

Know This

All day long I say nothing but *I am sorry*.
The words tumble in breaths and yawns,
wait for acceptance at the breakfast table,
over black coffee and blue bowls of oatmeal.
In the garden, I whisper it to sleeping

purple foxglove, beg forgiveness
over bending sunflower heads.
I am sorrowful after lunch, again
while playing a Chopin Prelude, still,
at night while rereading *Middlemarch*.

I am sorry, I have said to the air around your empty
chair at breakfast, your muddied gardening shoes,
your memory crossing the library. I have professed
misgivings to food, to flowers, to rising piano chords,
to George Eliot (who never made apologies).

This is the way of remorse. Whispered
to an invisible audience, carried out in solitude.