

## UNDERCUT

by Stanley Lieber

"I've had this haircut since 1920. It's not my fault."

Piotr didn't respond, but continued to trace the shape of things to come. Along my back.

"That part of my back is haunted," I claimed. "Yeah. Something nasty happened around those parts, some time in the past. We don't go there."

Piotr withdrew his fingertips. Pulled down my dress shirt and tucked it back in. He didn't make a face, exactly.

Back demons.

Since the early 20s I'd been fighting them, off and on. But mostly on.

"Your posture."

I didn't care.

"How do you expect to ever recover?"

In any case, this diversion was distracting from work.

We let it drop.