Regret

Jordan Birch, 2012

I have spent most of my life regretting that I ever learned the word regret

It's an emotion which has no definition in my ever growing inward dictionary of painful lessons that have been disastrously thrown at me.

When I was thirteen I was beaten from the inside out
Blood spewed from my body in the form of tears that had no end
Like my life was a linear equation which equaled out to nothing and
things could not get worse but were never destined to get better.
Spiraling into a violent storm it forcefully persuaded me to stay in an
inexhaustible circle which threatened not only my life, but more
importantly my sanity.

But I guess it's my fault rite?

I should have left the first time you playfully called me stupid. Instead I took it as a challenge, and warped my words into missiles. Calm and collectively destroying you're argument until you apologized and admitted your mistake.

But I guess it's my fault rite?

I should have left the first time you yelled at me. But I couldn't hear your anger, I could only hear pain. So I patiently waited for your mind to relax so we could fix the problem together.

But I guess it's my fault rite?

I should have left the first time my so-called friends abandoned me; but you were there and you caught my tears with your gentle hands and with reassurance you promised to never leave me. I would never be alone again!

But I guess it's my fault

I should have left the first time your solitary fist crashed through the innocent wall. But in fury you stormed out. And I guess my heart was just beating so loud that I couldn't hear myself telling me it was time to go.

I should have left the first time you threw the remote at me, or pushed me off the bed, or told me I was worthless. My own friends even abandoned me.

But I guess it's my fault

I should have left the first time your knuckles collided with my tender cheekbone. Instead I let your uncanny excuses for hands catch me, as they embraced my throat allowing me only to gasp for air. At least you let me breathe.

But I guess it's my fault rite?

I should have left you the first time you apologized

I should have left the first time your erect masculinity penetrated my virgin lips. But I was helpless

Because when I tried to leave, you came back, with twice the force.

And me, silly foolish, worthless me thought humiliation was a cheaper price to pay than life.

Unwillingly I took you back. Sacrificing my pride, my strength, and my will to survive.

I had no other choice!

And still people say it's my fault...

When I was thirteen the only thing I looked forward to was the glossy orange bottom of a pill bottle.

And they say everything happens for a reason

But reason cannot explain everything

I can still feel your rigid hands invading the freedom of my innocent and blameless neck.

I can taste your conspicuous tears as they stream down your face, begging my quivering lips for forgiveness.

The sound of your heartbeat haunts my dreams and parades through my nightmares consistently beating in a rhythm so dangerous that even the devil would hang his head.

The stale smell of sex regurgitates it's existence repeatedly, in a desperate attempt to remind me of the gratuitous emotion you once so cautiously bestowed upon me.

And as I stare into you're threatening eyes I am reluctant to understand their danger. Instead I can see only my fear.

The pain of your memory crawls through my veins, only stopping in the most vital spots.

The only unmistakable difference now is;

When I lift my head tomorrow

My mirror will not reflect in black and blue

And still, I have no room for the word regret.

The strength I gained is as innovative as the statement tattooed on my ass

But no one knows that but me

Because secrets are no longer secrets once they are told
I vowed to make a difference I wanna change, not break the mold
Because no statement of change can ever be too bold
I do not want to wait to value my youth when I'm too tired and old

I can't offer my heart again, it can't be resold

It beats too inconsistent, too damaged, too cold

And it's just too shattered to carry and too heavy to hold....

But gathering my composure has become an artistic talent that I cautiously paint in the dead of night

And still I refuse to find a sufficient use for a word as invasively permanent as "regret"

After all my life is NOT an equation, it's an adventure.