

# Ode to My Hair

*Emma Sterling*

Like me, you weren't born lazy  
You whirled and twirled and curled  
In naïve ringlets from my head  
You flounced from bright scrunchies  
You bounced from shiny barrettes  
Golden sunlight threaded through you  
When did you change, old friend?

Unlike me, you smoothed yourself out  
Though you now hang limp as a corpse  
You never yielded my temper  
I spy your indecision in the mirror  
Too stick-straight to let you be  
Too stubborn for contortions  
I sweat over you until I feel faint  
I will make you a masterpiece if it kills me

I burn you flat and spray you down  
I bend you into curls you'll never keep  
I spirit you into the clutches of clips  
I shear you off in silky chunks  
I pluck you from my skin and my sweaters  
I dredge you up in slimy ropes from the drain

No torture tames you  
I hate it and love you

Bob above the waves, you mystic pixie  
Braid your layered soul with mine  
And tumble untethered down my back  
One day frost will bleach you  
And I will smile on your silvering surface

Until then, your darkness lasts forever  
But when the sun strikes you sideways  
The light still skims through you  
Golden as a promise