

mom mom mom mom mom  
mom mom

a book about mom

by me

(again)

the strangest thing just  
happened! it is 12:21 am on  
thursday the 5<sup>th</sup> of april, 2018

i got home after a typical day  
plagued with minor irritations

to find none other than my  
roommates discussing their  
typical days plagued with minor  
irritations

we smoked a medium sized  
blunt and read DAD DAD DAD  
DAD DAD DAD DAD

after we said goodnight, i went  
to brush my teeth and opened  
the cabinet only to realize i was  
in the *wrong bathroom*



(my apartment has two  
bathrooms side by side but only  
one contains my toothbrush)

it was as if i wasn't myself!

as if the algorithm of me had  
failed completely

or like i was *pretending* to be me  
without any actual knowledge of  
being me

or as if another person had  
slipped in, intents unknown,  
lacking the knowledge of which  
bathroom was the bathroom in  
which I brushed my teeth

i guess what is the difference

of being not-me or being  
someone else

but there is one

after this little waver with  
temporal reality i took off all of  
my clothes

i noticed the window was open  
and my lamp was on inviting  
anyone outside my window to  
see me



so far i have never seen someone  
seeing me but i admit the  
possibility exists

the best part of my day had  
been getting a bikini wax

on the way to poetry workshop  
at european wax

a franchise founded by two  
brothers in Aventura, Florida

needless to say it has nothing to  
do with the continent of europe

anyways, they offered me a special, the #axthepinktax discount

later, while looking up the hashtag in order to write the previous page, i realized the woman behind the counter had dyed her eyebrows pink as part of the #axthepinktax campaign in honor of april women's month

april, like the woman's name

or the name of any person



i guess anyone could be named  
april!

regardless of their gender

in high school I learned  
vocabulary words by the dozen  
and for each I made a  
pneumonic way to remember

“sophistry”: fake logic like fake  
sophie

i was introduced to Miranda my waxing specialist and i pretended to be really excited to meet her and totally comfortable with the fact that she was about to see my vagina and touch it

there was a time when letting  
another person see and touch  
my naked body really stunned  
my body

like the doctor touching my  
breasts for the first time i had  
breasts

and that being both a part of my  
body but not really a part of my  
body because they were so new

i can barely remember what it  
felt like

but i remember feeling that it  
was totally insane that a strange  
woman was touching my breasts

and that that was medicine

medicine was touching my  
breasts



Miranda said, have you ever considered taking it all off?

i said, yeah, it's been a long time  
though, and i sighed in a way  
that belied my true feelings  
about the total banishment of my  
pubic hair

and i wanted to be the kind of  
woman who didn't perform  
shame

but i didn't know how to begin

it felt the wrong time to  
aestheticize my external genitalia

(vagina and labia both being  
linguistically and semantically  
insufficient, let me generalize  
here, if you will)

(thank you so much!)

like gratitude is really funny

it's such a performance that we  
all buy into but don't see as  
ritualistic and deeply rooted in  
principles of hierarchy and  
smooth capital exchange



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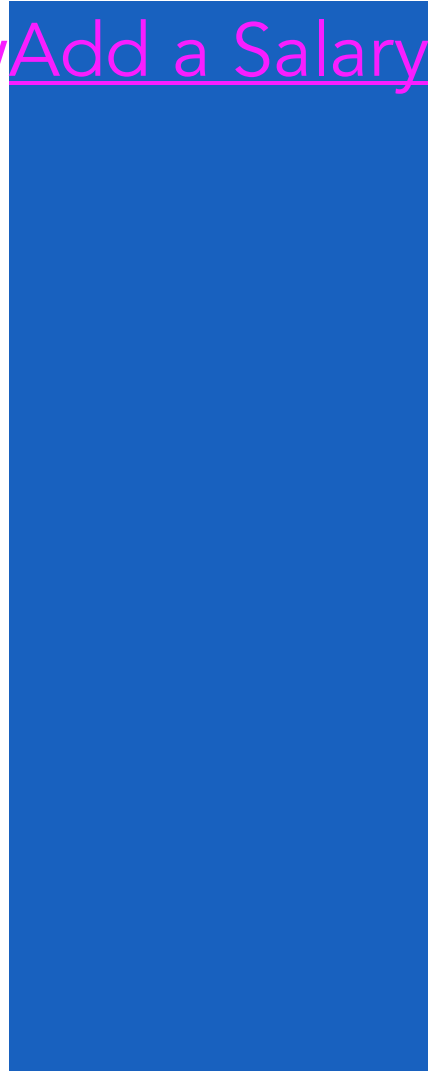
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Search

