

3-6-2019

Lost

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Recommended Citation

Prokopiev, Diana (2019) "Lost," *The Crambo*: Vol. 2 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.kennesaw.edu/thecrambo/vol2/iss1/13>

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LOST

DIANA PROKOPIEV

The broken compass's needle swings in different directions.
She holds the compass in her trembling, frigid hand—
a useless tool in a fatal situation.

And trying to go North in the forest, she fumbles with it,
desperate to get home.

Her bare feet find comfort in the crunchy leaves below

even though she is heading in the wrong direction
in the black forest full of naked trees—
running, panting, then tripping on a rotten log.

The compass slips from her hand after
she falls.

It's pitch black.

Home is five miles away.

*

Home is five miles away.

It's pitch black,

she falls,

the compass slips from her hand after

running, panting, then tripping on a rotten log
in the black forest full of naked trees.

LOST

PROKOPIEV

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