

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.*

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