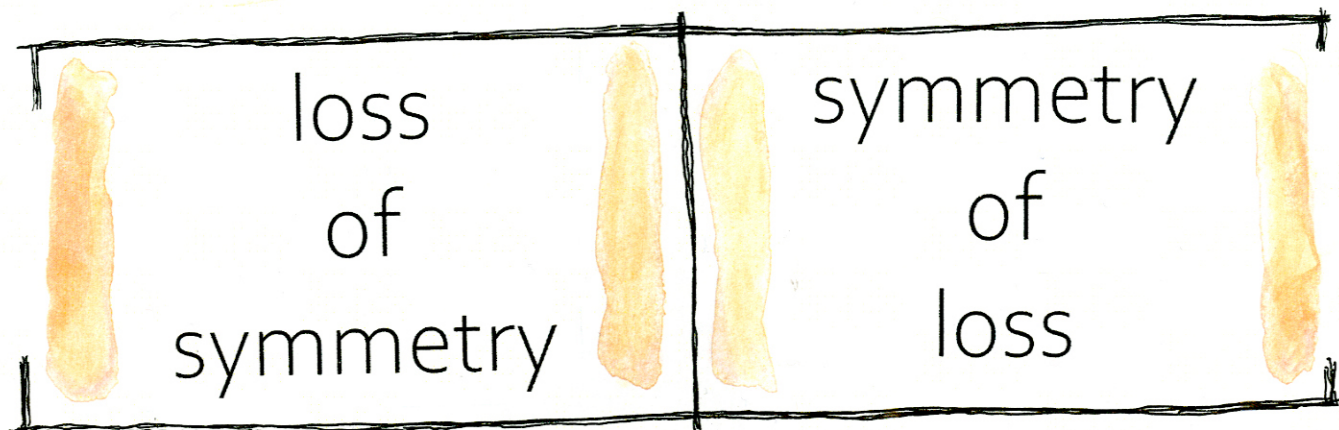


"I want to unfold. I don't want to stay folded anywhere, because where I am folded, there I am a lie. And I want my grasp of things true before you. I want to describe myself like a painting that I looked at closely for along time, like a saying that I finally understood, like the pitcher I use every day, like the face of my mother, like a ship that took me safely through the wildest storm of all." ~ Rainer Maria Rilke



On January 17, 2017, after six rounds of chemotherapy, I had my right breast removed. I was 39 years old. After a lot of self-reflection, I chose not to have reconstruction. After two months of healing, I also decided not to wear a prosthesis.

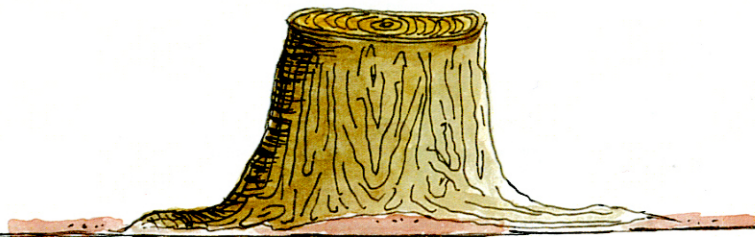
I was asked many times by my health care providers what I wanted to "do" with the right side of my chest. I was never asked how I wanted to be in this new body, or what it feels like to go from two breasts to one. This zine is the answer to those questions.

Daisy G. Orr
February 23, 2020

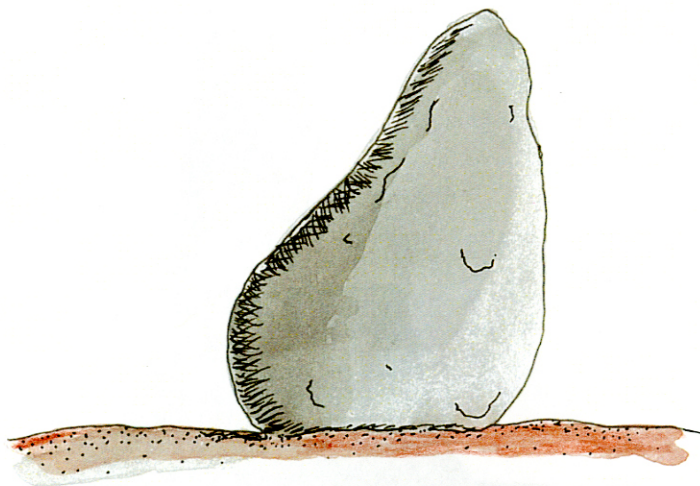
At first



the loss was abrupt and severe.



