



Regrets

By Dreamcatcher

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<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/regrets-1.aspx>

Sadly,

As I pen this tome,

I once again,

Find myself alone.

When I was young,

I had such dreams,

I wasted them all,

Falling apart at the seams.

My life was lived,

In parceled moments,

The ones I loved,

Became opponents.

The joy within,

That young boy's laughter,

Became cries to the man,
Losing what I sought after.

What chance had I,
Being the likes of me,
For who could place value,
On a mud-crusted penny.

I forlornly watched,
As the roses bloomed,
Knowing already,
That my own garden was doomed.

I failed that boy,
As a man, I couldn't see,
That I lived down,
To my own prophecy.

He kneels head down,
I let his laughter go to waste,

Angry at the man,

For a life, he'll never taste.

The boy that once was,

Became the man that I am,

Alone,

Forever damned.