

New York City, August 3, 2012

Lady Chemo:

And what can I tell you my sister, my killer? What can I possibly say? I wish I could serenade to you. But I'm no Leonard Cohen. I'm half his age and ... the opposite gender. Anyway, you did bring love back into our lives. My husband's and mine. What can I say? Until you picked us up at random from a pile of qualifying candidates we had never shared our conjugal bed with anybody else. For almost two decades we have been me and him, him and me, and more recently MD and dr. ed. That's still us. His initials are MD and I'm dr. ed. But no matter how many combinations, it was always just us. Boring aging married people. Until you came in, settled between the two of us and put an end to our banal existence. Because, whatever people may say about you, you, Lady Chemo, are intrinsically explosive and funny. You make fun of little predictable lives. There is no more kissy kissy *good morning darling, how did you sleep last night? What would you like for breakfast?* Now everything is a torment, a headache, a stomach ache, numb feet, nausea and a gasp, a very large gasp.

Shall we tell the children? Shall we tell Mother?

I feel relieved that I have no parent to tell. I'm a bit embarrassed to come out in my fourth decade on earth. Especially, that I cannot be sure: am I bisexual or homosexual? I'm definitely more than the boring heterosexual I used to be. And I have you to thank. Sex is just amazing now. You should hear me screaming. I scream in French and Italian, often using the Neapolitan dialect. It's crazy.

Okay, I don't want to misrepresent reality. Sex does not happen on a regular basis as it happened before you found us. Then, we did it only on Shabbat, and always quietly after the candles' light had died. Now, we do it whenever you let us fornicate.

What? This is news to you? Okay, you never say go and do it but, by leaving us alone we get the message. Remember, you always go away every third week? And those three days (the other four we recover) we go crazy for each other. We engage in body worship. Do you hear that? We are god and servant at once. We cannot keep our hands and mouths off each other. We squeak with infinite pleasure. No more boundaries. No more, *wait, there's always tomorrow*, or as I said earlier, another Shabbat. We live in the moment so fully that James Lipton may want to interview us.

Oh, Lady Chemo, my sister, my killer, you saved my marriage from slow boring death. If I sound like an adolescent lying about her first time, *no, it was not a date rape, I really enjoyed it*, then maybe you are right: I am bluffing. I am on tears. I do hate you. I do wish I never met you. But does it matter how I feel? All my life I happily sang that you can't always get what you want but you always get what you need, and you know what, I just checked the lyrics on the Internet and discovered I was wrong. My self-confidence was based on my faulty memory. *The Rolling Stones* sang that you can't always get what you want but if you try *sometimes well you might find you get what you need*. I never paid attention to their real lyrics. Imagine going through life thinking that all I need is there waiting for me to grasp it. Gosh, I am so embarrassed!

Going back to our triangle, why did I write this letter? For a little power play. For a bit of show off. So that when you come back next Monday maybe you'll look under the pillow, find it neatly folded and read it.

It will be the one on the very top of the pile.

Sincerely,

dr.ed