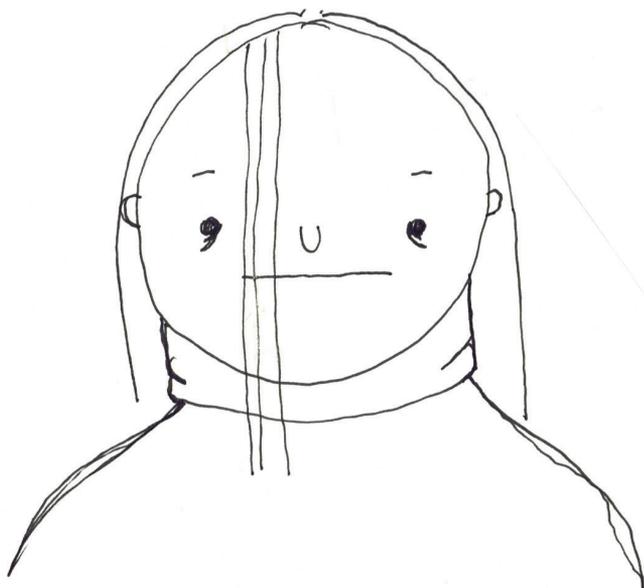


YOU HATE HAIRCUTS

By Catherine Weiss



You need a haircut.

You make an appointment online,

but you probably do it wrong somehow.



You were supposed to book a consultation,

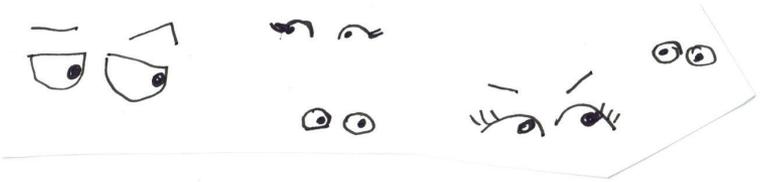
you loser,

you : asshole

you fucking idiot

You arrive with your ugly hair

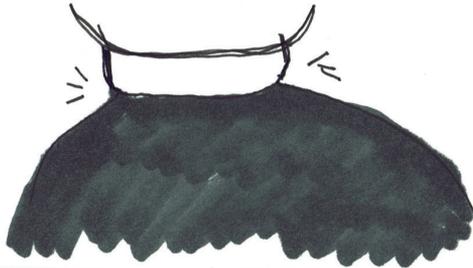
that everyone looks at, judgmentally.



You sit in the seat with the metal arms that digs into your thighs.

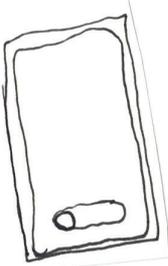
You wear a nylon sheet that goes too tight around your neck

and makes zzzizzing sounds every time you move.



Of course, your hands are stuck under, useless.

What if your phone rings?



Did you put it on silent?



The humiliation of disruption would be unbearable.



You worry about this for the next several hours.

You take off your glasses,

look at your nasty little turtle eyes

and then show your stylist a reference photo

of the most beautiful woman in the world.



Yes, just like this.

You want to look just exactly like this.

Shuffle across to the sinks.

The shampoo massage is supposed to feel nice

but it doesn't.

There's a tit in your face

and not in a good way.

Now your head is wet and your neck is damp.

Water under your collar, down your shirt back.

Smells and products you

would never have agreed to be subjected to.



Make small talk

until your stylist decides

she'd rather not.

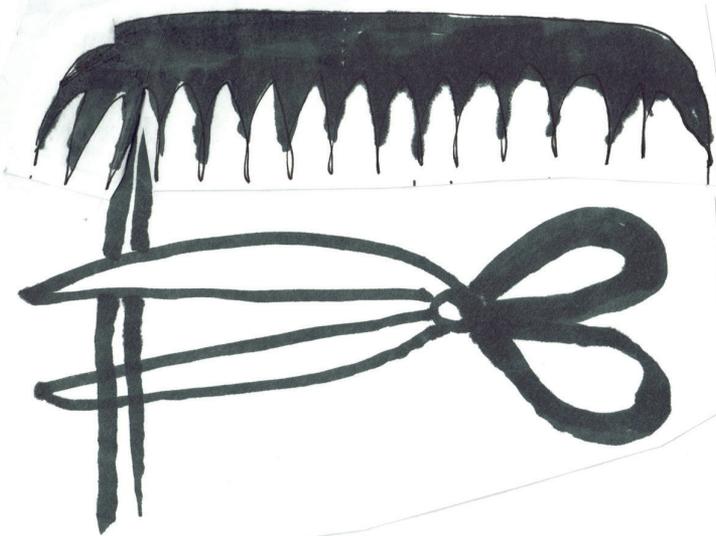
Snip snip snip.

