Regrets

by ryall Tuesday, Aug 3 2010, 9:26am international / prose/poetry / literature

> like hamsters running pet shop wheels regrets are circular having no resolution futile.

everything living moves on i/we move on -regrets, surely not?

every event/thing done is decisive beginning and ending in itself complete, does Love begin or end? so it is/was with our profound encounter.

we may in ignorance become temporarily lost but Love/Life continue forever, WE continue forever

what an utter folly it is to regret and taint the beauty and wonder that was/is our experience; what sheer joy that destined encounter, what sheer ecstasy/majesty/magic we experienced, what is there to regret?

we have been strengthened and made wiser by the encounter a truly extraordinary collision.

i leave you my soul what else have i to give? a Persian poet once suggested that Lovers have at least a thousand souls to sacrifice for Love; so i leave a soul for you to burn on the altar-fire of our enduring Love, use it to illuminate/dispel the darkness should it ever envelop you.

would we regret the rising sun, roses budding/blossoming or the wind cleaning the air?

most would sell their souls for a minute of what we shared

why your tears are they for me, you or yesterday's memories?

how many yesterdays are able to intrude on today?

like an addict you wish to repeat sensation, like a laboratory rat with a pleasure electrode in its brain and a lever to hit until it dies, every spasm more contorted, agonising than the one that preceded it -- we are not rodents!

the bliss/ecstasy of our encounter cannot be tarnished lest we corrode it ourselves the past is past remember it as it was, enthralling, wonderful.

do not ask how i am, it's a question uncertain people ask; never forget we are warriors fighters to the death, heroes and heroines;

move on to new experiences each stronger and more intense than the last no one is ever forsaken except by their own perverse imaginings. like the Love we shared, beginningless and endless leave it open, tugging at the seams of Creation.

• She Belongs to Me - Bob Dylan

 $\underline{http:/\!/cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1700.html}$

Cleaves Alternative News. http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2052.html