

Scissors

My husband reached for the scissors sitting in the drawer, attempting to cut through the plastic that surrounded the new pair of scissors he held in his hands. A certain irony that I didn't think was funny enough to comment on. The note attached to them read, "Hope you enjoy them! We still have the scissors that we received as a wedding gift, and we use them to this day. Love, M & D." I acknowledged that the scissors were an interesting gift, but appreciated the sentiment that was gifted alongside them. My husband proudly stuck them up on the fridge, using the magnetic holder that they came with. We continued to open the rest of our wedding presents.

The scissors hung in a place of convenience. They were the first to be used upon every tag, box, or envelope that came into our house. I started to worry the other scissors may feel depressed, wearing a jacket of dust. They opened letters of congratulations on the new business, as well as IRS letters requesting money. They cut out our first printed Christmas card we made, as well as the many others we received that Christmas. They opened up the pregnancy test that lay on the bathroom counter. They were used to shred a joyful journal entry angrily after we lost our baby one month later. They were thrown across the room, leaving dents on walls that felt as if they were closing in on us. Our secrets were no longer kept between two, but now three.

That following winter, my husband's passing left me widowed and alone. I opened the influx of condolence cards dropped off at the doorstep with my familiar friend of convenience. I forced myself to stare at them for the next five minutes, wishing we were gifted a time machine instead. I began taking them with me everywhere. Nobody questioned it, just thinking of it as a practicality, but I knew the madness of it all. I would talk to them, just as I did my husband those months before. One day, in a desperate need to escape my own thoughts, I grabbed them and sped down the highway. I spent that afternoon cutting wildflowers I passed on the side of the road. I whispered to them, "he will adore these." I brought the fresh bundle to his grave, placing them down next to the scissors. I realized that the convenience they had once served had transformed to an obsession. They were no longer just scissors. As I sat at his grave, I recalled every life changing moment they had unveiled for us together. Part of me wanted to cut myself with them, but I knew that nothing could cut me deeper than the grief I was already feeling.

An interesting gift I recalled myself saying, recognizing the significance they had manifested. When I open the desk drawer from time to time, I am reminded of the bittersweet memories. The dust that lays upon them now is a necessity to close the floodgates of recollection they will bring. This cut is the most important one I could make.