

CHRIS ANDREWS

Depressing

When I was really callow I used to find
the things people keep meaning to do one day
like learning to speak a language fluently
depressing, now it's more what they used to do
and have had to give up because of the grind.

Maybe then I had more superstitiously
hidden ambitions than shamefully hidden
regrets. Still when I think of the truly great
some of them were pretty bad finishers too
(not that I think about them continually)

and nostalgic: always arriving too late
to enjoy the really good bits of their lives.
Now that I'm shallowly callous I find
the problem with reading diaries is you
go on thinking some of them were pretty great.