

Medicine Chest

by jill *Tuesday, Jan 24 2017, 10:23pm*

international / poetry / post

invited to a dinner
after which i visited the bathroom
not to relieve my stomach of rich food but
to relieve my bladder of too much cheap wine

the vanity mirror in this bathroom
acted as a door revealing the usual
and row upon row of medicines

i usually do not peek tho i have heard
it's ritual for others but this door was open

i couldn't believe the variety of medicine bottles for this and that
but none for curing life in a clearly topsy-turvy world,
one bottle of liquid intrigued me so i opened and took a whiff,
not bad, i was tempted to take a swig from the measuring cup
but thought, why? i am not assailed with pains and discomforts
as others appear to be

before closing this little cabinet door i spied
a bottle labelled 'love potion,' now that i could not resist,
i didn't know whether to drink it or rub it on my vulva
so i tried it, ghastly, no love dwelt there

suddenly my host became reconfigured in my mind,
is lovelessness so common as to rob people of hope?
love is everywhere except of course in medicine cabinets,
surely everyone knows

my heart began to move for my friend, its beat reminded
me of my Love, which is always present, sometimes manifesting
in human form, but true Love is beyond form though expresses
itself in countless ways

i did not return to the table, instead i located the balcony
and took some air;
the stars, moon and night sky greeted me as they always do
punctuating the mighty flow of ceaseless Love,
my heart fluttered for a moment
and then throbbed deeply
reminding me
that my favourite wine

is Love poured from your hands only

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2508.html>