Hair Can Make a Girl Cry

Glass on floor but glass never broke.

Broken girl spills on floor stream out from sweetwater spill on cheeks.

She sees

Hair now grown past shoulders,

Seeped with water it passes my boobs.

Once girl

But not girl with short fluffy like hair doesn’t understand

Why,

Why it was grown.

Why hair now placed neatly curled on collarbone is

Same hair

Same half up half down straight pinned back to hide year worth memories cut off.

Memories of same sweet salty-water stream and same old slurred dad

Hair holds on

Hair remembers when he doesn’t

Put up in ponytail to hide thick blood blotted picked over stress scabs

Pull at strands when home becomes anyplace but home

People say hair is just hair

But hair talks in lengths you deny

It knows what you do but don’t