

My Partner Shaves My Head in the Bathtub

Sage Justice

and the porcelain soothes my restive fingers; wandering
flurries of hair drift around me like dove feathers.

He steadies himself on me, hand on my shoulder, blows hair
from the clipper blade. Four glinting window tiles, blooming
glass flowers, are embedded in the wall behind the shower. The evening
rays peer through them, kiss our naked heads as I lower myself under
the running water. A warm stream rinses the locks to the drain stop

and I am blessed, bare and bald as I was after C-section. Removed,
I was, not born. Extracted from the cavity of my mother as I now uproot
myself from her, clip the umbilical cord growing from my head
and baptize my new name in the saliva of my lover's mouth. Church pews
line my bathroom walls, empty but for my partner, and I rise, dripping,
holy and whole as a babe bathed in afternoon sunlight.