

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)*