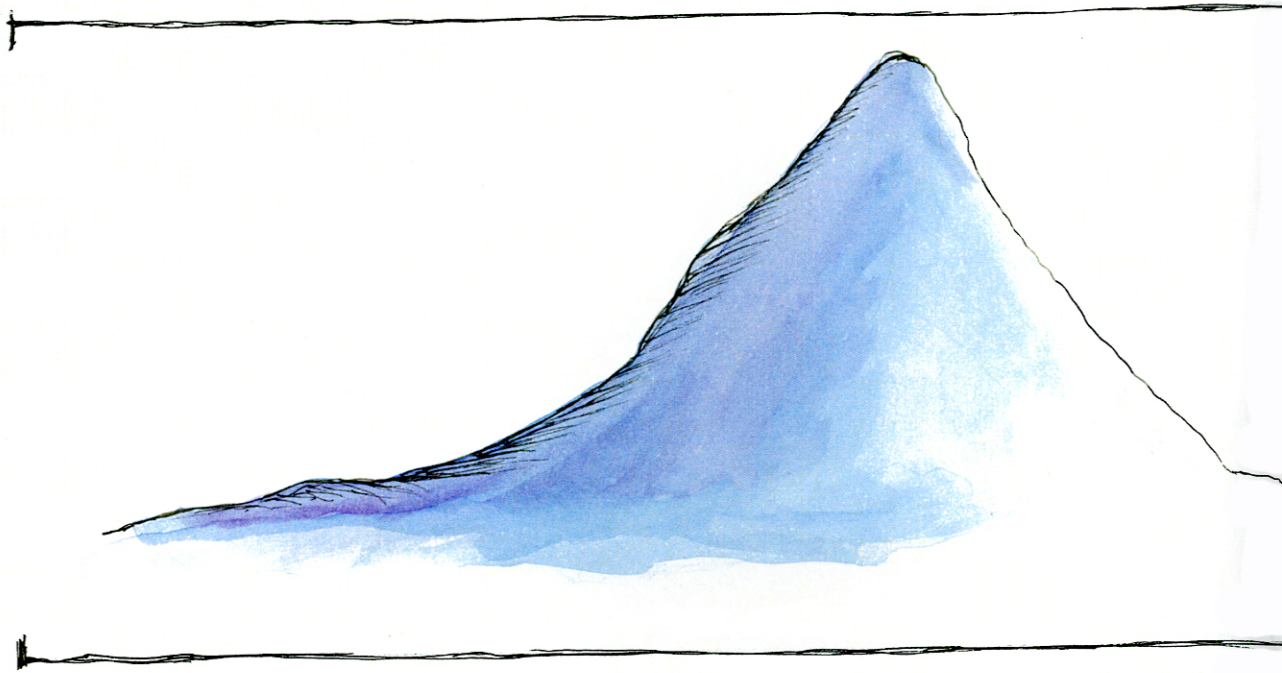
On the left, a whole familiar breast...



