

Lost Poems

by rayn *Tuesday, Jul 13 2010, 9:19am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



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where do unwritten poems go
after tantalising poets with sweet dreams,
erotic imagery, precise metaphors
and other textual seductions;
i have often wondered?

poems that do not quite make it onto paper
are not really lost to poetry graveyards
or wasted
they return to that special place
from whence they came
to be transmuted, tailored perhaps
for other writers to inscribe
in this most seductive art.

her face turns toward mine
beseeching
imploring
but words fail her;

her eyes fill with tears
tho she does not openly weep

her hypnotic eyes
steal my attention,
suspending my thoughts
making a dumb spectator of my soul,
but still no meaningful words/gestures --
she fails to articulate
her heart's longing,
her soul's desire.

momentarily
unable to speak
or make known her intentions
she releases that energy
allowing it to return,
charged by inexpression,
to be utilised by a poet
better able to define, contour
and shape reality.

outside my window,
dry autumn leaves
crunch under her
bare feet

silent
she lifts her head
and smiles
revealing tears
running down her cheek.



www.flickr.com/photos/darinka/

🔊 [I'll Be Your Baby Tonight - Bob Dylan](#)

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2035.html>