

LIFE: A SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASE
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT FATAL

It was almost cocktail hour
when i arrived. Knocking,
i walked in, yelled 'hello',
calmed the dog and went into the kitchen.

It was obvious she was having a bad day.
She was wearing a robe and her bedroom slippers,
but when she saw me, her hand went up,
unconsciously, to check her hair.
She had an inoperable brain tumor
and her ankles were the size of my thighs.

She said that that morning
she had barely made it to the bathroom
and by the time she got to the kitchen,
she was feeling so sorry for herself
that she decided on a pity party.

But then, she thought about
all the families in Calcutta
living in cardboard houses during monsoon.

Pity party. Table for one.