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Regrets

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Today yet again, I sit on the sand by the seaside, with obscure fears, just like all those previous years, and eyes starry with pearly tears, looking into void, to hold, no hand.

This was not the first time when I stood leaning over that parapet. The mirror had refused to accept this face masked, cosmetic, unslept, for the things that couldn't be undone.

That chosen child with cherubic charm a dream in eyes to touch the skies befallen due to the false surmise with wings clipped before it could rise and fly with the others in swarm.

Those colourful climates of teenage when every hue seemed rainbowish, the fate had its own plans roguish, a dagger of virgin deception and anguish pumped out blood, filled veins with rage.

What would one say, of youthful ties for which one may vow one's life?An apple of discord then turned the knife, a chain of events led to the final strife, the truth conquered by power play of lies.

Brooding over the bygones gave uncanny uneasiness while here I sit silently today. Things do not always happen our way. Never again I might be able to say, 'Regrets, my friend, I too have many'.

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