

# That Single Whitening Curl

By Trent D. Schrock

Dawn, and a clear sky  
Mirror, and a bright eye  
Suit, and a power tie  
Ha. No!  
I was hip art chic, yeah, superfly

Mojo? Had it  
Fear? Didn't know it  
Trouble? I rode it  
Panache? Simply glowed it  
Ultra-coolness? Bestowed it  
Je ne sais quoi? C'était moi.  
Life itself? Bowed before me.  
Yea, it curled up in my palm  
And I owned it.

And as I sped toward life's destiny  
I knew it was mine

My dreams kept expanding  
I checked off my docket  
My business exploded  
I got fat in the pocket  
I was riding the blast  
on the tip of the rocket

My ships all went out  
My ships all came in

With vigorous trading and constant relating  
Hand-pressing, high-fiving, fist-pumping, exchanging  
Relationship building and mathing and skilling  
My friend, I was killin' it

And as my wealth-power grew, I started believin' it  
My confidence grew. My life was achievin' it  
So my word power grew, and all around me perceived it  
Cause when fame and wealth speak, heyo, people receive it

Yeah. My word. Power.

I sat in the chair at the end of that day  
my hairdresser trimming  
my head all a-swim with ideas  
my chest all a-swell with self-satisfaction  
I soaked in my power and my wealth and prestige

A snip  
A twirl  
A twist  
A tiny curl  
Of whitening hair

In one nostril  
A tickle  
I snorted it out  
It fell  
I stared  
It stared back  
What? I thought my hair was black.  
What is this white? I'm far too young for that.

For one split-end of a second, it seemed apt to speak

But swiftly I rose and brushed it away  
For good measure, I switched hairdressers that day  
And I started to dye to get rid of the grey  
Because the world was my oyster  
The world was my prey

Word power? Yeah, word power for days!

I spoke truth to power  
I spoke truth to fame  
I scolded with gravity  
heads bowed in shame  
My truth spread like water 'til all knew my name  
I spoke truth to power  
'til Power I became

I ate finest food  
I sat the best tables  
My seats were the highest  
My judgements were able  
I spoke myth into truth  
and turned truth into fable

All hung on my words,  
until at last they attained  
a righteousness all their own.

my words could hang all

like a queen with her scepter  
like a king on his throne  
I said and it happened  
I spoke. It was done.  
And my words sent out armies, moved mountains, built roads  
Cast men into prison  
And sent others home  
Silenced all opposition  
Selected the true

No, scratch that

I made things true

And I swelled with my power  
And spoke many words  
Loud words  
Passionate words  
Countless words  
Endless words  
Words

Words

My words could lift  
My words could crush  
My words could poison  
My words could woo  
My words could give life and take it away

White hair watched in silence  
Peeking through the shallow dye  
Speaking truth into my lies

More words still

I made laws and I broke them  
Rearranged and rewrote them  
In my image I bespoke them

Made it plain as I woke them  
I was right, all others broken  
Truth and Law, it was like I owned them

My words the new truth  
My truth the new law  
My law the new power  
My power the new rule  
My rule the new world  
My world the new kingdom  
My kingdom the new heaven

My heaven the new hell

For those who opposed me  
Grew deranged, mouth foaming  
All my enemies floating  
Blind power  
Unmasked gloating

So much power  
So much power  
Oh, my word  
So much power

Then my words met a match I could not overcome  
Where?  
How?  
Had all their strength gone?  
They no longer shaped life in my coveted form

But not for lack of trying  
I willed my words to be eternal  
Casting them in my own image  
Only to find  
in the end  
I was dying

And all my words fell from the empty air  
and lay around me. Lying.

Fearful eyes brave the mirror  
Shaking hands shave the shadow  
White hair on the suit of power  
White hair on power tie  
White curls

White curls  
Whitening curls  
A wisp of whispers  
Deafening in their silence  
Speak with no words  
Through thin black dye  
Through the glaze on my eye  
Through the web of my lies

Black  
White  
White  
Black

Time  
Tics

A whitening curl floats to my lips

And, at its essence  
It always remained  
What its maker had made it  
In spite of my pains  
To rename  
To regain  
To obtain  
To ordain  
To convince myself wholly again and again...

Black  
White  
White  
Black

The hair of my head  
Told the truth of my power

Tic  
Toc

Tic

Toc

Now is the hour!

Lip gloss and blush  
Paint my grey dust  
Hair smoothed and straightened  
by mortician's brush  
Folks in a line  
The room in a hush

Stirred by their passing, one loosened hair  
settles on lips, now silent, past care  
And none of the mortals from their heights seem to hear

That one

Single

Silent

Whitening curl