

REGRET

Here's another sin you're sunk within
owl-necked looking back
to where you might have been
or what you could have done
to keep you from the muck
you're stuck standing in.

The lover not kissed the one
you seem to miss
this tree not the one you want to see or shinny
you can't believe this skintight is your skin.
The road not taken was always
the one worth trying. But you didn't
think so back then only now
in constant replay
while you're stewing out here
on the highway thumbing
for your life.

THEY

They terrified us.

They were the gnarled roots of where her life was going or had gone—exposed.

They didn't keep her from walking—she barely walked anyway.

They were her yellowed ivory keys—unplayed—her twin sets of venomous spears.

(How did they ever fit inside her shoes?)

They were her rage hardened to a brittle clasp of curls. They were the last to stop growing.

They were her Medusa ringlets of keratinized horn.

They were sirens of beetles; they clicked when she talked.

They were a plague on both her daughters.

They were so hard we soaked them before cutting them. They resprouted overnight, insidious fungi in the rain.

They were the one ugly unforgivable thing about her.

They are what happens when a mind lets a body go.