of scissors was questionable but touching)

the first time in the kitchen nothing had been on my mind except for the glossy black mane in my hands

and the way I could flutter around him like something unearthly

the second time I was thinking about what he was thinking, knowing what he had been thinking the last time

and to be entrusted with his hair after all of everything

and the way he had said I need to hack this off and I said Do you want me to do it and he said Can you, casual, like

and how I hoped the scissors he’d grabbed off the table would leave, in negative, some kind of memory of me until his hair grew back

and how I hoped that when his hair grew back then he would miss having me around