

# Marshmallow

*by* Adam Strong

The razor finds hair, and cuts, eats away at the layers of hair I've built up since 16. Built up these layers of hair. Built up layers of hair. Big ears. Big layers of big hair to cover up big ears. First thing I got was this haircut. Haircut the moment I got in here. Tied my hands behind my back. Made me untie my shoes. Said suicidals couldn't have shoelaces. Said I might try to hang myself. I laughed. Right at him I laughed. He took my vital signs. He wrapped a comfy cushy marshmallow of a strap around my arm. Squeezed it tight. The man was Egyptian. He had a gold earring. That was cool. Marshmallow squeezed my blood, made my head realize what I tried to do a few hours ago. The knife, the phone call. Red and blue lights in front of my parents' house.

How long this going to last. I ask the Egyptian with the cool earring.

Three months. He says. Maybe four.

