Mom's first wig

Mom cut her hair short when the baby was born. Baby's slimy fingers somehow managed to bind around her long strands and tug at her luscious sea of gold.

The shorter strands started to fall on their own without assistance from the baby. Strands turned to chunks so dad sat mom down, clippers in hand.

Without a word, buzzing and muffled cries echoed off empty walls. The pads of my feet ached on the dusty concrete, the garage never felt so cold.

The new hair is platinum, long, and terribly boxy. It feels coarse and itchy to the touch when I pull a lump together and form a tiny pony on top mom’s head.

I want to feel her shiny, soft head but mom yells at me when I ask. So I don’t and ensure to mask the netting that continuously peaks through.
Inspired by my mother