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Why My Hair is Greasy and Tussled

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Yes, I showered this morning, and I ran my fingers through the back ends of my scalp, where my ears meet my skull and back to the fiddlehead of my spine. Accustomed to closing my eyes, I thought of hard kisses, the kind they do in the movies with such gusto to prove they’re really in love. Each fingertip through my hair, each hand a mirrored press against myself. Finally, I shuddered a great shudder, saw my thousand hair-strands and remembered how the hero carried his mother out on his shoulders, the blades drawn out like two rune stones on his back, each with three-tiered whorls pointed in toward his spindly vertebrae. In fear, I turned off the faucet, dressed, and left the house, shoving a hat over my still-damp head.