

THE FORGOTTEN POEM

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i formed a little poem once

but i didn't write it down
i had no scrap of paper
and no pencil could be found

and of course it dissipated
like your dreams as you awake
a hint of some sweet melody
with code you cannot break

a scent of fragrant flower
that was trampled by a sole
a little square of crazy quilt
a portion of the whole

i'm sure that its still living
in the city of my mind
i can't recall its address
its an alley that is blind

but maybe on some dark night
when i have no words to speak
that poem will be encouraged
to pop up and shyly speak

but for now its just remembered
as the one that got away
a girl lost in september
that you met one summer day

so this poem, i'll not belabor
its a promise i will keep
cause the effort to retrieve it
only buries it more deep

i formed a little poem once
but i didn't write it down
it is wrapped up in a parcel
in my dusty lost and found

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