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.