

No Regrets

by Darryl Price

The choices we made then were not
wasted time. That's just unrest in
the air, looking for somewhere to
go. We lived in a tent of hills,
skies and rivers. It didn't seem
all that strange. Because of you. I
know how that sounds, but I must confess,
it turns out to be true. Those

choices were pure to the moment
we were in, and I have no regrets
to give you. We weren't looking
to invent a new kind of understanding,
but we did it anyway.
It got us through another
day at the tough times cafe.
We had still to learn about mercy.

Our hearts, our poor hearts were about
to head into uncharted
territories, populated
with longer shadows and the last
sad days of our summer winds blowing
away together. Did you
hear what I said, it's nice to see
your dark smile again in these words,

but I'm not looking for a whispering
ghost to play dead with? I've
had enough of those through the grinding
years of toil and trouble.
This is just hello, I know you,

you are someone I care about,
a person I remember as
a friend. We rowed a boat out on

a lake alone once. We made a
special place for us just for fun.
No one else. Nothing mattered. Words
were useless. We fed them to the
curious fish like empty leaves.
We pushed the whole world to the edge.
If it was up to me, you could
have easily walked on water,

with nobody watching. Now I'm
feeling all alone. The words are
mine, all mine. There's no one outside.
Obviously, I'm not too old
to be writing this poem. This
is just goodbye, in case. Goodbye,
good to see you one more time. Hope
you still get to use that laugh to

see in the dark. It kept me from
going blind in the night. We're getting
down to it. It's not so bad now
and it never was. I'm the same
word tailor I promised you, stitching
up beautiful seams wherever
I may find them torn open
and lacking someone who cares to

notice. It's not a job. It's a
way of being me all the time.
Hello and goodbye, they're kind of
the same thing, aren't they, just in different

circumstances they might
translate differently? Oh well.
I give them to you as my gift
to say I haven't got the words.

