



1-1-2006

Lost

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Recommended Citation

Morgan, Jeffrey (2006) "Lost," *Calliope*: Vol. 36 , Article 12.

Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol36/iss1/12>

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LOST
Jeffrey Morgan, Sophomore
Philosophy

There is nothing quite as even
As your asymmetrical face

Gazing at you, as if my eyes
Were hands bottling your image

The thought of you is a prayer for
Better times when life is simpler

And still, I feel your resilient stare
Scaring my body from head to toe

And I can still taste your tongue
On mine like a blue stain of candy

You still haunt me in the best way,
Like a melody stuck in my head, a solitary memory

I could never swallow each of your words
And I could no longer swallow apologies

For you are a sleeping child
Limp in my hands, soft imagination

And you'd like to go back, all the way back to Neverland
Where we can finally be lost together

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