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Strands

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The underlayer of hair
that rests against the back of my neck
reminds me of the bottom of the ocean
where the creatures are mutated,
hidden from the sun,
where a black strand
buried beneath the blondes and reds
is marvelous in its existence.

Hunting
for split ends, I find
most resemble forked roads
but every once in a while
one diverges, a hair that
that mirrors the legs of a centipede.
Its delicacy is thrilling,
and I run my fingers along the soft edges
before plucking off each strand
with a patience and focus
reserved for such moments.

I sort through strand after strand,
each a distinct personality,
a point to fixate on.
They are simple. Calming.
Beautiful creations
waiting to be admired,
and then destroyed
like sand paintings.