

THINGS THAT ARE LOST

A blue float in a swimming pool,
shoes, ashes, permission to play.
Bag, keys, phone, car. A swing,
A bow and arrow, a procession, the performance.
The blackness of skin.
Goddesses, elms, ancient oaks,
our aquatic past.
Lost.

Milk running like tears,
from the horned animals, burning
in a river of lava, colour drained to white.
A fortune gone, a family torn,
a cactus held for comfort.

Warriors or divers, running or wading?
Savannah or waterside?
A salamander or a flower
or an antler stem?
A white cow or axolotl?
A walking fish or a swimming ape?
Fire or butterflies?
Rage or love or the calm of shipwreck?
Choose.
Or lose.

We have made things worse, made the waters rise,
the island of questions, of pondering between steep shores
is lost, submerged in drowning certainty.
We cannot find our way.
We lose.
We are lost.