

## The Hair Cut

Some music is visible,  
Growing slowly from roots.  
So, a movement, your hair grew to you.  
Was going around like that  
near to towing an orchestra?  
Or was it more an extra limb,  
Breathing legacy's braids?  
It's not that I see you as Samson.  
For one thing, the sex is wrong.  
For another, even if bald you'd be  
melodious.

Call me nostalgic. I still love how  
the tied beads, as if by training,  
swung round from your pig tail  
to strike me like a meteor.  
I know it was accidental but, going back,  
did you find it hard to be  
recognized always by long locks?

When the trademark went  
what were you shucking?  
Beauty as weight? Blonde as a noose?  
Was it ritualistic, a passage-rite, liberation,  
a kicked-habit?  
Whatever, whatever.  
Enough questions. Enough.

So, a first visit, feeling like misfits,  
we went to the hair dressers,  
that salon Of the mod.

Blow dryers? Mousse?  
How could one admit to not having  
the tools, being new to the tongue?  
Poor Hans, man of the shears,  
nearly did a wig flip.

My sister, you're iconic.  
I knew this while watching, inwardly  
feeling the snipping, & you, & you,  
facing the prophet mirror, witnessing

the act, what a Mozart conductor

what a lost piece by Stravinsky  
finally revealed.

Of course, going home to wash out  
The gel, the starch spray, (put out  
that cig), the aerosol nets, 'til  
you were you were your own hair again

is what proved the myth real.

In Orbit

Turn, turn, I know this lamp,  
how it made waves move,  
a lighthouse blink & ships  
come in on my parent's dresser  
at the bottom of my childhood  
W  
where the dark sprang to life.

Sitting on shoes, on clothes piles,  
model planes, the radio  
gave a theme & those days  
became a space ship  
hurling through worlds  
by closing the door.

Matchbook miniatures,  
cat eye marbles, their gleaming,  
all the little things gleaming, each  
flash-lit instant dreaming life,  
life dreamt on  
beyond what was unspeakable,  
& cut deep.

Experience/innocence,  
the imagination juggles turns  
turns a lamp scenes  
on the shade my radio listen  
revolutions revealed & leaving  
we do not cast the light  
elsewhere closing

come reflections from the distance.

Bio: Stephen Mead is a published artist, writer and maker of short collage-films living in NY. His latest Amazon release, "Our Book of Common Faith", a mix of poetry and art, explores world religions/cultures in hopes of finding what might bond humanity as opposed to causing suffering and wars.