

HEATHER CADSBY

Don't Worry Frizzhead If the Poetry Thing Don't Work Out I'll Buy You a Hairdressing Place

Good title, eh.

Now I have to write the poem.

I, has a scratched throat
and a mystery stuck to the palate.

Where's the edgewise word?

Silver apples aren't the moon.

Nothing seems to be slouching to be born.

An aged man, a tattered coat
are just that. Go elsewhere.

If a bare branch in winter is a line
snow there is line upon line.

But to do that in that way.

I applied the straightening solution.

I waited a long time.

I applied the neutralizer
and wound in large rollers.

I could never predict the outcome:

beautiful lines that broke at their roots

wavy lines that shone from product content

new highlights by chemical chance.

How could you do that?

I needed a threshold in that way.

Like small talk, you could say.

I mean power lines, not meaning.

Can I have a word with you?

Did we have words?