

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 --

