

Standing in the mirror with a dull pair of scissors

Sammi Maas

When my hair grows long,
I chop it off
for the joy of freeing
something I no longer need.

I chop it off,
the bottom of the stems,
something I no longer need
when I set your flowers in a vase.

The bottom of my stems
rest down my back behind me.
When I put your flowers in a vase,
I run my fingers through my copper stems.

Rest on the floor beside me,
and listen to me expel my dreams.
Run your fingers through my copper stems
and tell me you love me.

Listen to me destroy my dreams,
my eyes leak desperate tears.
Tell me you love me
and hold me while I grieve.

My eyes leak courageous tears
as I chop it off.
You don't hold me while I grieve,
something I no longer need.