

“Lost Cause” by Nneoma Prudence LaMarche

Try as you might  
With as much as you have  
The cause you pursue  
Is a car with an empty tank of gas

There’s no end for the win  
And no placing in victory  
Even if you’re first by the flag  
You’d still be last in this city-----

Lost causes are empty bottles of wine  
Whether red or white,  
Sweet or flat, there’s no taste  
Your cause has no cup in this place