
JULIE MACLEAN

HE COMBS HIS HAIR

every morning he walks past my house
gets to the window
and stops
takes a comb out of his pocket
and combs his hair
When I asked him why
He said,
*I know you write
My mum told me*

*So ... Why do you stop?
Why do you comb your
hair outside my window every day?*

He looked away
He said
*I want...
I want you...
I want you to...
I want you to write...*

What? I said

*I want you to write, he said
about me ... and when you do,
Mum said I have to make sure my hair is combed*

And it was

(...)