

Scissors

Peter Hammill

A figure by the traffic lights,
Face washed out in the rain,
She's here once more to make her nightly
Stand for love and pain.

Her story written on her face
Reading between the lines;
Still private in this public place
She's carefully designed
Her open secret.

Reliant on their charity
To feed and clothe her kids
She holds a card out to the drivers,
Behind it safely hidden
Her little secret,
For their eyes alone.

And she only needs a moment of weakness,
Window wound down just a crack,
And she'll explode with all that pent-up stuff inside her
And attack
With her scissors,
Secret scissors,
Sharpened scissors.