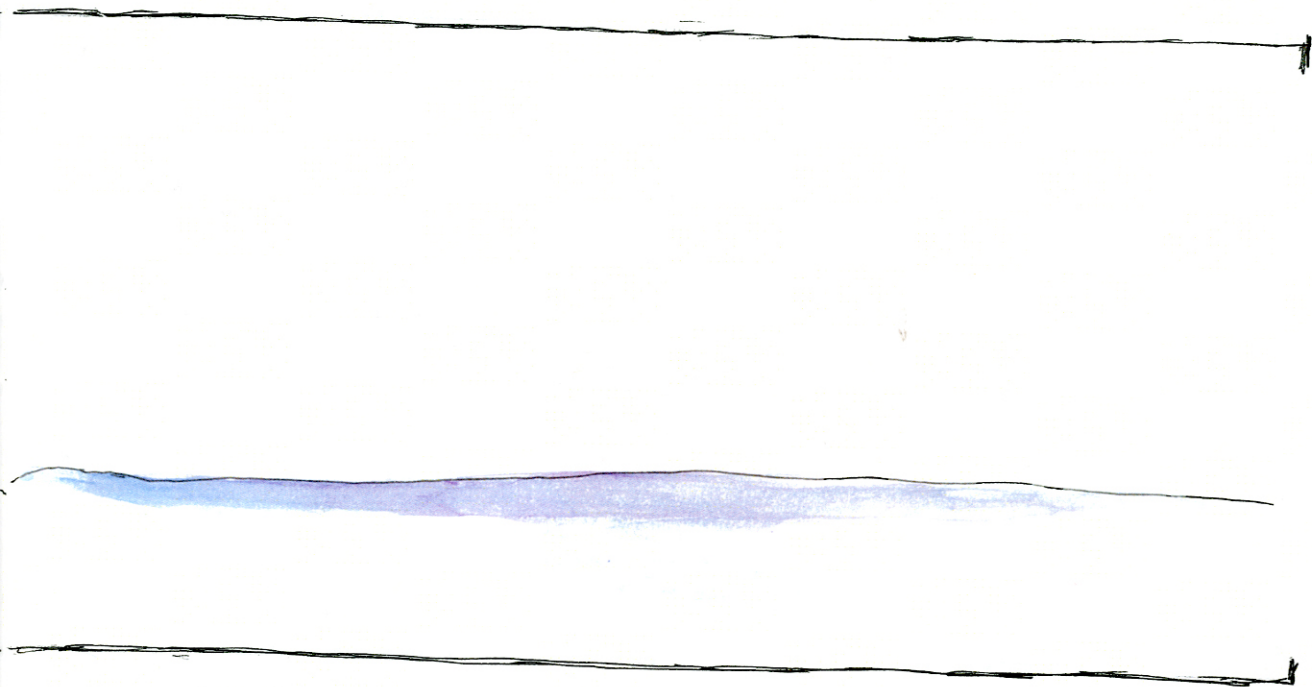
and on the right, a concave and numb indent.



When the bandages came off and I lay down in bed,
looking toward my toes...

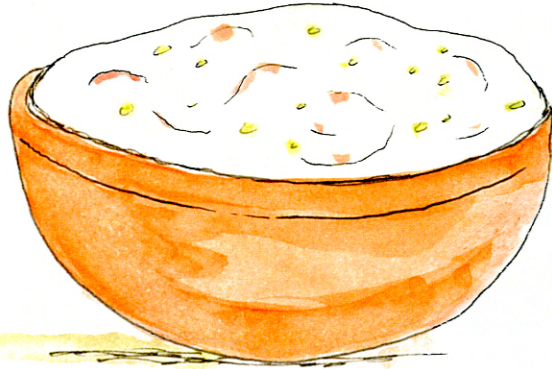


the landscape had completely changed.



Finding a bra to fit my new body was an exercise in grief.

There isn't one for me — with one cup full...



and the other empty.



I make do.

As part of my healing, I started taking yoga.

