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Gregarious Hair

Peter Richardson

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Gregarious Hair

Gregarious hair,
My friend,
Just hilarious;
Gel, smell,
Terribly well;
And who
In my crew,
Or hers or theirs,
Airs, cares,
(And like I said),
hairs;
And did I
mention,
(Not to say),
Code, mode,
One must obey;
So there I was,
He was too,
It all just suddenly
Grew and grew;
And life and
leisure
Trod I trod,
Happy happy,
Facade facade.

—Peter Richardson