

## Lost Poems

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

international / prose/poetry / literature



*photos by maya*

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.



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

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