



NO REGRETS

The humidity is lower,
the sky blue again,
the weather like something off a postcard.

I sit on the deck, writing,
remembering. Suddenly
a leaf drops on my open book
and I realize autumn, in turn,
will soon arrive, the time
my daughter would have been changing,
day to day.

Instead, she will never change.
She remains as perfect
as the weather.

She will never disappoint me,
never anger or hurt me.
I will never worry for her safety;
she will never rebel.
I will never wish for my freedom;
she will never regret being born.

There are many other "nevers"
too painful to consider.

So, I try to enjoy
These perfect fall days,
After a spring that reneged
On its promise of new life,
And a summer that festered
Like a battlefield wound.
I can have no regrets.

I can press leaves
in the pages of old books,
The way I did the petals
from her service.