

POETRY POST # 40

REGRET

No Regrets he says
after the diagnosis
We reel in his words
like a prize catch
No need to cast about for an impossible answer

But regret is slippery
the problem is R
in the fourth place
like an *I Ching* hexagram always changing

Without R in the fourth
we move to Re-get
What is it you're dying
to have a second chance at—a single phone call

the olive-skinned girl who smelled of vanilla?

Or something you lost
from the inside out
Re-get your equanimity, authenticity pride, your face for god's sake
or sense of sturdy self
that suddenly went extinct
at some meteor moment
of bad choice and calliope?

Regret Re-get
Hell. Save the middle!
Start from the beginning Rumble ratchet ready wrench out R in the first place

Egret. A fine white bird

I've had my egrets, you say Now die already.

Jenni Fallein, 2017