

Grey.

by Erin Zulkoski

I found a grey pubic hair the other day.

I was fresh out of the shower, and sitting on the bed, naked. I looked down at myself-- I think I was going to apply lotion to my legs--and that's when I spotted it. A stark white hair amongst the thatch of dark brown ones.

At first, I thought it was a dog hair, as my dog sheds constantly, and it isn't unusual for me to find his hair in odd places on my body, so it didn't surprise me to think I had just found one in my bush. I reached down and tugged at it to remove it, but it did not budge.

I stared down at it, dumbfounded for a moment. Another tug. Still there, mocking me.

To be honest, I had no idea pubic hair could turn grey. Silly thought, yes, but it's one of those things you don't ever think about until it happens. I don't know why this discovery of a white hair caught me so off guard; the carpet was starting to match the drapes. My light brown hair is starting to become peppered with wiry, out-of-control grey hair that stands up, no matter what I do to try to control them. Bobby pins are useless, as is hair spray and other methods of hair torture.

And even more curious, I like grey hair. I find it sexy and distinguished; the mark of someone who has been around the block, who knows a thing or two about life. But grey bush? I guess pubes don't hold the same amount of distinction as the hair on top of your head. Plus, it made me feel like my sexuality was starting to wane, that the appearance of a grey hair means my sex drive is starting to diminish, which horrifies me. I'm six months away from being thirty-years-old! How dare this happen to me!

But after some consideration, and the thought of yanking a pube out, I let it remain, the lone soldier, fighting its battle amongst an army of less pigmentally challenged brethren.

Fight on, brave one. Soon, you shall not be alone.

