**On Losing More Than My Hair**

Seems one night to my thin, thin, thinning north,

my hair, no longer a dark, shiny meadow,

has whispered a gossip in everyone’s ear

that I’m no longer the same lucky fellow.

I manage a smile from a grimace,

I manage wanting to be seen less and less,

to be heard from behind a large piano

or hiding ‘neath shadows that curtains dress,

where romance I can once more suggest

in ideas full of youth like brushy days galore –

when there was more sun on my island of lips

than the plateau brow – there charms no more wincing for me

‘cept the antiseptic secretaries.

I figure low in the ploughman’s furrows now, no seed to make more,

the seeds are dried and bedded down below dead towns --

my hands wave over my head in directing a rustling of leaves

supine in large and open spaces the top of my head like spruce

after Christmas embraces,

between the year and end of air --

and the distance roaming from my eyebrows to my ears –

well, is cooperation worth direct speech, or,

does it betray my muted thunder to reply in supernatural

resurfacing of much-needed black or dark-brown roofing cover?

My silence succeeds in hungrily employing hope in their blank stares;

their dull half-smiles betray a helplessness that weighs more than the world’s

nose in anybody’s business; but no man wants to bury his past in the future

where his pastures should count for more than the nitrous and mildewed employ of time some men would measure as meaningless work, others would value

like gold or diamonds of fire in the sun – waiting some thirty-five years to their sunsets.

I have seen/heard in others’ eyes when this thinning course began,

‘but he’s a slight trace of once and for all’;

I am a hint like a tone of voice, as if by overnight

I was what I am and what has been drawn over

on my scalp is now scrubbed away by some old age elves

visiting the wrong address, the doorbell rings, "why me ... why me?!"

They cry bloody murder from across the valley of adolescent hairlines,

the cowboys shoot Indians at the base of my tree-line, there at the border

on the coastline of seaweed-and-sun-salted surf where crew-cut

sixteen-year-old cuties are combing out the electric-blue moon light in their hair.

The mayhem of these monstrous and maniacal antibodies take primordial vices

to the invisible flies that violate sub-dermal domain, the sub-moronic

carrying-ons like bombs blasting so loud the follicles of Dr. Medicine

whimper and scintillate,

whimper and scintillate,

scratching their hairless heads in the Dr.'s yellow submarine of reasons, cures, and 'why is the sky blue, daddy?' anecdotes of old coats and women who never owned them -- O, how they laugh, O, how they pay,

half in wonder and three-quarters in ridicule to a hundred-and-fifty dollars' worth of minoxidil, to the ridiculous reason of 5% cure, perhaps their untimely death is so amorously and profitably linked to science of air-restoration.

I’m growing use to new mirrors, mirrors with no glass.

Will I ever grow use to seeing me play shadow of a memory --

with no admissions to whispering campaigns,

no disparages do I welcome, no, there is no disrespect before me,

not to damage my reputation, but their quite encampments of turned eyes

succor less lavish teams of seamless nervousness to store missiles of interest

where in their minds they'd sally, “are you alright?” or, in soto voce gioco to their sortie, “is he OK?” – it would never belie to reach my ears like the "C"-word, or worse than altar boys catching Father Giocomo drunk on guinea-red before the Mass –

Even hiding behind curtain-lands in square miles of curly, wavy foliage of sixty years …spares no scissors to wait a day or week longer, only soon to live in forehead pages and phrases of my own drying and dying frontiers –away, away from warming death –

A warming friend is quietude these days, easy to fall from the eyes

that know not how the years spied the wicked and unfair future –

that know not the clear face and dark, black frame of brainy cover

that captured emotion in conversation and relaxed clover …

But I have no soft murmurs of my own in front of you now, no,

I’d rather create and speak and play behind a large fountain, or

layers of snows – well spent avalanches of angels and fences

where I am still there besides my makeup, besides my hair.

And now the thought I have of what is common in this camp

to the constant strangers – is this:

‘but, you should have seen,’ ‘or would have only been,’

but what is life but how much one’s suffered to believe?

Why Believe? But, there is no question, “Why Suffer?”

… to suffer and live beyond the sanction of emotions

like the humiliation that old age cannot defeat – brooking youth at every joint-painful aisle and afflicted mile.

But I believe because the cure time has no tincture in is faith.

Faith that cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God – no less,

faith by faith is everyway the days get filled, the days bring me up to reckon

a prayer and that prayer brings me to believe the willful creation clinging to the rails of arteries and veins and nervous bystanders in the divine subway inside me – as it inches closer and closer, day by day to my Father’s house.

The president of my organs will speak amid a frosted field of Sunday mornings ... making sure my alarm clock is set – our old age finds never-ending youth, getting younger and younger as we ascend the rapture to longer-than-life mid-thirties on those shores of Glory!

But wars come and go before their deadlines in man’s subscription to peace.

They are won in less bloodshed, “My Son,” said Grace to the puny man who never learned how ‘green’ was his pasture-clean; how splendid could his eternity off from work had been; how ridiculous his guilty and furry-coat of clothes betrayed by his lying fate of faith and face.

But wars come and grow faster than the pain of unsought and callous pleas for help amid the vacuum of human-filled universes with compassion ill-composed to monotone drones of not-so-symphonic meteoric hardhats fan out their plans …

O, all those humans with helmets called skin, hair, bones, and elevator shoes –

I can sleep because I make blood every hour (because I am not alcoholic my blood can sleep, too) … (... I cannot rest at the bar, it's way too noisy...)

Is it my lack of faith I cannot endure, or my lack of pain and suffering in the homeless man I avoid on my way to work everyday?

If I can save more money in losing weight watching a weight-loss TV commercial– shall I revive my own believing that faith will find more men than me before my work bell rings -- by knowing love has brought me to this unfeigned and restless day.

John Amato

Isaiah 55:11