

The Riddle of Keratin

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It nary takes a breath nor pause
Or bites its lip to think,
It simply grows in rows and groves
And even smirks a wink.

It's what we're known for if it's grand,
raises astonishment if it turns green unplanned.
Be it dull or vibrant, flat or lively,
It is ours all our own,
This cap or our character,
These tumbling tresses of tribute.

It screams, shys and shimmies in strands
That beg for soothing touch,
A twirling, tickling delight,
A song and dance in the medley of youth.

In birth, it tingles to awaken,
In death, it has long since
silken to sullen, sleepy gray.
The gift we have to borrow—
Our glorious head of hair.