

**Bill Cotter**

## AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S

Still oblique, Saturday's sun.  
Benign with the cutting and shaping of hair,  
The salon,

My hairdresser, quaintly attractive,  
Her fingers and comb circumnavigating my skull.

Two faces: Mine, distant,  
The other, a man's, chiseled and focused.  
No sideburns here,  
Thank you. Just short back and sides.

News flash! Police rush to Woomera.  
Afghans recaptured.

"Bloody illegals. It's your taxes  
And mine, mate, keepin' 'em there.  
Send 'em back, I say. Get rid of 'em."

"Yes. Yard, though,  
Not to feel something for them,  
Poor buggers that they are."

Silence, dull as quicklime.  
A collective tightening of chins.

"Well, some them, anyway."

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