

## Jeff Santouosso

### Recover

If I could I'd give you back your hair.  
So many brushes full  
on my sweaters, on our pillows.  
I used to think I could tie them together and circle the Earth.

Annoyance, embarrassment, a little chuckle.  
These are not my hairs,  
I lack the horse's mane,  
fulfill the professional expectations.

So much time in the shower,  
so much time under a turban-towel,  
so much brushing,  
and brushing, and brushing.

And now, stubble like a southwestern desert,  
stubble like a yard full of weeds,  
stubble like my chin overnight,  
stubble like a dream cut short.

What's that you wear in the sun?  
What's that you wear in the summer?  
What's that you wear beneath your cap?  
I can see your ears, the nape of your neck.

And you've not pinned your hair up.  
You've put aside your bands,  
your barrettes and bobby pins.  
You turn away when I look at you.

I sweep this floor in an instant.  
There is nothing but hardwood and tile,  
nothing to wrap around my toes  
nothing to make me wonder how it grows.

**Jeff Santosuosso** is a business consultant and award-winning poet living in Pensacola, FL. His chap book *Body of Water* is available through Clare Songbirds Publishing House. He is Editor-in-Chief of *panoplyzine.com*, an online journal of poetry and short prose. Jeff's work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and has appeared in *The Comstock Review*, *San Pedro River Review*, *South Florida Poetry Journal*, *Mojave River Review*, *The Lake (UK)*, *Red Fez*, *First Literary Review-East*, *Texas Poetry Calendar*, *Avocet* and other online and print publications.