It takes a long time.

You worry your ears might get snipped off.

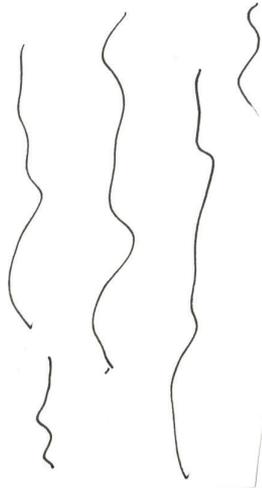
Snip snip snip.

Look down. No, look down harder.



Your stylist needs to scrape a wet comb on your neck

while she snip snip snips for seven hundred more hours.



If you want to dye your hair,

and you do,

because you're old and going gray,

congrats! now you get extra chemical smell.



Looking in the mirror at the salon

you have never felt so much

like a fetid worm monster.

You look like a turnip with a rash.



You look like a cosplaying beluga.

You look like if pregnancy happened inside your skull.

You look like your mother

if your mother was a boiled cabbage.

Little hairs on your sticky back.

A sensory nightmare.

and temporal nightmare.

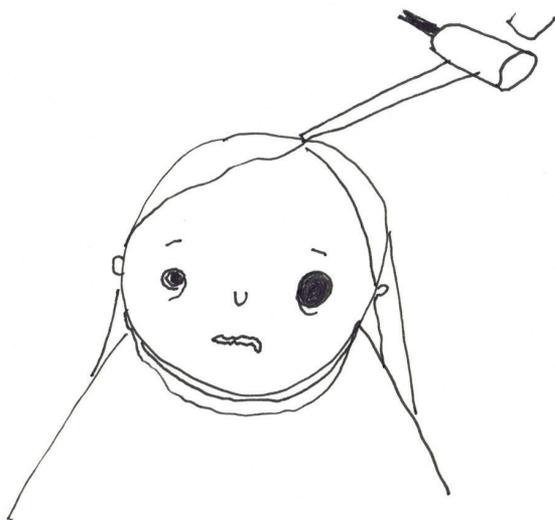
An interpersonal nightmare.

An existential, financial,

You have thick hair

so blow-drying

takes a thousand years.

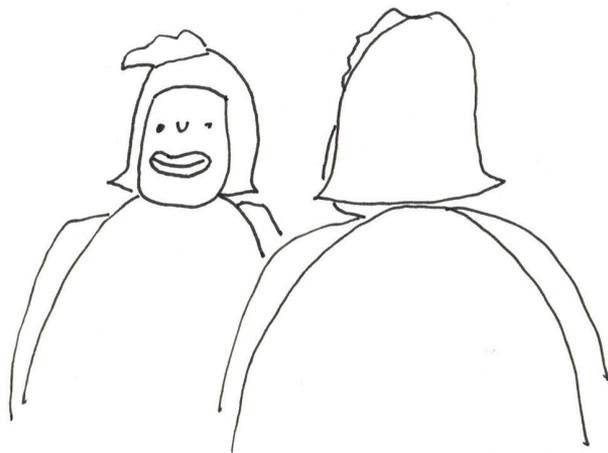


You have gone through the device

in Stephen King's *The Jaunt*.

Longer than you think, Dad!

But now you're a show poodle.



Hold this mirror



now you're the back end of a show poodle.



You tip either too much or too little

or in a non-preferred method,

demonstrating what a boob you really are.

You don't deserve your haircut.

You're a fraud, and a phony.

Go stand outside. Breathe.

Take a selfie. Post your selfie.

Go home. Live your life.

Wait 6-8 months til your spouse starts gently suggesting

you go and book an appointment.

Rinse. Repeat.

THE
END

