

Romantic Life of Toast by Peter A. Letendre

Passionate Combs

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You draw us to you.
You know we are yours.
Trembling, we run our teeth
through your wild, untamed locks.
We love to tease
your thick, luxurious mops
and slide like a surfer
over your curls and waves.
And you, you windblown, sun bleached jobs,
heartbreak is yanking and pulling
your tangle of nests and unruly tresses.
We go to pieces trying to make you happy!
When you are done with us,
you cast us aside like playthings.
To make matters worse,
you start chasing low life brushes.

