enjoyable it isn’t

yet i would not surrender

this profane ritual

for here i am faced

with my masculine nature:

i am reminded

what it is that i am

and what it means to be

a beard is a luxury

having no use in the modern world

save the aesthetic

it doesn’t deter animals

insulate or cool

it doesn’t make you think, or move

or be, or be less

all it does is announce

i don’t remove it completely

rather i sculpt it and shape it

create an expression

i wouldn’t use a magic soap

to make it disappear

take a drug to stop it growing

or let it grow ragged and shapeless —

i am friends with the blade