

Life Makes Me Itch and Gag

I hate drinking from my rabbit fur mug
and eating soup from a human armpit.

I'd prefer not to play on my rat-tail string guitar
or sleep in my sheets left on the barber shop floor.

I'd appreciate if there were no hair clumps in my underwear
or in the mouthpiece of my saxophone.

And I'd rather not have eyebrow trimmings
in my morning joe.

Life is troublesome when things get hairy,
but without my tiny ear hairs
how would I hear
you sing?



Emma Gerig
First Place, Broadside "Hair" Contest
Judged by Julia Spicher Kasdorf



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