Avg Base Pay

\$9

Avg Total Pay

\$24K

Avg Additional Pay

\$7,188

\$5\$38K

Additional Pay

## Average

Low

High

Cash Bonus (19)

\$1,078

\$5\$5K

Commission Sharing (74)

\$2,175

\$5\$12K

Tips (79)

\$6,711

\$120\$20K

Stock Bonus, Profit Sharing have  
not been reported for this role

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*thank you so much*

Miranda observed that I get  
ingrown hairs



yes, i do, i said, without an  
undertone of shame

a tone of voice i used when  
trying to disguise my deep  
shame

but like that was just the kind of  
skin i had

sensitive

I used to believe that if I tried hard enough I too could have a perfect body

and that my lack of one was a failure to exert proper effort

do you use the serum she said

yeah i have some

she applied hot wax to the deep flank of my inner left butt cheek, then patted it gently with her hand

then she was like, *the pads*

you gotta use the pads they  
come in this container and they  
really work

she said you can cut them in half  
so you don't use them as fast

I felt oddly touched by this, as if she was a sorority sister letting me in on the ancient sororal secrets of producing a desirable feminine beauty



keep them in your panty drawer  
she said

use them day and night

and then, while the word *panty* was being played and replayed in my own mind

she repeated her directive under her breath, as if she were casting a spell

*day and night*

*day and night*

*use the pads day and night*

that's when you get them, when  
you miss a day

so just make sure you do it every  
day

i think that they have alcohol in  
them she said

but she said it in a way that  
made me think there was  
something much more powerful  
in the pads' elixir

i was completely sold

Then, Miranda asked if I usually lifted my legs or flipped onto my back and for a moment I didn't know what she meant

Then I realized she was talking  
about the butt strip

She probably just wanted to  
avoid saying butt strip

I get it so

I said whatever's easier for you

she said whatever's easier for  
*you*



uh knees to chest she said

i can do knees to chest i said

for i was flexible

so i easily bared my anus for  
Miranda

you can put your clothes on now  
she said

okay

i went down the wrong hall but  
Miranda directed me to the  
lobby

in the lobby Miranda handed the  
woman with pink eyebrows the  
wipes

i thought wow

did i consent to that

of course i did i thought

Miranda is watching out for me

ingrown hairs are the worst

i left a cash tip for Miranda in a  
small pink envelope I slid into a  
box

gratuity

although tipping introduces a degree of uncertainty for hourly employees and wielded as a shield against establishing a living in industries in which women comprise a majority



but knowing that

i just make a point to tip more  
because what else should i do

at home, finally alone, i eagerly disrobed and looked at my bare labia and the long hairs left which i'd asked Miranda to leave, creating a sort of long hair/short hair textural moment, same as on my head

dutifully, i placed the wipes in my underwear drawer, which is really just a box that I put in an Ikea Blonde Malm 2 x 6 bookshelf (you know, the kind with cubes)

i was so in control of my life

i didn't have scissors though so i  
thought i'll just use a whole one  
tonight and then

cut the pads tomorrow

cut the pads?

it occurred to me there was something immeasurably sad about myself as a woman using a double-wedge tool to cut alcohol and chrysanthemum water soaked cotton circles meant to be disposed after used to wipe hair in the genital area recently stripped of its dense kinky hair with a hot wax spread

on with a popsicle stick that was also disposed of, the wax a thick purple that cooled on the surface of my labia and inner thighs and handled with expertise by Miranda who makes \$9/hour for stripping pubic hair off women for a hair removal franchise owned by men in florida

oh, hi mom

how was your trip?



no i mean your actual flight how  
was that

that's good

oh i know, we had snow on  
Monday morning

we woke up to snow

it's slow, i know

well what's ahead

let me just get out my train card

well that sounds nice

oh one sec

well i guess i'm on the train

i love you!