Regrets

Christine Fellows

I was only seventeen. Hauling frantically
On the back of a matchbook.
I don't think that I could've looked in you in the eye.
So fearful of what I might ignite.
But I kind of hoped you'd stayed.

I was barely home a day, plotting my escape
With a dartboard and a blindfold.
But the dart she landed shy, nearly taking out your eye
As you walked passed the window, singing,

Baby please. Don't you go.
Bound to choices, bound to hopeless solutions
Holding terrors unaddressed.
Where's your sense of misdirection?
Left clinging to the shreds of self respect.

Would you do it all again, the same way as the first
Set of second chances.
A stronger one might still crumble underneath the weight of doubt
And still decide to run away.

Bound to choices, bound to hopeless solutions
Holding terrors unexpressed.
With our worn out resolutions we're caught up in the web of our regrets.

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