

Hair

I'm cutting my hair.

My mom thinks it's cute,

But I don't really care.

You touched it so it now means nothing but split ends and bleach in my skull.

I'm cutting my hair;

You're not welcome here.

I hope you hate how it looks and I hope my dad hates it, too;

New season new me is the cliché I chose.

I'm cutting my hair:

I like it more than I ever liked you.

You are dead ends and fine words.

I hope my dust fills your lungs and you long for me;

But I don't care,

I'm cutting my hair.

I'm cutting my hair because it's gross,

More gross than you and your venom kiss.

I'm cutting my hair because it's cute;

I'm cutting my hair because I despise you.

I'm at the sink holding scissors and razors;

I wish they were as sharp as your eye for imperfection.

I look in the mirror,

But I don't see myself;

I see someone stronger and wiser and better than you.

Can you recognize such a pretty little thing?

Makeup smeared across my lips,

Chunks of blonde missing?

Would you even care if these scissors slip,

Scaring my face and obstructing your view?

Did I ever mean anything to you?

But why do I care?...

I already cut my hair.