**Regrets**

*March 16, 2013*

Regrets.

Burdens of our life so fall.

Away like Autumns Leaves.

Yet say perchance still the Piper calls.

For no act word seed of mind nor deed.

Lives alone.

Touches save not.

All Cosmic Life and Thought.

Turn back such pages sands of time.

Call back those missives.

Do. Undo. All Thyne. Misdeeds.

Failures of the Self.

With wealth of Soul so dearly bought.

Alas in place One wont to find.

All manner of Thy thoughts and deeds so launched instead.

All fruit of Destiny so reaped.

So steeped in would and could and should.

Tracks of the Ages.

All thy others paths had wrought.