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# Regret

The flames have abated,  
The storm dissipated,  
A numb quietude falls at last.

The roaring and quaking  
And pounding and shaking  
Has finally calmed and moved past.

Though black clouds have drifted  
And dense fog has lifted,  
The struggles within are not gone.

Lethargic and listless  
And empty and restless,  
The most painful part: moving on.

All but forcing a smile,  
Faking laughs for a while,  
Pretending the mirth to be true.  
But inwardly hollow,  
The thoughts of grief follow  
The most troubling part: pushing through.

When the past goes away  
All the memories stay  
Tossing and churning with woe.

How can moments of gladness  
Be recalled with sadness?  
The most difficult part: letting go.

These times have brought gains  
Full of torment and pains  
And moments of grief without lack.

If but time could have stilled  
Before bliss had been killed.  
The most hurtful part: looking back.