

## Death at the Barber's

Large callused hand tap  
Prods the little boy through  
The ringing glass door  
The smell of bruel-creeme  
Overpowers  
The barber greets  
Surgeon's white top  
Comb in top pocket  
Black pants  
Marched the little boy  
To the crimson cushioned throne  
The executioner's block  
Smock attached  
Neck adjusted  
The barber hovers, ready to pounce  
Slick backed receding hair  
Docile eyes with hint of a glint  
Sharpen blades flicker through the air  
Deadly intent sparkles upon the edges  
The little boy's getting a crew-cut

Looking back into the barber's mirrors  
Multiplicity fractured beyond eon's landscape  
Outside  
A gusting wind blows the blooms from the trees  
Covers the nature strip with pink petals  
The little boy loses the battle  
Shame cannot be hidden  
The power in the reflection reveals it all  
Crying as the hair is harvested

Tears trickle into infinity  
The buzz saw of the blade  
Navigates around the ears  
Black clumps float gently down  
A fallen forest devastated by a cyclone  
Laying on the green and white checker-board lino

The smock removed  
A brush and sweep around the neck  
The little boy is released  
Smiles appear from high above  
The boy rubs and hides the signs of tears  
A scuffing of his head walking out  
A voice speaks downwards  
“Now isn’t that far better”  
The little boy pouts  
Sucks his top lip  
‘No,’ he thinks  
He dreams of the day when he’ll be older  
Then no one will ever get him back into the barber’s chair

*Robert James Conlon*