

# Samson's Haircut

by Graham Best

The floor swam with serpents.  
The scissors clicked and glinted  
in the sun. Humming,

Delilah stroked the aftermath,  
squeezing the shorn, soft head  
like an overripe melon.

Samson winced and struggled  
to maintain vivid consciousness  
but tired. His hanging

arms and limp neck deserted  
him. His chest sank. He lost  
touch, seeing snakes

surrounding him. Reassuring him,  
Delilah separated seven strands,  
cut them. New heads

sprouted, sputtering tongues.  
Samson strained to understand  
their bites as speech.

His head was a fleshy stump,  
thick with Delilah's mad drool  
and fresh venom.