An ode to the hair on the shower wall
Sarann Spiegel

G says There's a line I walk
But l do believe in love. + I say
Everything I am can be traced back
to the sticker book at the bottom. It really is that simple.
Next to him I am what they want me to be:
unwhole. Next to them I'm not whole either
but at least I forget how to want. My therapist
says I need to get in touch with my hunger

And so we get lunch and I don't eat
because I'm full of you. I Wish you lived in my womb
so I could have you forever and always.
Someone else gets to have you
and I hope they love you wholly but I also hope
they don't. l wanna be that great love
first love second love, last. I loved the ill-cut bangs
and revel in the length now. I revel in you

I don't believe in anything but I do believe in love
G says. Well, I believe in the God on the nape of my neck
and conversations over the sugar free Red Bull at J's
and mostly I believe in you, all the way
so much so that I miss the hair I left on the tile
Having known you as long as it did
remembering what I already forgot.

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