

# Every time we kiss, my hair falls out

*by* Ryder Collins

Streetlights don't turn on/off suddenly; there's  
no cell phone emoticon for a bald  
spot. Magical realism only shows  
in the switch from mall to town center. The roads  
where kids hopscotch to the next fashion.  
You and I look like an old Russian  
battleship — rusted, the stone lions know; we  
hobble and murmur some language that's disappeared/  
disappearing. Kiosk or something. You say  
*do this*, you say *daddy*, you say *Potemkin* —  
foretelling a great waste of either lives  
or oral sex. I'm not sure which yet,  
but a stroller (omen?) comes hurtling by

& you want me

to run through the fountain.

*You wanted me* to run through the fountain? I'm  
in high leather boots; I'm talking many dead  
cows here and I respect that, ya know. Big  
props in the burbs to fallen bovines, grass  
chewers, roof sheep/goats: it's oh so  
pastoral. We comment on the lack of blood  
or the lack of oil or boils or London  
broil at the restaurant and I'm confused.  
I remember maggoty tins of food:  
solidarity or something. We cheers  
to shampoo, petroleum, Hummers, rules.

Your face keeps changing with every sailor,  
every cannon, every old lady's glasses

smashed;

you're sporting a beauty mole or a gas mask.

