

Little Lulu Locks

by Mark Trent

When little Lulu Locks was only three,
her mother said, to her, "It's time, you see,
to trim your long golden hair. Come with me!"

But little Lulu Locks was all but aghast.
She yelled at her mother, "Hey there, not so fast!
I do not want to cut my hair,
I like it all, I like it there!"

Not thinking much of the tot's desire,
her mother let time pass and transpire.
And still Lulu Locks' locks grew and they grew.
Longer now until they 'bout reached her shoe!
When little Lulu Locks had reached the ripe age of seven,
her golden hair had grown to nearly four foot eleven!

Then her father came to her and he said,
"Please come now, Lulu Dear, let's trim that head!"

But little Lulu Locks just took her stand.
Knocking the scissors from her Father's hand!
"I do not want to cut my hair
I like it all, I want it there!"

Day by day Lulu's locks grew and they grew.
Her parents didn't know what else they could do?
She would not let them trim her hair.
She liked it all, she liked it there.

Longer it wove, golden curls hit the floor.
They hoped it would stop, but still it grew more.
Out the front door and out onto the lawn,
little Lulu's locks grew from morn until dawn.

By the time she was nine,
People stood in a line
From far and from wide, in truckloads they came,
to see Lulu Lock's magnificent mane.
Soon the townspeople became filled with dread,
"Lulu Locks, won't you please cut your head?"
Her reply just came the same as before.

“I like all my hair, I’m keeping it there!”
They wished it would stop, but still it grew more!

It grew and grew, until one final day,
the people in town had all moved away.
There was no one left to come by and to say:
“Little Lulu Locks please cut your hair today!”

For the whole town, you see, was completely a messes,
everything covered in Lulu’s long tresses!
Grocery stores all had closed, the streets were all empty,
All ‘cept for Lulu’s hair for of that there was plenty!

It flowed from the streets to the top of the steeple!
No wonder the town didn’t have any people!
It covered the windows, the schools had no classes!
It clogged all the streams and it blocked underpasses!
Even the leaves on the trees stayed away,
for they knew no one would rake them and play!
Lulu Lock’s own family gave up and left home,
Very soon Lulu Locks was left home, all alone.

She stared from her window looking down at the place,
when a fat lonely tear streamed down from her face.
Little Lulu Locks was sad to be home all alone.
She wanted to play but there was no one to phone.
She liked all her hair, and wanted it there.
But what if her hair, had caused all this scare?
What if the long curly mop on her head, -
was the reason her friends had got up and fled?

Could it be that it was she that needed to see?
That not everyone liked that much hair equally?
Maybe in order to live with her friends,
Little Lulu Locks had to make some amends.

On that day and that time and not on a whim,
Lulu went to the barber and gave *herself* a trim!
She cut ‘round her ears and with the utmost of care.
Lulu cut off three thousand and three pounds of hair.
She cut all week long and into the next,
‘Til Lulu could finally see past her neck.

She trimmed and she trimmed just a little bit more...
She trimmed ‘til her hair was just one inch past four!
With hair all shorn Lulu Locks looked to see,

how pretty her eyes and her face could be!
With just a small crop of hair piled neat on her head,
she could finally see what the others had said.
She had liked her hair, she liked it there, she had said,
but now Lulu liked seeing her face there instead!

In the end, Lulu liked her hair short much better than long.
Soon her family returned home and birds sang out in song!
“Lulu cut her hair,” they all chirped away!
It’s a fresh new start; it’s a brand new day!”

Leaves grew on trees, and friends came out to play.
School started classes and farmers made hay.
Streams started flowing!
Lawns needed mowing!
Streets were all cleared of tresses and the steeple gleamed bare,
all because Lulu Locks had finally cut her long golden hair.

Little Lulu Locks learned a lesson on that trim-tastic day:
No matter what you might want or how many times you might say,
No matter how hard you think or how many dozens of tries,
Little Lulu Locks learned that it’s always better when you compromise.

And what of her three thousand and three pounds of hair, you might say?
Well that is another long story,
For another long day!