The Walls I Created
Cameron Hatton

My hair has always been a statement piece. The way it would dominate my face and flow down my back would allow for easy gawking. I didn't mind my hair because it made my Mum happy. She would call me her little Rapunzel but I never felt that way. To me my hair was a shield hiding my true identity, a shield I couldn't take down. Until it was all gone.

I started small as I have with all big changes in my life.

"She just wants a bit off the bottom." Mum's words hung in mid air as I sat in that tacky leather chair. The smell of bleach filled my nose as she began to cut off this burden. Bit by bit I watched the hair fall to the ground. With every strand my smile grew but it wasn't enough. I still felt like something was tucked away inside me just waiting to be revealed.

My confidence lacked as my identity became clear in my mind so I took the leap. Cut it all off! Short sides and back… I want to look masculine.

Those words brought confidence and euphoria, a new emotion that was always accompanied by a sense of self and pride. As the sound of the clippers sent electricity through my veins that smile returned. The same smile that I thought never would after its last appearance.

Once it was all over and my edges had been shaped, I looked at my reflection. For the first time I recognised the person staring back. No longer a stranger that haunted my reflection instead the person who was trapped behind that burden of a shield.

That initial hair cut allowed me to see the person who I wanted the world to see. Like it was just meant to be.