

REGRETS

Regrets reside inside humanity:
Asleep, they weep like phantoms deep within;
Awake, they shake our stake on sanity;
Their bitter barbs lay bare our hearts again.

If only, when the crisis-point was reached,
We'd weighed the wisdom of our woeful choice!
But fast our run, past lines unsafely breeched,
Inscribed remorse's endless inner voice.

Repression begs remedial relief
By kindly blinding minds from what they rue,
But thoughts, resurfacing, rehearse the grief . . .
Replay forever, "This deed's tied to you!"

While fault and failure ceaselessly recite
Mistakes so real they steal God's seal of peace,
There's light divine to fight this cycled plight—
Sole hope of soul for closure and release.

Recall the cry of Jesus on the Cross,
"Forgive them, for they do what they know not!"
So, heed Him and let go the clinging loss:
Let grip slip off the unforgotten blot.

"Yet, I'm to blame! The claims of shame remain!"
"I don't condemn," says Christ. *"Go, sin no more."*
By guilt we learn . . . but turn from sorrow's strain:
Let grace erase what sadness can't restore.

— David L. Hatton, 9/12/2020