

Heart Medicine

The girl
with an all too familiar accent
that I know from my cousins
after too many years at international schools
captivates me from the wings
as she floats
into the spotlight cast on stage
that once contrasted the dark theatre
until her presence illuminates their faces
the same as mine
is a provisional medicine
not with any illusionist properties
of healing
just an easy high, a self-prescribed addictive
habitually
to my heart
broken not so long ago
by another girl
who danced on a stage
lit by the rising sun
and captivated me
chronically.