Vanished Without A Trace

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VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE

Andrew Judge

If all the things
I’d ever lost
were gathered in a single place
they’d fill a warehouse
dark and deep
labeled vanished without a trace

Dreams and ideals there’d be
as well as mittens keys and glasses
and many
squared loves
and many
squared chances

And oh the rows and rows
of dusty shelves
whose length and breadth
no man could tell

filled

with volumes never written
and volumes never read
and poems never scored
and symphonies never said
and mountains never climbed
and places never been

because

I got in too late at night
to get myself up again

For overall
would preside
a clock
in that dark and dreary place
where dreams are doomed to wonder
and crowns and kingdoms
have vanished without a trace