Labour Market Analysis Division, 2001.

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**R. Leigh Krafft**

**the unfound poem**

I begin my searching among the pillows still burdened by the weight of sleep knowing it arrived in the night.

I remember chasing fragments of language around in the dark.

somewhere between here and the sticky kitchen linoleum
I'm sure to stumble upon it.

I bend through an ache to pick up the scattered items in my path: an orange peel, a tiny kitty, a pile of twisted laundry slumped against the wall.

the sun rises on the silent side of the house and gold light glows among the old maples, but my bones sink into the sofa and there are no thoughts at all.

after the children have had their breakfast I send them out to do some digging knowing their love for dirt, and dandelions.

as I watch them through the window pane one broken line scrapes itself across my mind, my hands suddenly still in the dishwater waiting for more words to fall into place, seeds seeking a warm fallow space.

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R. Leigh Krafft's poetry appears earlier in this volume.