

Split

It is all about controlled fires, mamá said. Cutting split ends only angers

them. Hair is in shards. Begin with a lit candle. Brush hair. Divide in small

sections. Twist one tight as telephone cord, until split ends stick out their forked

tongues. *The secret to love is to make him love you more than you*

love him. One hand pulls hair taut, the other runs candle along length. Steady.

Slow. Each split end will hiss, smell of whispers in dank corners. *When*

kissing, singe, do not consume. Let him wax, you wane. Repeat,

until all split ends are burned. Brush hair. Brown ash falls to ground.

Ends

Alicia



Vogl

Alicia Vogl Sáenz isn't in second grade any more. Recently, her poems have appeared in *Blue Mesa Review*, *Cantena*, *Grand Street*, and *Mischief*, *Caprice* and *Other Poetic Strategies*. She is the author of the chapbook *The Day I Wore the Red Coat* (Valley Contemporary Press). Of Ecuadorian and Czechoslovakian Jewish descent, she grew up in the Valley and now lives in the heart of Hollywood. Alicia lives by the maxim she learned from her hairdresser mamá: *It will always grow back.*

Sáenz