

# Lost Poems

*by* Mark Waldrop

The ride home after  
Basketball and a little beer;  
That's when the best poems happen.

Poems pin-prick sharp  
Puncturing through dulled  
Senses while streetlamps pass  
Overhead.

They find their way inside you  
But they don't stick.  
Poems left back somewhere  
On the cracked black pavement  
Behind.

I don't know them any more  
They're old old friends  
They are familiar but  
Who knows where they get lost --

