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Greece Ridge Haircut

Eric Parkison
St. John Fisher College

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"There are places that one knows so intimately that they are like a secret cove that only you probe and perceive and that to the rest of the world is an empty void, unperceived and lost "

Cover Page Footnote

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GREECE RIDGE HAIRCUT

BY MARK OVERMYER

There are places that one knows so intimately
that they are like a secret cove that only you
probe and perceive and that to the rest of the
world is an empty void, unperceived and lost

such places as the birthmark on the right thigh
of a lover or the little scar at the knuckle of
the thumb. For me, the grandest of all these
locals is the barbershop I have patroned forever.

It is at this small hole in the side of the mall
where I have always gone for first a trim
then at puberty a shave and now a buzz away
of what few hairs assemble together on my head.

Here at this place, like all those other intimate
areas, you can learn the most about yourself
they become all too much like a museum
where all that is in on display is your soul

you can move from one section to the other,
each showing a different area of your being
perhaps through a different medium, but the
end result is the same, introspection of the self.

So it is that I sit and I stare while the blades
come down all about me, sweeping away what
I have nourished and grown for the last weeks
in several quick twists of the wrists and voila!

As the barber cleans up, sweeps away the hair,
my tour comes to a close, my time at an end
I sit up, a ten dollar rebirth, splash of new life
a brand new place erected, to come and visit.