

## HAIR TODAY GONE TOMORROW

By

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He always asks, “how do you want it cut?” I always reply, “medium to short; tapered in the back, and don’t ruin the comb-over.” I try to speak clearly but not loudly as I near the end of my reply, no sense calling attention to what I am trying to hide – the war that’s going on my head.

Yes, there’s a war of sorts going on, and the battleground is the top of my head. In a way it’s a bit like the Civil War pitting the North against the South. Each side marches relentlessly towards the other. The battlefield is littered with the wounded, the missing in action, and countless deserters. The casualties are heavy as evidenced by the silent soldiers lying motionless on the shower floor and in the sink.

As each side advances towards the center, large regions remain barren. It’s hard to tell who is winning this war, but I’d say it’s probably the south, judging by the majority of warriors in gray uniforms. But the south has taken a crushing blow of it’s own, as evidenced by a huge crater in the rear region where it appears a cannon ball exploded.

I don’t know why all the obsession with hair. I guess we’ve been taught from early on that it’s associated with strength, virility and youth, all things I hate to see wash down the drain.

Each morning I gaze in the mirror to evaluate the condition of the dwindling war, and each day the opponents become fewer while the battlefield becomes larger.

Several friends, with hair to spare, recommended I shave whatever hair I have left because the bald look is getting ever more popular and according to many ladies, even sexy. But I believe when they picture sexy bald men, they must be thinking of people like Sean Connery, while my vision of bald is Don Rickles.

I often turn to the heavens and express my desire for some new growth. But perhaps you heard of the expression, be careful what you wish for. Well, apparently there is power in prayer because recently I have indeed developed some new hair.

Unfortunately, it's growing out of my nose and ears. I didn't even observe this during my daily scrutiny in the mirror. I guess I was too busy staring at the top of my head to notice that my nose and ears were germinating.

It's like some cruel trick and it makes me wonder what other parts of my anatomy might be sprouting hair. I first became aware of this problem when my barber turned to me and asked, "Would you like your ears trimmed?"

That was a very difficult day in my life, one that continues to haunt me. Hearing those words for the first time was like having a dagger stuck right through the center of my not-too-small ego.

Several years and several more daggers to the ego later, I sit in the chair and calmly await the additional and inevitable questions he presents, "Would you like your nose trimmed?" "Would you like your eyebrows trimmed?" I timidly reply "yes."

Then as I nervously sit there and am actually afraid what he will ask to trim next!

541 words