Hair

I pull a hair out of my mouthful of fajita salad. I know this may sound gross, but I don’t think so. Your hairs are everywhere. One recently caught in the tight seam between the halves of my laptop. Bathrooms no longer scare me. Theo plucks black masses hanging like shrunken heads from the shower wall and hands them over. He has no admonitions. Earthworms, spiders, centipedes pass through his fingers. He harbors no fear, no hatred of them. What the hair snagged in my beard or sewn into the lining of shirt, evinces is the presence of a partner, who is a part of, and partakes in, my body, my blood, my hair.

Cameron Morse was diagnosed with a glioblastoma in 2014. With a 14.6 month life expectancy, he entered the Creative Writing Program at the University of Missouri—Kansas City and, in 2018, graduated with an M.F.A. His poems have been published in numerous magazines. His first poetry collection, Fall Risk, won Glass Lyre Press’s 2018 Best Book Award. His three subsequent collections are Father Me Again (Spartan Press, 2018), Coming Home with Cancer (Blue Lyra Press, 2019), and Terminal Destination (Spartan Press, 2019). He lives with his pregnant wife Lili and son Theodore in Blue Springs, Missouri, where he serves as poetry editor for Harbor Review.

The Pangolin Review – Issue 12