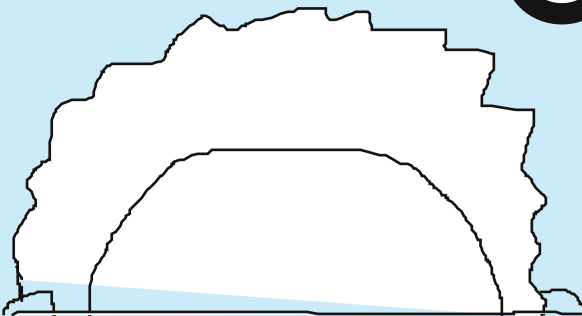
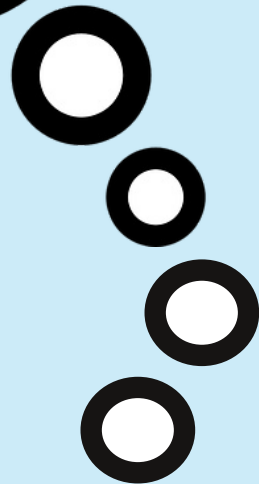




The Lost Thought

A Poem
by

Robert Prins





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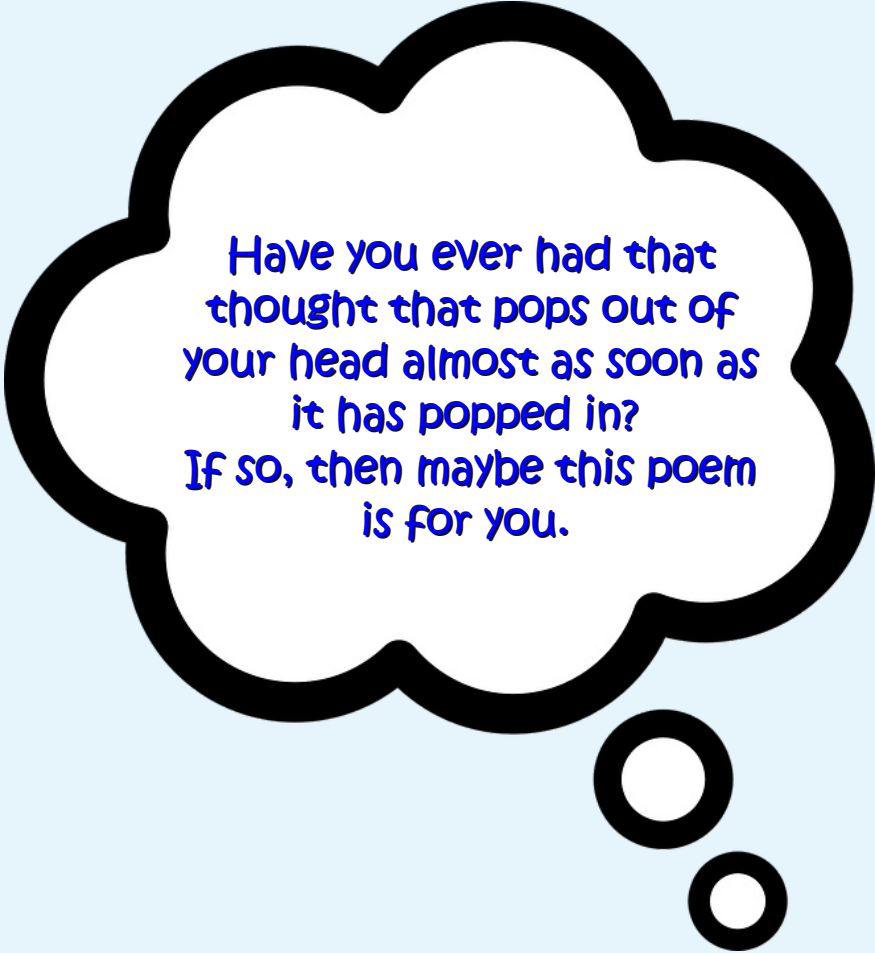
I think I thought of something,
but I can't remember what;
I thought I'd go and do it,
but I was rooted to the spot;
I couldn't quite remember,
I hope it hasn't gone for good,
And why I can't remember,
I've never understood.

I thought I'd trace my steps
back into the other room,
Was it something I was doing?
Was it when I held the broom?
I picked it up for old time's sake,
it was no help at all,
So I looked up to the ceiling,
to my left, to help recall.

Gazing round the room
to help refocus thought
I spied a thirsty pot plant,
of water it was short,
So I headed for the kitchen
to get a drink for it,
And by the time I'd turned the tap on,
I'd forgotten quite a bit.

What was I going to do?
My wonder filled my head,
So I got a cup of tea
and sat to think it out instead.
And as I sat there thinking,
a sudden thought struck me:
I know the thought I thought of,
I was going to make some tea!

The Lost Thought



Have you ever had that
thought that pops out of
your head almost as soon as
it has popped in?
If so, then maybe this poem
is for you.

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