

Hairdresser

By Rebeckah Beale

The streets are filled with heavy talk,
a place to go, a place to walk.
The shops are lined, in neat straight rows,
fronts of different colours, selling things their neon sign shows.
Walking straight past them, through the artificial glow,
joy bubbling to the surface, that once was so low.
Into the out of way shop,
the door opening with a small pop.
The smell of shampoo and bleach in the air,
ladies gossiping while doing their hair,
each one a blank canvas,
before showing off their grandness.
I sit in the empty chair, afraid to show my greying hair
I explain what I want and ask if it's possible,
to which she replied of course, I'll make you irresistible.
The bleach, it burns, and my greying hair turns,
to a white that looks like snow,
she washes, then dries, and I laugh a little,
as I am reminded of Marilyn Monroe.
She paints on the rainbow colours,
excitement running up to my molars,
with a pink, purple, and a little bit of blue,
I know this session was definitely overdue.
She finished with a wash, cut and blow dry,
And I think to myself, I really could die.
It was wonderful, amazing and beyond compare,
of how much she had done with my fabulous hair.
I went over, where I had to pay,
had it really been that long since I first said 'hay'
A little sadder, I handed over my money,
She smiled, replying 'see you next time honey'
Out of the door I had to walk,
into the streets filled with that heavy talk.
My newly done hair blowing in the breeze,
putting my mask back on, after hearing someone sneeze.
Unsung hero my hairdresser is,
after months of being locked up, with my unruly frizz.
She works so hard, and does so much,
I really can't wait to go back for my retouch.