

Name _____

Whispers of Regret

In the attic of my mind, a hidden box,
Lies a secret burden, like heavy rocks,
A past mistake, a choice I made,
A haunting guilt that won't ever fade.
I close my eyes, but it won't disappear,
The weight of remorse, the sting of fear,
I wish I could turn back time's cruel hand,
To undo the wrong and make a stand.
But the past is etched in shadows deep,
A secret that I alone must keep,
The pain I caused, the hurt I sowed,
A heavy burden I've come to know.
I search for forgiveness, a way to mend,
To heal the wounds I can't defend,
I face the mirror, my own worst judge,
In this confessional, I begrudgingly trudge.
I whisper my apologies to the night,
Hoping my wrongs will turn to right,
But deep inside, the guilt remains,
A relentless haunt, a memory's chains.
So, here I stand, a soul laid bare,
With a heavy heart, and the weight I bear,
In the attic of my mind, it lingers still,
A past mistake, a choice I'll always feel.

