



Cisoria: The Scissors

I found them deep in my junk drawer:
5" blades (cutting edge, inner blade,
hollow). Stainless, silver, sharp, still as a moth.

The finger rest and the finger ring: wings
pivoting on the steel heart of a fat screw.
My friend once asked me: *don't you think scissors*

kind of look like angels? if you open them?
Outside, the extra ashy Lenten light: crucifixions
in the sky, flying things. Perhaps I'll cut and steal
forsythia branches hanging over my backyard fence.
Here are the roots of scissors: *the leaves
of a plant; the tooth of a comb; the cut and the strike.*

I've been home for weeks, slicing cotton into strips
for masks: *Everything had burned up and died.*
I've been searching for loose-weave cloth and shears.

On the news, five men and a woman
tried to predict the future, flitted around. At some point,
time was severed, landed inside my back porch light.