

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,
enthraling, 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](#)

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-1700.html>

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