

POETRY/FICTION

ALOPECIA (Damn It)

When I wasn't looking
Chemo stole my hair.

I was just sitting in the
Infusion chair

In a Benadryled dream state
And I must have nodded off.

I could have sworn I had my
Full long brown locks

Very late
Last night.

I so very much loved
My hair.

I always have since I combed mine
And my dolls as a little girl.

This thief called Adriamycin and his gang
Made off with it.

I have paid the price already with the
Probing and cutting and radiating.

I relented to that and even the damn
Estrogen blocker stuff

That will just make me feel like a menopausal
Woman well before my time.

Damn it, just give me back my straight, pretty
Long brown hair.

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