

Unibrow: A Confessional

by Michael Seidel

I wanted to write a confessional poem about my unibrow, but I couldn't think of anything that rhymed with "unibrow" except Tsing Tao, which is a brand of Chinese beer, so instead of tongue-kissing poesy, I lost myself on that stuff a while. A month, maybe. Many headaches.

I emerged wanting water and I learned that it's sometimes called a monobrow & in many Eastern cultures is considered a sign of beauty on women. But I'm not a woman, I'm a man, and I learned too that in England, uni/monos were once perceived as an external manifestation of a criminal mind in men. So I started to feel at all times like a brute at heart. It is a good feeling.

There are many way to get rid of unibrow: tweezers; thread (usually administered in shopping malls); lasers, which are sophisticated and expensive; razors. My wife taught me the razor method and it's the one I use most. A quick swipe makes my brow-space baby-smooth, using her technique. But they've begun packing so many blades on a razor cartridge, you now basically have to extirpate hair with something the thickness of the Bible. Which, come to think of it, if God does see everything, means he watches me as I'm shaving right over the bridge of my nose. How boring. I wonder if he ever mistakes me for a beautiful woman from the Orient or somewhere? I hope not.

Sometimes I nick myself and say "Jesus Christ!" and the light over the bathroom mirror dims perceptibly. I guess that I'm being watched from above might be true. That or the wiring's just bad. The house's or mine, I'm not sure.

Once, in my twenties, I let my unibrow grow back for a year or so. I'd read somewhere that a caterpillar reclining over your eyes is

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indication of genius. I'm 33 now and my brows are separated by creative force and blazing pridefulness, and I'm well aware of my own limitations.

I may let it grow back though. That's what I'm writing this to say, the confession I originally wanted to make. I'd wear it full and proud like a good beard. Stroking the fuzzy expanse gently, I'd consider words being said to me, staring off, feeling the pride of someone who has stabbed propriety in the gut and gotten away with it.

