Do not regret every act, only a few.

Regret words;
at sixteen, arguments with a drunken mother,
at thirty-six, disputes with sons unnaturally high.
With a daughter, learn silence.

Regret most “Yes, dears” to an old spouse,
but with that new one drum up bravado
to differ, or to keep still.
Every course is gamble.

Regret lapse of speech when one word, if not yet the perfect word,
might have rescued a poem, healed a soul, perhaps saved one.

Cherish words.
Live by them, off them better than I.

Accept the curse of curiosity. Risk more.
Bless energy spent and reborn in loving even the wrong person or thing.

So, admire the vulture ugly, ungainly at rest, yet
when on obsidian wings

He soars, scans the land, clears the dead,
What a useful, elegant bird.

Enjoy your lust for the sea, mangoes and figs, further lusts half understood.

Forgive most mistakes, others’ and your own.
Who is to judge?

For whatever you are, I still am. But
do be more mindful than I

to fix dinner on time, clear that avalanche on your desk;
not let the stewed apricots burn.

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