

Old

My hair is old. It doesn't shine anymore
Like when I was a princess
living in the tall tree out back.

It crinkles like stiff paper
and the pretty pink tissue wrapping
the present from Granny so many years ago.

It sounds like static from the television when
we watched nature stories on cozy Sunday evenings
and the microwave that was the first on our block.

It doesn't smell like the strawberries in my shampoo
or the ones that were frozen in the freezer
and thawed for homemade ice cream.

It feels crisp sometimes
like fall leaves under cold bare feet.

Sometimes, when there is too much product
it feels sticky like the insides of caterpillars
that didn't survive my petting.

My hair is old. Old like the memories in my head
of my favorite days gone by.

SUSIE MATTHEWS