

## “The bald truth”

My hair went on a diet of its own accord.  
Rogaine is the extent of my vanity.  
It didn't work but it was fun  
treating my head with fertilizer  
as if it were a phrenologist's lawn.  
They were onto something in believing  
the skull you have is the soul you are,  
that the brain is involved in the sport  
of tectonics. My skull has a fault line  
like California's, which makes sense  
given how the hemispheres of my brain  
collide: the right side wants  
to clean the house while the left  
knows dancing is the best part  
of who we are. Or vice versa,  
I always have to look that up.  
They say baldness means energetic things  
about parts of me that aren't  
falling off. The real compensation's  
having no choice meeting the mirror  
but to accept that tomorrow  
will be different than today.  
And greeting my wife,  
not wondering, as pretty men must,  
if I'm kissed for my soul or face,  
to never doubt, as I become invisible,  
that I'm seen by love.