



Magnolia

A Florida Journal of Literary & Fine Arts

[Home Page](#)

[Current Issue](#)

[Archives](#)

[Submission Guidelines](#)

[Links](#)

[About Us](#)



photo by Sandy Scott

Poetry

LAst Haircut

by Natalie Lyons

It was a Tuesday, and not unusual
at all for her to cut his hair
as he sat on a kitchen chair, an old towel
draped around his broad, tanned shoulders.

His hair was silky blonde, not yet
turned mousy brown from age.
He liked to wear it long but responsibility
required the cut. We had all expected
to see him bald someday, the way blonde men go.

Under the ceiling fan light she fingered
wet hair nonchalantly, straightening and snipping,
pushing his ears forward with her thumbs,
quickly brushing the hairs caught in his eyelashes,
palming his crown, and gently pushing his head

Ninth Grade

by Peggy Aiello

Dressed in another's cast-offs,
aware of how they drape
her boyish frame.

No other girl on earth could be this dreary.

She steps around the corner and down the hall.
Jejune boys huddled at the bend in the hallways—
watching over pedestrian students.

She clings to the lockers
wishing they could swallow her in.
The passage too narrow to slip by,
no place to go to avoid their whispers
and foolhardy laughter. What callous observation
would those tinsel teeth reveal today?

forward to straight the back.

She didn't know enough to be nervous, but still
she dropped the comb a lot.

If she had only known this was to be the last
time she would touch him alive

she would have caressed each lock, snipped gently
and slowly, savoring the moment. Carefully,
she would have touched his face, memorizing
the angles and feel of it, smoothing them into her
mind, as she brushed his eyebrows carefully
with the tender tips of her fingers.

(reprinted from 2008 IMPRINTS)

Raising her chin, she passes the lair;
there are no comments betrayed
this day; she bedamns them
for making
her feel
so
unlovely.

(reprinted from IMPRINTS 2008)