

Dear Regret,

What are you doing here? Why must you remind me of the only thing I fear?
That Is Me. And Death, I suppose.
You are almost nothing like the stories I was told.

They say you're always overhead, like clouds before the Sun. Instead, you linger in
the corner, stealing happiness from some.
Like Me. You are the darkness in my eyes.
An ever-present shadow between my Sub and Conscious minds.

You're a dark stain on a white shirt I can't explain out loud. In the brightest,
clearest sunny sky, you're the one and only cloud.
Over Me. Reminding of sin.
Replaying things I should have said or the place I could have been.

You're the friend I wish I could have been. The lover I was not. The brake lights on
the empty road. The demon never caught.
You Are Me. The man that I once was.
A calendar of my darkest days turning the pages just because.

Today I lay you down to rest; I am released from your hold. I am unburdened by
your phantom rage, from your grip forever cold.
I Am Free. And may we never meet again.
And may you be lonely every day until you see your end.

Now I sit in paradise and radiate my light. I look forward to the mysteries and the
wonders that are in sight.
For Future Me. And the man I have become.
Never to be bound by yester-chains, for with my past, I'm done.