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Barrettes

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Barrettes

Until everything becomes less of the it
it was intended for
to explain this I cannot begin

why in my head
your hairpins read as barrettes
once their pressure
releases your scalp
from the demand of your hair

snap-less I discover
these in my library rows of bed-sheets
and where your hair should be

their volumes
fill the glass at my bedside
to iterate the recurrent night
you spend until the morning-rush
forgets you out the door
down the steps, hair undone
up the street, powerless
their arrival I document
in your departing the barrette’s sole constant
and there is a friday I am sure
you lament the absent hairpin
to justify your bangs
left before going out
just as I am sure there is a morning
I lament
from no clean glass to drink

the drought of hairpins I collect
not for their body but the absence they frame
a verb I correct as thirst for your barrettes

every visit you discontinue
a small bronze pin to punctuate
its failing grip into a glass
that is increasingly less of one

if only there were a buckle
here to trap the instant