



Hairpin Avenue

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I live on Hairpin Avenue
Where brushes grow on trees.
Combs sprout next to daffodils,
And bows dance in the breeze.
The lawns could use some water.
The hedges all need care.
What gets the most attention
Is the way we treat our hair.

My grandpa's hair is white as snow.
My hair is sunset red.
My father's hair looks like a hat
He fastens to his head.
My mother's braid is extra long.
It wraps around her leg.
My brother's curls are like a nest
Where birds might lay an egg.



Next door you'll find the Wifflesnits
And the dog they call Bo Peep.
With woolly locks,
And woolly socks,
They look like black-haired sheep.
Across the street lives Mr. Taz,
Without a word to say.
He doodles on his big, bald patch,
Then wipes it all away.



And then there's Liza Lizzlepop
Who never looks the same.
We never know what's up her sleeve.
It's all a guessing game.
Hair sculpted like a work of art,
Hair turned into a crown,
Hair that swirls into a cloud,
Hair that tumbles down.

Mr. and Mrs. Crimplesteen?
They make a lovely pair.
We're careful not to say a word.
We're careful not to stare.
She has seven hundred wigs.
She wears sixteen each day.
He spends every windy night
Chasing his toupee.



Once a year we close the street
And Hairpin is abuzz.
We celebrate what's dear to us.
We celebrate our fuzz.
We pluck the brushes from the trees,
Share buckets of shampoo.
The laughter flows,
And so much grows
On Hairpin Avenue. 🐶