

Hair

by Anne Sloan

When I was one and twenty and had a lot of hair
I didn't dream that someday it wouldn't all be there.
The poets speak of tresses, lovely and flowing
Well, my crowning glory just stopped growing.
That shiny crop of chestnut mane
Has turned into a white, unruly pain.
A comb or a brush it does not heed.
I look like a dandelion gone to seed.
A trip to the beauty shop does little good
Maybe that stylist misunderstood.
I didn't want to look like Sinéad
But that's it for six weeks I'm afraid.
It's thin and unruly and daily gets worse.
At my age that must be par for the course.
It really shouldn't bother me so much.
There are wigs and wiglets and caps and such.
I guess I'll learn to live with the mop.
But now it's getting really thin on the top.
I'll put on a cap and pretend I don't care
But I wish, how I wish I had my old hair.