

Regret

I walked in the Fall
Among colors, aromas;
Thinking of how this place
Once lay white
Under the blanket
Of Winter.

Yellow, Orange, and Red
Blazed about the old tavern.
Her eyes had once stirred my heart
In this place,
Those few cold gray days
Long Ago.

I remember,
A picture clear as the day;
Eyes flaming with a soft green light,
A laugh, a touch
A whisper
And deep Want.

The descending leaves,
Their golden palms glittering,
Brushed by my dampened face.
A chance long past --
The risks were too great;
I would not.

Manifold beauty,
An autumn day splashed with fire,
Could not lift the regret from me.
I turned to go --
I had come back here,
Less complete.

TMJ 1987