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**Greece Ridge Haircut**

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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

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2008/iss2/25
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.