

Hindsight

There are secrets [that were wished] that I dished up and sealed inside a close-mouthed [ash urn]. This vessel rests upon my mantle next to pictures of last summer's family trip. Each year's holiday candles have been lit beside its iron bed, their [liquid-dripped-to-thick] waterfall formations long discarded. But these blown out, burned down [privacies of the past] have lasted past cremation.

I keep them as an epitaph of narrow escape.

Older me can look back and see how cold my feet would be today if [all] had fallen on the "X's" I've marked in restless fervor. For I have stood and barked against the trunks of [useless trees]. I have often begged for [please, oh please] easy-come-and-easy-go scenarios.

I am [ever grateful] that my stomping foot and wailing [sometimes] did [not] bring armor-bearing riders to lift me from my scathing waiting.

Of these sparing non-rescues, I [rarely] speak.

But off the record, in retreat I gasped relief that mine was not the [only] Hand upon the sweeping steering wheel.