

## 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>

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