Lost Poems

by rayn *Tuesday*, *Jul 13 2010*, *9:19am* international / poetry / post



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.

http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2035.html



www.flickr.com/photos/darinka/

💵 <u>I'll Be Your Baby Tonight - Bob Dylan</u>

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-94.html