

The Dilemma

The workplace should be characterized
By order and professionalism,
Everything should be in its place,
With no room for dissent or schism.

But there is a serious problem
Which I will share with you.
The problem is my wild hair
And I don't know what to do...

I should have seen the hairdresser
Long ago, back in early spring,
But now it's become rebellious
And is doing its own thing!

Its growing untamed and straggly
With unsightly streaks of grey.
When I look in the mirror, I look
More like a scarecrow every day!

I wonder if I should pin it, clip it
Tie it up in a scarf...
Or find a new way to style it,
Without making my colleagues laugh.

I used to describe it as 'curly'
It gave me confidence, helped me smile.
But now its just a mass of frizz
Without any shape or style.

My husband has offered to cut it
So once again it will be neat and shorn,
But, I wonder, 'Do I trust him?'
When he trained on the lawn!

I think the time has come
To take some drastic action,
Because so far despite my efforts
I can't get no satisfaction!

I will have to buy some hairspray
To glue it into submission
To flatten it against my scalp
For chic, smart definition!

But will you recognize me
When I enter my familiar work place,
With my hair all flat and shiny
And a mask covering up my face?

