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Comes Tomorrow

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When

What is it that causes thoughts to come
Unbidden at the strangest time
Pleading for expression?
And, if suppressed, where do they go?
Do they seek another's voice or eye or hand
To give them birth?
Or, helpless, drift lost-like about the earth?

Comes Tomorrow

I wonder if somewhere in a shadow world
There are wraiths of unborn poems,
Galleries of paintings forever left undone,
Misty archives deep-rowed with books unwritten,
Mute music, wordless songs all silent, unheard,
unsung.

Do these aborted things wait to be full born,
Or, once neglected, are they ever after dead,
Lost throughout all time, all space
Because we left them unexpressed, unseen, unsaid?

Christi Benson