

Hair

You had a paper to finish
so I said I'll wait over on
the couch & nap while you work
but I didn't I watched you type
& pause & put your black hair up.
A long ponytail like Sharon
said. It is so black! It is like
trees in some cold place like New
York. It is like God saw you &
thought I shall take her hair & dip
it into a pottery gloss!
& then Hannah will watch her while
she writes & everything will be
in her hair. I see the whole &
new woolen pants in your black hair.