

Title of piece: Light-hearted Regrets

Something to eat my cereal with.

I found your spoon today,
nestled in my silverware drawer,
as if it were one of my own.
It startled me, really.
I closed the drawer,
spoons rattling with their own
kind of shock.
A traitor among them,
an enemy.
But how long had it
been there, infiltrating
my life as
seemingly harmlessly
as it had?
And yet, there I was,
angry that you had
yet again
inserted yourself into my life.
You found a crack,
and you picked
and you scratched
until you made a hole.
Quiet as a mouse,
sly as a snake,
you slithered your way in.
And yet, here I am,
spoon in hand, unable
to rid myself of it.
Yes, I found your spoon today.

Change

I stood at the edge,
peering down into the hole.
With a fistful of coins,
I wiggled my sweaty fingers loose
and shook the sticky money free,
listening for the kerplunks
at the bottom.

I heard nothing.
I tossed every dime, nickel,
penny, and quarter I had
into the abyss,
and nothing.
So I sat upon the ledge,
the crumbly bricks scratching my legs,
and I wondered,
'What would I find down there,
at the well's bottom,
where all my money lie?'
And I had the urge
to find out,
so I jumped.

Sticky, Sweet Regret

I bought a cone
topped full with ice cream.
Scoops upon scoops
stacked high.
I smile as I admire it,
sticking my warm tongue
against the frozen milk.
The more I lick, though,
the more it drips.
It's a race against time,
licking and licking
the melty streams flowing
down the cone and
over my fingers.
It melts so fast, so I lick
and I slurp at the
melted mess, but
I can't keep up.
I'm left with a soggy cone
and milky, sugary
fingers, and
a sadness that outweighs
the joy I felt when
I bought the cone.