

Small-Town Cheveux

by Mary Adams

Today I asked the kindly therapist
how to start surviving without love
again. "Doctors" - my ex is a doctor -
"cure infections, but a hairdresser
can dress the heart in highlights. Why not dye
your hair a different blonde at *Maison Faux*?"

she asked, or maybe she said *Chez Ennui*.
It's a small town. She's the therapist
to many of my colleagues, even the dyed
bawd I call the Pedagogue of Love.
An artful geyser cascades from my hairdresser
who almost nods hello, her pertly doctored

bosoms pointing. My therapist is the doctor's
therapist too. Here at *Pomme de Terre*,
cosmetics are organic. Sprigs of hair
are piled and pasted with aroma-therapy-
pomade atop each stylist. "Endless Love"
mews softly from the speakers by the tie-dyed

Pier-One bedspread wall art. We don't die
of lost love now. Instead, I stick the doctor's
picture on the Internet, a love
note below it and pie *à la mode*
smacking him on the kisser. E-therapy,
I call it. Lola, my hairdresser

elect, is whispering - she's the hairdresser,
too, of the balding mailman whom the dyed
Pedagogue seduced - to the therapist's
therapist stationed next to me: "The doctor..."
Lola rasps askance, her *Déjà-vu*
apron quivering covertly. "Lovely

hair," she says to me. Then my ex-lover
strides in, humming "Lola." The hairdresser
winks. He starts. The neon *Yondre Heaux*
marquis is sizzling, and the stink of dye
hangs in the sudden quiet.

At last the doctor
brazens, patting her haunches, while the therapist's

therapist averts a watchful hairdo.
The doctor fawns, "My little *Porquois Pas!*"
his look as loud as love that never dies.