

Lost and Lost

Like a lost penny, lying
in the gutter at your feet, dreaming
of a penniphile who'll find,
polish and deposit her
into a jar up on the shelf where
all his pennies spend their time
reminiscing of those years-ago
when each was certain of its calling,
allowed to buy a candy stick
 or drop of gum,
valued far too much to be abandoned
where she may have fallen.

Mocking all our fairy tales
this coin will soon be swept away—
though not by any lover—
buried in the nearest landfill, thus
allowing us to share a tear
and hope its taste
will help us understand at last.
Just ask a penny how it feels
 to be misplaced.

Steve Bloom
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