

BY
"Just Hair" by SJH STEPHANIE HOBBS

Young girl goes bald. People gawk, stare.
friend says to her, "Hey, it's just hair."

it's not, i think back, it plays with your mind
tugs at your heart, yourself you can't find

mourning the loss, of what used to be
in the mirror, now, that me, I don't see.

this disease has taken so much of my glee
not just my appearance—the me I used to be

Sheared like a sheep
Tears I still weep

Hiding under wigs and hats
can't bear to hear their whispered chats

Confused, distraught, everywhere I go,
hoping that my difference won't show

All the friends and loved ones I've shown
cannot relate, I feel so alone

thinking it's chemo, they say, "It will grow"
I smile, but think, how little you know.

Alopecia, so blatant, it tricks people's brains
when some assume worse, it brings more pain

their eyes of pity are silent blows
yes, they mean well, but still the shame flows

My body itself attacking my hair
keeps taking and taking until I am bare

reflection and time help dry off those tears
and here i am left facing those fears

To be bald, to be me
And also be free