

For You, For Me

by Brenda Bishop Blakey

Sometimes we lose things,
keys, sunglasses, a favorite pocket knife.
These are just things after all.
Easy to buy another, transfer the value
to the new object.

Many times we lose chances,
vows, prayers, understanding.
Our pride creates a stand-off.
Difficult to duplicate, wait for a do-over
or a new subject.

Occasionally we lose people,
lovers, friends, acquaintances.
We demand all the attention.
Impossible to command, one cannot both
guide and simultaneously be in the spotlight.

Periodically we find a thing which went missing,
our courage, our hope, our resolve.
We wonder if the omission is why we failed.
Possibly we left it behind on the dock when
traversing a vast lake in search of some false goal.

Rarely can we re-navigate a life,
the current, the undertow, the wake.
If only someone had left us a note in a bottle.
Now we scurry to mark every buoy with hints
so as to prevent newcomers from crashing.

