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The Harrowing Harassment of Huge Hair Hanging Over the Seat in Front of Me
On An Airplane at Night

By: Mardelle Fortier

I swear that this long hair had teeth while skulking out of dark.
It crackled and entangled; wild thick fur threw burning sparks.

It climbed up over the plane seat and threatened me with size.
‘Twas frizzled, sizzled, fried and dried and gleamed like lupine eyes.

It howled & prowled & curled & swirled and would not let me rest.
Plotting & knotting in dimness, it put me to the test.

It raged & rolled & lashed & clashed & snarled at my outcry.
Red shone in it like blood of wolves—“Don’t snip me or you die.”

And I remembered Riding Hood & stayed all deaf & dumb.
But when the hair had gone to sleep I poked it with my thumb.