

Clippers

Strands of hair fall from her head,
like chestnut leaves on the first days of autumn.
A mother, a wife, a daughter;
she sits as the locks of her life
tumble like rain around her.

A buzzing disturbs her silence,
breaking the atmosphere seeping from the woodwork.
Every bone in her body shakes,
she knows she will not recognise herself,
as this vile disease infiltrates her body,
creeping as quick as a covert spy seeks its target.

This is her mission now,
the first step on a tough path.
The floor beneath her feet is a carpet of a past life.
A strength burns inside,
flowing through her veins.
She turns and looks at her reflection in the window.
She cries.

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