## 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,

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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.