

Is time a place we simply choose to be?

Or are we lost in space forever endlessly;

Lost is a word we seldom wish to find,

But is short on our list and dwells on our mind.

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Sometimes we're lost just finding the right word,

But it seems a bit easier when we've read or have heard;

So no matter how stupid and no matter what cause.

Lost is the word you misplace in that clause.

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Children are lost when their parents are shopping,

And policemen are called and it stops them from copping;

It might come to appear that your lost in your head,

Or find that you've lost it and just end up dead.

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To be lost is without the world at your feet,

When you're looking for people out on the street;

Lost is just having a guess at it all,

Or lost is what happens to your favourite old ball.

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Now what if I get lost and never return,

Would I up in heaven where I won't have to burn;

For finding the truth on those days that we're lost,

Is the reason for life and the final cost?

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I must hurry and struggle to finish this rhyme,

For I'm lost out of sight and all out of time;

But never do worry if your lost on a shelf,

For lost in a book is being yourself.

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**Signed,**

**Found.**