

The Crown You Choose

There is a question that arrives early in this journey, and it can feel heavier than it sounds.

What am I going to wear on my head today?

Some mornings the answer is a wig. Some mornings it is a scarf, a soft cap, a wrap in a color that makes you feel alive. Some mornings the answer is nothing at all, and you walk out into the light exactly as you are.

Every one of those answers is right, as long as it belongs to you.

You may have been told that covering your head means you are hiding. You may have been told that going bare means you are brave. Neither statement is the whole truth. Confidence is not a uniform. Confidence is the freedom to decide, each day, what makes you feel most like yourself.

There will be days when a wig feels like joy. It can be playful. It can be beautiful. It can let you wear the length you miss, or a color you never dared to try. Choosing it is not a betrayal of your healing. It is simply another way of dressing the woman you love.

There will also be days when the wig feels heavy, when your scalp asks for air, when you want to feel the wind where the wind has not been in years. Take it off. Let yourself breathe. Your comfort is not a performance for anyone else.

And there may come a morning, quietly, without warning, when you look at your bare reflection and you do not reach for anything. You simply pick up your keys and go. Those mornings are not the finish line. They are one beautiful sentence in a much longer story.

Try to hold your choices lightly.

If you cover your head today and uncover it tomorrow, you are not being inconsistent. You are being human. Your needs change with your energy, your mood, your safety, and your season. A woman is allowed to change her mind about her own body.

Care for your scalp with tenderness, the way you would care for any skin you love. Keep it clean and moisturized. Protect it from the sun, because it has not been in the sun

before, and it deserves your gentleness. Choose wraps and caps that do not pull. Choose wigs that fit without gripping. Comfort is not vanity. Comfort is care.

And notice something else. Notice how much time you once spent trying to make your hair behave, and how much of that time is now yours. Notice how getting ready can become a ritual instead of a battle. Notice that a scarf takes three minutes and a mirror does not have to be an interrogation.

There is grief in this, and there can also be lightness. Both can be true.

You may find that you begin to build a collection. A drawer of colors. A shelf of textures. Soft linen for tired days. Silk for the days you want to feel luxurious. Something bold for the days you want to be seen. Something plain for the days you want to disappear into the ordinary. That drawer is not a closet of disguises. It is a wardrobe for a woman who has learned that she gets to choose.

Choose for yourself first.

Not for the relative who asks if you are going to wear the wig today. Not for the stranger who will look twice. Not for the version of beauty you were handed at fifteen and never had the chance to question. Choose for the woman who has to live inside this body all day long.

She is the only one whose opinion is required.

There is an old idea that a woman's hair is her crowning glory. Let it soften into something truer. Your crown was never made of hair. It is made of the way you hold your head when you enter a room. It is made of the kindness in your voice when you speak to yourself. It is made of every morning you chose to keep going.

That crown cannot fall out. It cannot thin. It cannot be brushed away.

So today, whatever you place on your head, place it with love. And whatever you leave off, leave it off with love, too.

You are not hiding. You are not performing. You are simply a woman getting ready for her day, wearing exactly what she chose.

AFFIRMATION

I choose what I wear on my head, and my choice is always valid. Covering is not hiding, and uncovering is not proof. My comfort matters more than anyone's expectation. My crown is not made of hair. It is made of how I carry myself, and I carry myself with love.