

LOST IN TRANSIT

Witlessly abandoned in Dresden
under a train seat of the Deutsche Bahn,
somewhere between Saxony and Bavaria,
small black satchel stuffed with gifts
nestled in a favorite cardigan,
gone for good.

Not lost via fire or flood or
buried in rubble of earthquake or war,
a moment of mindlessness suffices
to disappear my attachments.
On nights of jet lag insomnia,
cherished items crowd my head:
silk plaid shorts sensuous on thighs
acquired at a yard sale for a dollar,
mauve shawl for cool Italian evenings,
black skirt from a Capricorn friend,
wrinkle-proof, still subject to loss.

Who wears them now, I wonder –
a teen-age girl, size petite,
or her Turkish mother sweeping trains
after the last passengers?
Who drinks from my ruby Florentine goblet –
a hobo under a bridge in Prague?

In vain my hands reach for the rosary
of sea-green glass made by Benedictines,
a blue wine bottle from Vernazza,
the pencil sets in marbled paper,
a cerulean glass heart for
a sixteenth birthday,
all gone, vanished for good.

Not lost:

sunglasses, contact lenses,
car keys, passport, bank card,
home, city, country.

Not lost:

daughter, husband, best friend, cat,
a toe, kneecap, my blood,
my nerve, my marbles, the game

Just things
polished by sadness
and memory
quickly replaced by
other objects of desire.

Claudia Lapp, 2000, from *The Vehicule Poets__Now*, 2004,

