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To the Woman in the Next Booth at the IV Therapy Center

If you ever felt the universe was the unfairest ever that the skies above filled with soaking rain have opened if you ever felt that for months you've been up against an unbearable burden, or left stranded on a barren beach or fired from a lousy job without getting paid if you ever felt that your life is skittering away as the chemo surges into a vein that has often bled while your uterus needs more than a maxi tampon to stanch the flow, during every session you sang and somehow stayed buoyant, kept your spirits up and beamed goodwill across the entire IV therapy center, showed so much heart because you treat this chemo like it's nothing & all I can do is hope & pray for you that joy is coming

(nonce form based on ending words per each line in "To the Woman Crying Uncontrollably in the Next Stall" by Kim Addonizio)