God, what next? First I grow my hair way longer than a guy should, then I add loose waves with a curling iron, and now it’s product and more product, every day.

The guys at work are starting to notice. The women already did, of course. They love it.

And why wouldn't they? This pony's to die for, and girls know a femme 'do when they see one.

Dammit, I shaved my legs this morn! And I dressed the part too. Tank top, silk cami, lace panties, pleated skirt and ballet flats.

I can't believe I'm about to go shopping for a navy-blue skirt suit to wear at the office...

... with a pencil skirt and a tailored blazer, a white silk blouse for contrast, and t-strap pumps with three-inch heels.

But why? Why?

It's not like I'm a cross-dresser or anything like that...

At least I wasn't, up until today...

I'm starting to think it's my hair. The ponytail wants to be pretty...

... and for it to be pretty, I have to be pretty as well.

Which means I'm seriously screwed.

I couldn't cut this tail off even if it was radioactive.

FIN
Why Ponytails Rule

For those of you who have yet to ask: Yes, this author does sport a ponytail, arcing gracefully from the back of her head. I was going to say she “owns a ponytail”, but that doesn’t quite fit. It would be more accurate to say that the ponytail owns me.

That’s the way it is with tails. Once they sink their claws deep into your mind and brain there’s no going back.

For many years my hair was much as it was as a child: short and parted on the side. I always loved and admired long hair (as most of you know), but did not dare grow some for myself—lest it give away the game and clue people in to the fact that, hey, it isn’t just long hair, is it? It’s dresses and skirts and lingerie and makeup and heels and everything else that defines a woman’s image! Get him! Or her. Whatever.

But eventually you reach a point in life where you realize that, geez, who am I trying to please anyway? The so-called Moral Majority? Lots of people have long hair these days. Why not me?

I arrived at that point in my thinking several years ago. It was an easier thing to do than you might assume: just stop getting your hair cut. Do that and the hair just keeps getting longer. Its magic!

Now it’s down to my shoulder blades, which is just about right. I wear it loose when I can, but that’s not as often as I’d like. My hair isn’t what you’d call ‘thick’ and when I’m out and about I do need something to keep it in line. That something is an elastic band (the type covered with fabric), and what you get from doing that—is a ponytail.

That’s why ponytails rule. If you love long hair, as do I, then more often than not it’s bouncing around the back of your neck in the form of a cute pony. And that’s no bad thing, because the tail itself can be a wonder to behold.

From my collection of pics, this is the closest I could find to what my little pony looks like. It ain’t the sexiest tail on the block, but it’s who I am.