Regret

golden shovel from a line by Brigit Pegeen Kelly

On this night and many others, just as I close my eyes, the
whole past opens out forever like the midnight sky, heart-
dark and deep. It is the night my mother dies
in her sleep, and I am not there to slip the ring of
hammered gold, worn thin, off of her finger. I touch this
band, etched with unreadable signs, feeling its heavy sweetness.

Robbi Nester

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Robbi Nester is the author of 4 books of poetry and editor of three anthologies. Her poetry and reviews have appeared widely in journals and anthologies, most recently and forthcoming in Gyroscope Review, Gargoyle, Artemis, One Art, MacQueen's Quinterly, SWWIM, Book of Matches, Verse Virtual, Rhino Reviews. She is a retired college educator and elected member of the Academy of American Poets and hosts two monthly poetry events. Her website can be found at http://www.robbinester.net.