CUTTING MY EX-BOYFRIEND'S HAIR

Maya Lowy
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