

Bethany Schultz Hurst

Elegy for Beauty School and Fallen Satellites

It's not even *beauty school* anymore, but
cosmetology, which has nothing
to do with the cosmos. Maybe
the mannequin heads, housed in shag wigs,
are dreaming of scissors: the blades
coming together and then apart,
a movement as big as celestial bodies
reentering atmosphere. An
interruption. Years ago, I asked
my grade school teacher how to spell *interrupt*.
Don't worry about that now,
she replied, and still I stumble over r's,
transpose letters until I'm left with *interpret*.
Don't worry about that now, the way
the mannequin's eyelashes flutter translates
into satellites and angels. Maybe they are
dreaming of scissors: the snip, snip
of air, the shearing of empty space
around their smooth faces. Some things fall
that aren't swept into neat piles.