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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.