

## Lost

Ann Baumel

A snowflake falls - touches your hand,  
and in an instant gone.

Or the fall leaves turn colors - then brown,  
only to fall and be taken away.

Lost loves are frequent - too frequent,  
yet after time are overcome, replaced.

But what of lost friends - friendships,  
not to quarrels or death, but much less.

Once the closest of friends - so many members,  
and now only strangers with unrecognizable eyes.

Lost over time, contact replaced -  
replaced with promised letters, phone calls, visits.

Just like that single tear -  
quickly swept away by a momentary brush of the hand.