

## CHERRY'S HAIR VILLA

Venetian blinds impose  
a cool shade upon the shop.  
Ammonia from perms tightens  
the air. Worn issues of People  
and Good Housekeeping wait as handily  
as those 5 sit-down Realistic  
hair dryers. By the sinks, Cherry smiles  
and applies neutralizer to a curled  
head while that client thumbs through  
The National Enquirer. A wide, chest high  
mirror runs in front of the finishing chairs.  
On the counter below it are: brushes,  
Cinderella Hairspray, scissors, clippers,  
a framed license, Vaseline and Quantum  
Shampoo. Boston ferns, a Wandering Jew  
and other greenery grow in given spaces.  
KNXM is faintly heard. Tacked to the  
wall by the door is this poem.

## THERE

Johnson yells "You KNOW it's open."  
Inside, I see him chasing Nacho,  
his Nicaraguan son, to Lord knows where.  
Otis Rush is groanin' the stereo'd blues  
and the Chicken Cacciatore smells erotic.  
Mai exclaims something in Yiddish  
as she takes the Chardonnay I've brought.  
Some Gauguin horses drink on the wall.  
From the kitchen, Ronda blows me a kiss  
and poses in that God awful muu muu.  
Prometheus nudges my leg, hinting for  
a pet and Johnson comes puffing back  
to ask "When did you get rid of the Camaro?"  
It feels just like home.

— Robert Underwood

Redlands CA