

## Shaving

I shave every day  
even when I don't want to.

My father went to a barber for his shave,  
towed me along.  
Many of his friends clustered  
at this social club.  
Haircut and a shave,  
the hot towel brazed his face,  
steam mingled with acrid cigar smoke.  
Bantered with the barber, other men—  
politics, the unions, the Cubs.  
The strop, strop, strop of the sharp razor.  
Watched closely,  
I was scared of a cut.  
Eyes averted the pin-up calendars  
decorating the wall space  
no woman ever entered.

Afterwards outside,  
the pop, pop, pop  
of the shoeshine's  
white rag.

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## **The Pangolin Review; Issue 7, 8 November 2018**