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Lost and Found

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Lost and Found

Matthew C. Bronson

How do you find what was never lost?
Look right where you are and remember,
what can be known is already known
and echoes still in waterfalls and falling leaves.

The wind sliding against your ear is the voice of ghosts,
your ancestors who never stopped reciting the prayers
that would give you breath and life and all good things.

You thought it was noise, or merely molecules in motion
until the mockingbird taught you to listen in color again
with his lessons at dawn and dusk each day.

What if he is right and you are just a slim thread of light
joining sky and earth?
What if your thoughts and even your poems
are not yours,
but belong to the trees and the sea
and the clouds?
You just borrowed them for a time and
someone else is surely looking for them.

At some unspecified and sacred hour, all souls at last assemble and discover,
delightfully,
that everything we seek was always right here in front of us.
We play this game of forgetting,
until, finally, exhausted,
we forget to forget,
and the tide of sweet remembrance returns.

