

Nicole Dollanganger**"Hair Lockets"**

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Cut with dull scissors and tied with a ribbon.
Curated under the glass of my pendant.
You always said you hated the things you can't control,
Like all the wild hair that grows from your follicles.

I've been collecting peices of your hair,
To tuck away in the locket that I wear.
Pretty strands that grew in your youth.
Pieces that I'll always hold on to.

Sweeter than a vial of your blood,
Will never dry or disintegrate.
Pieces you tied back when we made love,
Now slipped away where they loyally wait.

When you're old, grey, and deceased,
I'll still have parts of your young body.
The one you lived in when you loved me,
The rest of you now decomposing.

I've been collecting peices of your hair,
To tuck away in the locket that I wear.
Pretty strands that grew in your youth.
Pieces that I'll always hold on to.

One day you'll be dead and embalmed,
But bits of you will be existing on.
Pretty strands that grew in your youth.
Pieces that I'll always hold on to.

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