

Partially it is an image of
The good life like a carrot
Hung before a dying cart horse,
Your psychiatrist will tell
You it is the commonality
Of human experience,
But find your lost poem
Hung like a new killed beef in
A cooler, your hard sought
Maxim of human understanding,
Human insight displayed for
You before you could even
Tell it to your lover, much
Less take it to the street.

Why your dream got lost, why you
Hold your pen in anticipation
Above the page waiting for the
Prophetic line, that nice clean
Line that says so much.
Your poem is lost for two reasons
One is that you are out of
Sync with the manifest
Apparent time, you got lost in
India or Persia many centuries ago
In the temple above agrarian planes,
A creature captured and fed your