Glenn Lyvers
Barbers

Daughters inevitably grow, thinly lying in the grass, in those confusing years when they stretch into long awkward masses of knees and elbows.

Lying low, they part the blades like little barbers with their boney fingers, and they become quiet, like their mothers did; and they become tender, like their mothers cannot be.

They discover them—intricate blond flowers, hidden so low that their smallness is startling, each a tiny blossoming secret, each mystery drawn from the familiar.