

After Chemo

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Your hair is falling like thin rain,
like mizzle, like long, silent,
lightening snow. An invisible waterfall,
your hair cascades
or lifts away from you
like gossamer, like an inkbrush
gifting new patterns to the floors,
furring our mouths, our thickening thoughts,
our almost-said words.

In each corner of each room,
swirled across the tiles,
I find them, these networks,
these fine cobwebs of you;
they're flowering down your clothes:
every jumper, every skirt,
even your socks are
laced with these filaments,
hair like slender moths,
like will o the wisp,

these fine threads of you,
drifting away...

And our lives are fastened
by more shadows
than we cast.

Your hair
lisps like autumn blossom,
aspects of the you
you used to be
on racks in the wardrobe,
alert in the trembling air.
Just outside the bedcovers,
the you you were, seeming intact

but in fact
we are as we are
together, alone, as you can see,
with elusive memories for company,
with your wisps of hair
disappearing as gently as breath.