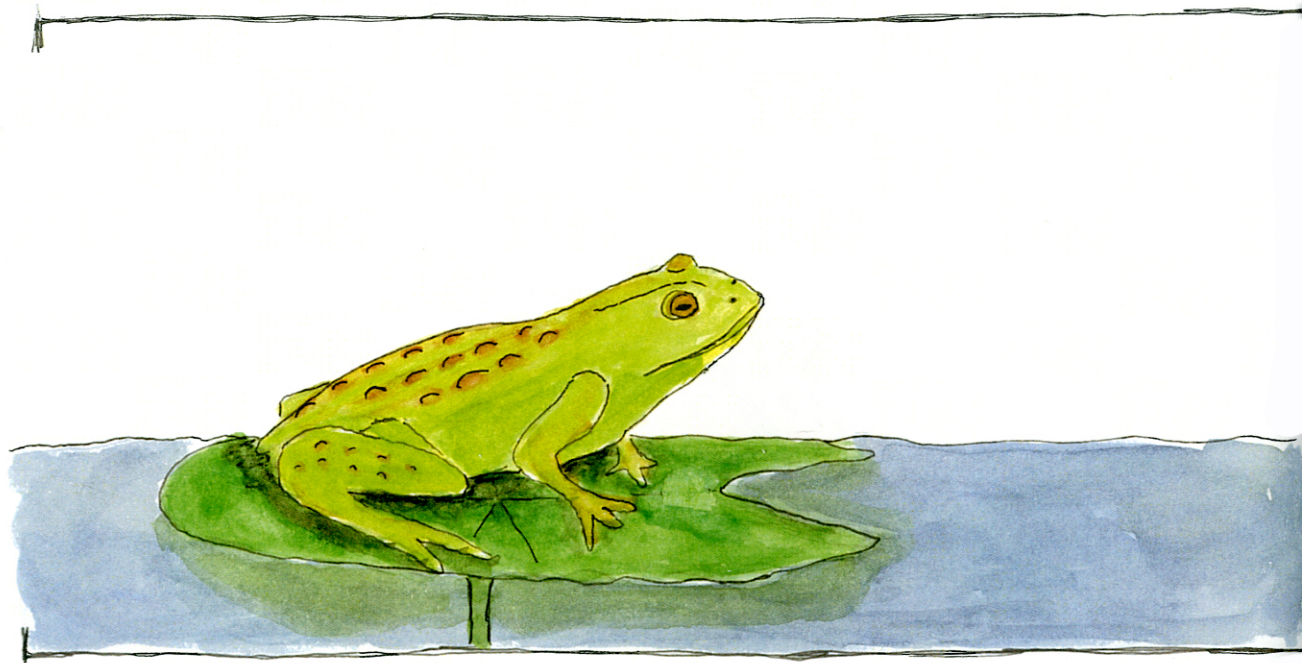
Laying on my stomach on my mat, I noticed...



only one side touched the floor.

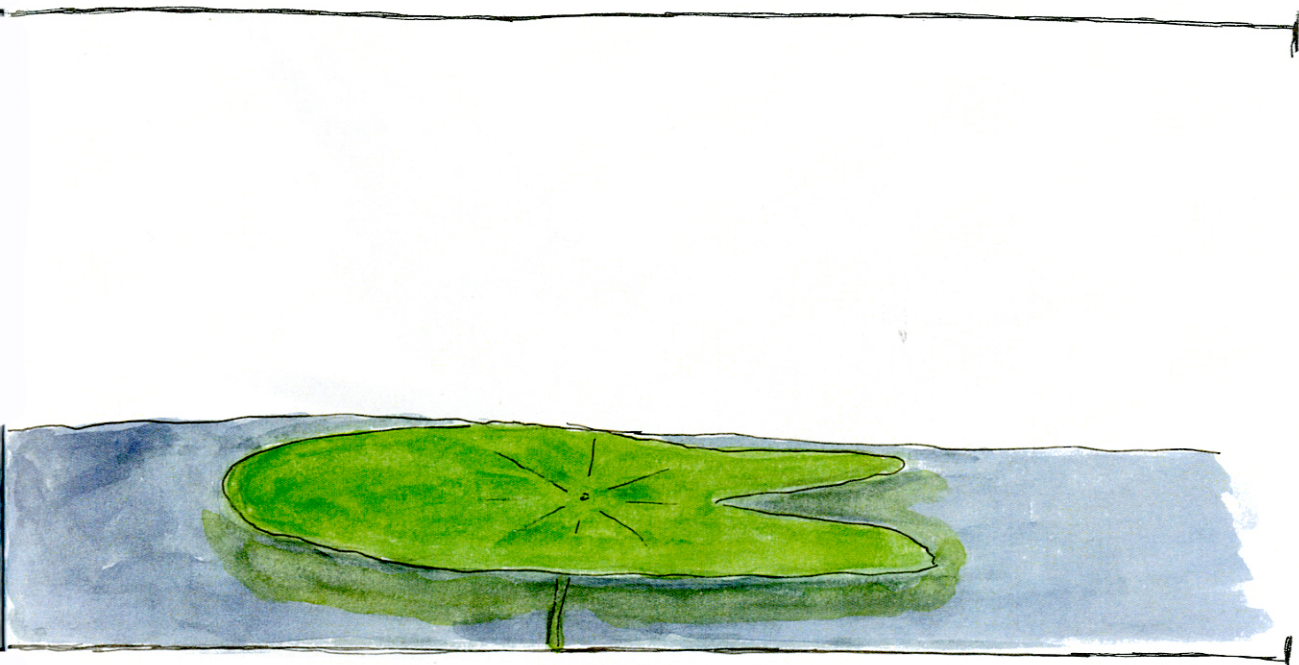


But something else was happening...



