

A NERVOUS PAIR DO HAIR

“Hold still, hold still,” I cried, “Hold still,”
with open scissors poised to snip
while trying to impose my will
to quell the dog and do the clip.

But fearful muscles quivering
could not be stilled by voice commands,
nor could his frightful shivering
be quieted by both my hands.

So many starts—as many stops.
Such fits and starts are seldom seen
in hair salons and barber shops
where scissoring is more serene.

I’d thrust to left, he’d parry right.
The danger of the open blade
put worry in our feigning fight
and kept us both somewhat afraid.

In time I learned to ease attacks,
and he learned how to be less tense.
Although we never do relax,
at least we minimize suspense.

Now haircuts take place quietly.
While we avoid most turbulence
we still don’t know with certainty
who is more nervous, him or me.

by Lee Netzler