

Today

By Chris Minton

I cried today.
Tears fell
where breasts should have been
and struck the floor instead.

That hard October,
when my hair fell
like the autumn leaves,
is now a memory.

Loving hands
took my breasts;
I see their residue
in the mirror.

Today, loving hands touched
my breast-less chest.
I am still here.
I am still beautiful.