**Many Medications**

Eleanor Lerman

In such a late year, such a strange time

I feel like I have swallowed the moon

and it has congealed inside me into

many medications, all of them as cold

as stones. And there is no evidence

that they are doing any good.

Little balms, little remedies:

there was a time when I could make them

out of anything. Witch them up from a

passing fancy, from a ribbon and a ruby,

a season in the rain.

So yes, in a selfish mood

I chained our sister to my ribs

but soon, I will let her go

because like you, I keep

the empty sky in mind when I

travel from here to there,

from room to room, hoping

I can replace what I have taken

and receive some token in return.

Perhaps a year of silence, a day of love.

In such a scenario I believe

that forgotten footsteps will be heard again

and the moon, who says she cares for no one,

will lend me a glance before she turns away.