

Where Do Poems Hide?

by Sebastian Tsai

Poems hide in a child's toy,
Cherished and loved.
They hide in the half empty tissue box
You emptied mourning the loss
Of your beloved hamster.
They hide in the light bulb
You burned out
Perfecting your poems.
They hide in a magician's hat,
Its dark secrets a mystery.
Poems hide in that test
You failed,
In a room where
A lonely boy sits,
In that book you
Never finished,
In that book you
Never started.
Poems live in a world
Invisible to us.
There are multiple doors.
One key fits all locks.
Our imagination is the key
To poetry in a universe
Where all things are possible.