

On Looking Back

Sometimes, late at night,
when I curl up on my mattress,
too comfortable to give movement
consideration,
I write poetry in my head.

Great poetry,
the kind you wish you could write
when you hear a good poem of someone
else's and feel
Jealous.

They never last.
They fade in the moment.
Forgotten in the blank darkness of the room,
or the sleep so full of dreams that none
are remembered in the morning.

On looking back,
you realize you had something,
something special you lost.
It's frustrating laziness, you say,
denying that it's meant to be lost
in the moment;
refusing to believe She'd let you waste
your talent.

Ryan Lancaster