

Dear Breast Cancer,

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You smell of clean skin, cent-free armpits, choked-up, hard to swallow nausea, bubble gum flavor in the hair from the 11-year-old in the car. You see we drove 200 miles, woke up at wee hours to ditch traffic, had breakfast in the car, cold waffles, gulped on bad coffee, rode the highway on TikTok noise, before I knew it, I had arms around my shoulders, chewing gum love next to my right ear.

You deserve this attention, you have grown from bean to coin, two is your number, almost a toddler, mine was naughty and curious, are you bent on exploring nearby issues or feel lost, stuck. Post mammo, son gets a celebratory BST t-shirt, what for? you kept me awake this morning, alive, alive, alive, whispers the throbbing left temple, can we hurry up home, I want to play the new Fortnite season, and arms wrapped around the neck again, I need some V-bucks, can I, please, I nod, dear breast cancer, because I need to, at least, save that virtual world if I cannot fluke a thing in here.