

Oklahoma r e v i e w

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Cuts Uncruel

Before discovering texture
Hermione had gone for color
turned hated blonde locks
red, black and blue
for a spell. Then she found
love in a buzz cut, bristles
tiny dotting the head
of Nick, the ex-Marine. He
hadn't lasted longer
than any other lovers
yet she couldn't get over
the texture of prickling
hair under her meaty palms.

Late one sleepless night
three Stolis couldn't end
she took a straight razor out
in the backyard, to avoid a mess
in the dark began to cut.

Bent forward she felt
hair falling, invisible to all
except the man on the moon.
After shearing the bulk
she bore down hard
enough to make herself
wince. Later she'd go inside
find a mirror by daylight
but for now she was happy
just touching herself, free
from fake hues, running
hands back and forth over her
uneven, newly naked skull.