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Split Ends

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Split Ends

BY COITO

I used to revel in the delicious curl of it,
the loving natural soft and tumbling down of it.
Mine.

I see the shadows nude in color, black in method,
they twirl and tangle and make a place in it.
Not mine.

I remember you easing gilded words into my scalp,
those baby's breath lips grazing it.
Yours.

Now the loving natural soft tumbles down
upon purple bursts invading the nude of my cheek,
speckled like stardust after supernovas collide and explode.
Yours.