

The Hair

When I wake up this morning, my whole body is covered with hair, not the short fuzzy kind that you normally shave off your face as part of your daily routine, but long dark curls that grow from my head like woven cloth and cover my eyes so I cannot see, coils of hair from my arms and legs that wrap themselves around my body like ropes so I cannot move, tangles of hair shooting out of my nose, ears, and mouth that thread themselves around my neck so I cannot breathe.

I crawl to the bathroom, open the cabinet, and feel around for my razor. When I finally grab hold of it, the blade cuts my thumb. I fumble the razor into the sink. I pat around the bowl with my hands but cannot find it. The water begins running but I have not turned it on. I cannot see myself in the mirror. I start tugging at the hair with my fingers, trying to pull it out of the follicles. But it's no use. No one will recognize me. Not even I will know who I am.