

Andrea Sherwood

REGRET

Regret, he says, is the hardest
to live with, drumming time back
with the tips of his fingers.
It's so futile he's inappropriate, blinking
and shifting while you stare
at the clock in his head.
If he moves he'll break into the future,
or fragments looking like the last time you saw him.
Though that's not it, him begging,
drained as a telegram.

Those images in the kitchen
were never enough.
He takes the wrong time to heart,
he'll suffer when he's ready.
In the backyard you resemble a tree
and a crazy wind.
He prunes you back with love.