

Museum Project Ode to my Hairbrush 13 01 20121

My darling brush

How could I have ignored your pleas for attention? The shards of hair that peeped from the drawer I ignored and turned away.

I'm so so sorry.

I shut you away in the dark, last year, in March, thinking there was no need for you now, what was the point in brushing hair that you couldn't even take to the hairdresser?

Poor darling, how you suffered, how I deprived you of your tender caresses,
Your strokes, so gentle, searching so carefully for those little bumps and irregularities
Lurking underneath my Barnet fair.

Oh lump of plastic and rubber, little squashy terracotta pincushion of not so prickly pins, how I love and adore you.

How you can change, in the twinkling of a stroke, the shape around my battered boat race.

I must listen to you more, I see that now.

I hear you quietly say, 'Take me out, enjoy me, wash me, even.

Put me in your pocket for a rainy day, USE me.

Take me to a party.'

OMG a party. I had almost forgotten what that was, how to behave in company.

I never was one to ask for help. Now I am being asked to help,

Help you, my hairbrush, my little non Mason Pearson

I'm sorry my darling. I look at you now, almost a museum piece yourself,

Having been locked down for so long

With help you can spring into life at a moment's notice

To turn chaos into Paradise.

How I love you