

Title: Hair

Author: riyo amaya

Warnings: None.

Notes: 240 words. No real prompt. Rating: G.

I like staring at the back of his head. Reading my future in the way his hair grows. The way it grows pointing down, as if the place I was meant to be was in that general direction.

I try to think of each hair as an arrow. And I smile when one doesn't follow the rest initially, curling wildly before conforming and pointing with the rest. And, with my mood, the direction changes. The place changes.

Perhaps I am headed south. (His head is a compass.) Florida, Georgia, Argentina, Brazil, Australia. A whole southern hemisphere to explore. Enjoy.

Perhaps I am headed to Hell. (His head is the Bible.) My sins have amassed clear up to Heaven, and there can be no forgiveness. Unless he touches me. Molds me. And then I may go to Heaven just as his hair points skyward.

Or perhaps it only means I should remain here. (His head is an omen.) This place, where my memories are fond and where he is. Perhaps that is my destiny after all. And my destiny is as connected with him as every blondish brownish black hair on his head. My destiny stems from him.

... I'd like to be there when his hair goes silver and wiry. Because that way I would know that no matter where I go in life, he with me. I can't go beyond him. I'm attached, fate's attached. Just like his hair.