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?