

poem by Andrew Lerner, MD

She is a small lady,
85 years old.
Vitality still in her voice
But no longer in her body.
Unaware of the malignant vessels constricting in her arms
And in her head.
There is sputum on her sheet, and her scalp shows
Through thinning hair.
Her eyes crease genuinely when she gives me her gummy smile.
As the years pass, she will cease to be real,
Only a snapshot stored
 In a neuronal circuit.

When I was 5, I took a trip
To New York City.
A homeless man was sitting on the sidewalk with sharp eyes.
What is he doing right now as I write this letter?
 Is he thinking about me?

After you leave your footprint, it
Becomes weightless

“On Top of the World”, photograph by Paurush Shah, MD

