

The Barber's Chair

KEVIN POWER

The shallow mockery goes back and forth
like a hollow ping pong ball of conversation.
It bounces between the two barbers,
carrying with it unsolicited ignorance.

The slurs slither out of their mouths and into my ears
like snakes trespassing through hostile territory.
I've never welcomed these snakes, but I don't dare tell them off,
for the man who breeds them is the only one I can trust with a razor.

It's a game you never choose to attend,
but will often find yourself observing.
It has no official stadium, and no superstar players,
but I know I'll always be forced to watch, here in the barber's chair.