

HOPE

ANGELINA MIYAR

Every night, I'll lay in this bed
With each fragment of myself trapped
within limbs that know no restraints.
My sleeping mind is often tormented
by the haunting sound of it.

Guilt.

It disguises itself in the breath of my sighs
and in the turning of my head,
Mothering a growing ache.
And it never comes alone.

Cousin to it, always late and never early
is regret.

Regret clings to the rushing waters of time
and deserts the waiting present.

Unlike guilt, regret wears no mask

What veil would a mirror need?

It only reveals my distraught and anguish.

And since words have often failed it
regret has become a subtle thief.

It's taken the strength from my tongue
and threatens the crookedness of my smile.

I have tried to chase it out

But as time is obdurate

Regret holds no indifference.