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In The Scissors

M.J. Scott

As I cut images out of yesterday's paper I see nothing special is happening in a world on fire.

/closed minds are common to the struggles they will never understand

The collage I'm preparing is compounded with the same headlines, but different dates.

/and golden rules seem to exist only for those holding the chisels.

And the black and white pictures are buried under full color depictions of history repeating.

/while the fabric of our flag bares three bold complexions that never bleed into each other

These sufferings sell at an ungodly rate for under a dollar, and on Sundays they sell for triple.

/the colors wave in unison over a population that has yet to find resolve in unity.

This morning, graffiti on the newspaper stand says "BLACK LIVES MATTER," but it's empty.

/our efforts to reach the grey has found no momentum on the over-trodden paths

Maybe the paper didn't run today or maybe the burning world isn't interesting anymore.

/but new trails of embers have revealed glimpses of a potential identity.



And the black and white pictures
are buried under full color
depictions of history repeating.