The Hair Demons

Dedicated to Elodia Harber On April 13, 2010, Elodia told me that "I think the hair demons have possessed my hair." This poem, written on April 15, 2010, sprang from that sentence.

Demons have infested my hair I think they're having a party up there! With Buffalo Wings and bottles of beer Someone's scratching a record just behind my right ear Someone keeps calling for "left foot on red" Because they're playing naked Twister at the back of my head It's just not fair what they're doing up there Demons have infested my hair

Demons have infested my hair If they'd behave like grownups I doubt that I'd care But I glanced in a mirror and to my surprise I saw two of them looking out through my eyes! Someone's spilled their ranch dressing on the floor of my brain And I don't know what I'll use to get up that stain Somebody just hollered, "Don't hog that joint! SHARE!" Demons have infested my hair

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I can't seem to evict them and I've begun to despair I didn't invite them, they came on their own I never offered my skull for their home They're playing music so loudly that people I'm near Ask "Where's that noise coming from?" because they can hear! Some imp's riding his Harley down my nose on a dare! Demons have infested my hair

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They did Jell-O shots in their red underwear Demon boys chased demon girls in a wild, frenzied race Now there's demonic undies all over the place! All the moaning and groaning about drove me mad (Hey, if I could watch it might not be so bad) But there's wet spots on the mattress, the carpets, the chairs! Demons have infested my hair

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They're dug-in like fleas on the back of a bear I tried to remove them with a comb and a brush I thought all the ruckus would make them leave in a rush I used a jug of shampoo (that just made them laugh. They used it to take a communal bubble bath!) If I don't find an answer I may have to use Nair Demons have infested my hair