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PRETTY AGAIN

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PRETTY AGAIN

Cover Page Footnote

'Take it off!'

Down cascades your beautiful wig of jet black hair,
to reveal your balding own,

now twisted,

uneven,

ends forked,

with a new growth of baby hair
and a bare patch underneath all this
that you cover well.

Your right hand draws to your head,
every hair strand slipping between your fingertips
before they rest, satisfied

around a silky strand at which you gently tug
before pressure uproots it from its follicle.

It rests, lifeless and defeated, in your palm.

You see that I notice,
my eyes following your hand.

You toss it away into thin air,
mumbling away your new indulgence,
modern-day *Trich*.

You innocently pull out one strand,
brings you instant relief,
but becomes automatic after.

Your hand goes subconsciously into your hair,
hunts for some possible victims, then out goes
strand after strand after strand mercilessly in a 'pulling' frenzy.

Hairy mess on the floor,
blank stares,
empty soul,
a shameless alien reflects back from the mirror.

Once the feeling goes away,
it is a replay in no time.
Gratification gradually disappears.

Panic and shock settle in,
then guilt, shame and helplessness devour you,
all negatively reinforcing your low self-esteem.

“Make it stop!” you beg me.

You only want to be beautiful again.

I know what I have to do.

Two months later, you are back on track,
taught to recognize your impulse
and redirect it into something productive.

The bald patches have mostly gone
with short hair growing haphazardly.

Baby steps, I call them.

To new hair and a new you.