

Haircut

I took a photograph of a handsome young man
with an interesting haircut to my stylist.
She looked at the picture, nodded,
agreed it would flatter me—a casual,
sort of accidental cool. She asked me
about the guy in the picture. I didn't want to tell her
it was young Josef Stalin—
it made me uneasy that my hair inspiration
was responsible for 49 million deaths.
So I went through my mental database
of 20th century history and estimated
my hairstylist's knowledge—*It's Jonas Salk,*
the guy who cured polio, I lied.
I have no idea what Salk looked like,
but neither did she and, most importantly,
Salk saved people. But Stalin, by God,
what a head of hair on that deplorable man.
As I walk through town with my Stalin hair,
nobody asks about my inspiration,
nobody says anything except *nice haircut*.