“The bald truth”

My hair went on a diet of its own accord. Rogaine is the extent of my vanity. It didn't work but it was fun treating my head with fertilizer as if it were a phrenologist's lawn. They were onto something in believing the skull you have is the soul you are, that the brain is involved in the sport of tectonics. My skull has a fault line like California's, which makes sense given how the hemispheres of my brain collide: the right side wants to clean the house while the left knows dancing is the best part of who we are. Or vice versa, I always have to look that up. They say baldness means energetic things about parts of me that aren't falling off. The real compensation's having no choice meeting the mirror but to accept that tomorrow will be different than today. And greeting my wife, not wondering, as pretty men must, if I'm kissed for my soul or face, to never doubt, as I become invisible, that I'm seen by love.

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