While my breast was gone,

I found presence in what remained.

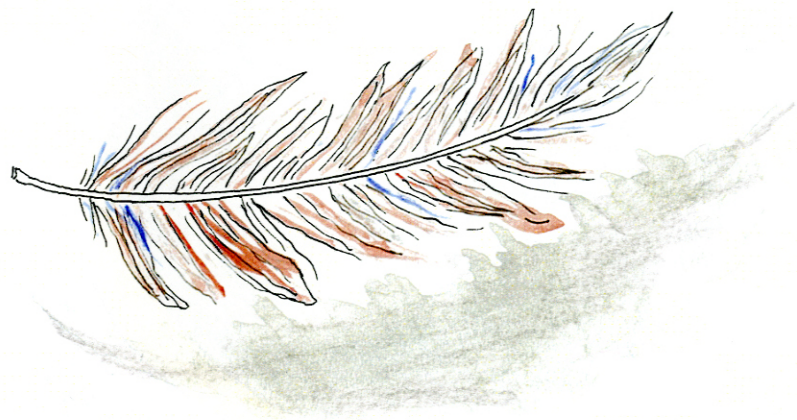


And now, most of the time,

while I will never forget,

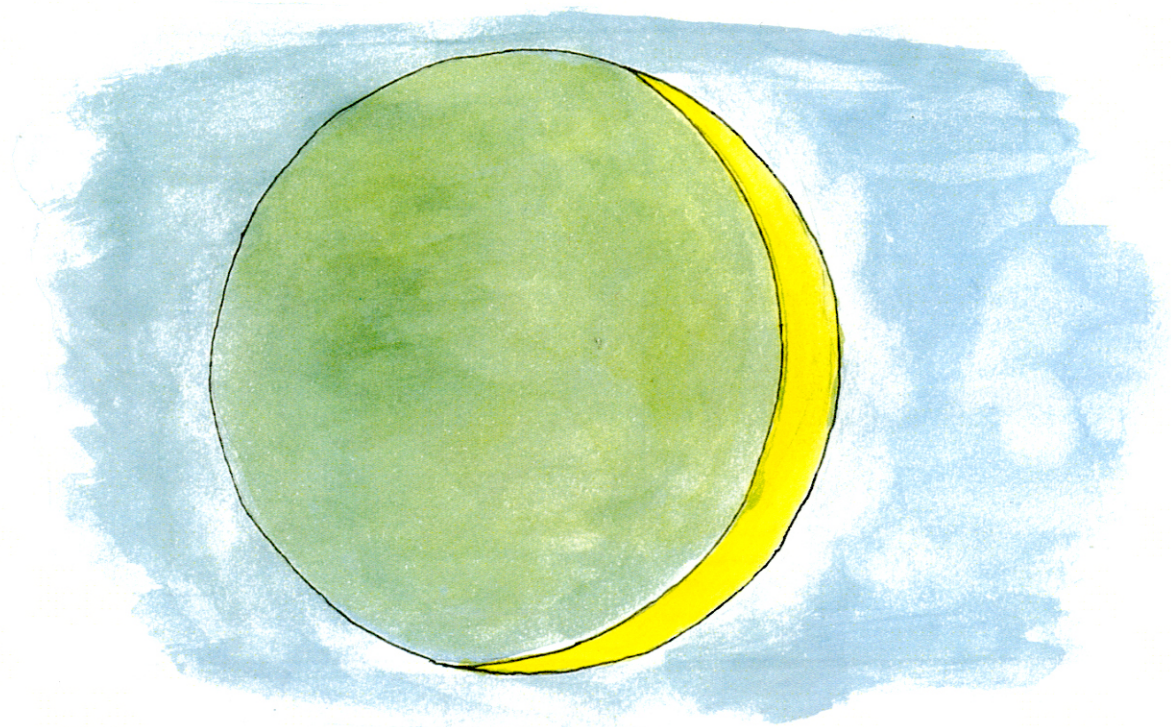


the loss doesn't feel as strong.



And I know now that,

like the moon,



I am always whole.¹

¹ from *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind* by Shunryu Suzuki