

Wandering Myself Back to Who I Am

Without fail it'll dawn on me that I'm somebody else walking around right now, writes brain cancer blogger Adam Hayden

June 23, 2025 By [Adam Hayden](#)

Most days I'm wandering myself back home to who I am.

It happens out on that porch over there, with cheap wicker, the frayed outdoor rug, and the Rose of Sharon.

I never quite say good bye to myself in the morning, but without fail it'll dawn on me that I'm somebody else walking around right now.

Folding laundry.

Maybe warming up the Madras Lentils pouch.

Work happened.

I ate.

And on the good days, sometime around 8:40 pm EST, with a rhythm of evening kids bedtime where I can float away and listen for the typing, that's when I'll start to wander back.

I'll traverse to the porch

by way of those stairs.

I'll fall down those goddamn stairs one of these days. You'll see it on social, and you'll think of this goddamn post.

Neighbors hollerin sometimes.

It's Indiana, so the night's coming quiet doesn't give up without fireworks-year round-a gun? A transformer box blew?

The strike of sound is gone as soon as it struck, piercing and folding, through and within, the heavy, damp June air.

I wander my way back to me, to who I am, and I'll get to hang out there with me indefinitely.

Then it's morning.

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<http://beta.docker.cancerhealth.com/blog/wandering-back>