Dad takes me to the barber's once a month,
without fail, come rain or shine.
I watch my hair fall into my lap
as the barber chats.

"Your hair's tangled like Samson, the super-strong,
long-haired warrior who could do whatever he wanted.
Your fringe is long like Rapunzel,
the princess trapped in the tower."



Months pass and my hair gets ginormous, but, come rain or shine, Dad doesn't come to take me to the barber's. There are knots inside my head.



Over my ears, over my eyes.

Long at the sides.

I disappear under my hair.