

Autobiography of a Bosom

by Roshni F. Chinoy

Like two buds I appear at puberty,
When my ductules start branching like filigree,
With maddening haste they like roots ramify,
To form perfect lobules that just stupify.

But with youth comes the cycles of hormones.
I bloom but at times I do groan.
Little lumps, bumps and cysts,
Adenosis, fibrosis, all add to my juvenile woe list.

It's not that I like to house "mice"
That will slip 'neath the fingers like ice.
But fibroadenomas, and cystosarcomas
May grow in my tissues like boulders.

Comes the marriage of ova with sperm,
And I reach my full height at term.
I'm now in full glory, so ripeful and sweet,
No wonder with trouble I often meet.,

A few ducts choke up, and a galactocoele grows,
Thick curdled white clots,
now how will milk flow?
With the thrust of the scalpel, the dam will release

It's burden of curds and of clots and of cream.
Next trouble shoots up with a nipple discharge,
When "bloody" it generates panic at large,
The cause is a willo" polyp so slim,
Thank God it's not 'Pagets' or my fate would be grim.

To the sound of sweet praise I am used to,
With such contours it's quite justified too.
So a blow to my tissues is so cruel, and rude
When my Yat's starts 'necrosing', why shouldn't I brood?

Then the surgeons jump up and proclaim its a it lump!
Don't cut, don't be hasty it's only a bump.
My pathologist friends then reveal the whole truth,
But for them I'd be slashed and turned out for a brute.
