

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