

THE LOST

Gwen Hart

We try to say just who we are:
Geraldine or Max or Flo.
We've never been to Zanzibar

or Mexico or Rome, those distant stars
on maps we fold again just so.
We try to say just why we are

this way, sit up with strangers at the bar
talking through our tales of woe:
We've never been to Zanzibar.

Our boyfriends left us in the car
somewhere near San Antonio.
We never can say where we are

on any map. We have a map of scars
we carry—blue-bruised cheeks and broken toes.
When we get to Zanzibar,

we'll live on rum and Mallomars.
We'll find there in our porticos
the finest men of Zanzibar,
who'll tell us, surely, who we are.

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