

occasionally i miss the regrets.

over the years i have limited
the functions that they would have enjoyed attending
by offering less and less
entertainment
at my expense.

what do i miss.

well

the fellowship

the recreational sporting events
the rewards of creativity.

sometimes late at night
looking out the window

i see them gathered
waiting for me just outside the door.
milling
chain smoking
passing a silver flask
and they are indifferent
about the weather conditions.

other times i see them

hiding in the bushes
waiting for the chance
as i walk by
to ankle bite me
and take me down.

they are more adept at subterfuge and deployment

than i am at evade and escape
since i have forgotten how to use the terrain and strategy.

i think they have conflicting emotions
that have left them with a maladjusted nostalgia
of longing for their good old days
before their rage at my betrayal.

all of this confuses them as if they cannot accept
that i am like a sprinter

whose knees went bad over time
and cannot get over
their finish line anymore
or if i could i would have some form of empathy
that would spoil the celebration.

they do not want to hear it
so i try to point out others
who do not care about
the condition of the track and
who are up for more regrets.

no good.
the only laugh is inside their inside joke...
we regret you feel that way.

then all the regrets come back to me.

the regrets.
wf.h.
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