

Lost

Pete Justus

Feeling lost and down
Isolated and alone
Left out and left off
Invisible to the naked eye
A cipher in an open world
A lost package in the dead letter office
A pair of tennis shoes hanging on a telephone line
A deck of cards missing a jack and an ace
A castaway on an island without Wilson
A comet on a long elliptical journey to nowhere
A last tree standing
A penny ignored on the sidewalk
Like I used to feel back in the day
Shooting baskets on an empty court
Getting back into my empty car
Driving to my empty house
For another wasted day in this empty life

Pete Justus is a retired history teacher and avid cyclist. He started writing poetry in 1972 while spending that summer backpacking through Europe. He kept writing when he returned and about 25 years later began to read his poetry at open mics around Southern California. Within a year he became the host of the then long running reading at Midnight Special Bookstore in Santa Monica. A little over a year later he became the founder and the first host of the now nearly 13 year old reading at the Rapp Saloon in Santa Monica. He has written two books of poetry, "The Edge of a Brighter Day" which is out of print and "Truths, Taps and Time."

