

You can't go back

by [Kim Bridgford](#) in the [May 24, 2017](#) issue

"You can't go back," my mother always said.  
But human nature does the opposite.  
(Of course, this happens, but inside your head.)

Unspill your coffee? Leave your words unsaid?  
The jeans from years ago will suddenly fit!  
"You can't go back," my mother always said,

And she was right. The dead are not undead,  
And traumas still will need a tourniquet.  
(Of course, this happens, but inside your head.)

You want your moments cut and edited.  
You want the bliss, and not the deep regret.  
"You can't go back," my mother always said.

The trick is to remember what you had  
And simultaneously forgive, forget.  
(Of course, this happens, but inside your head.)

It is never quite in balance, this method  
Of loving who you were, and you aren't yet.  
"You can't go back," my mother always said.  
(Of course, this happens, but inside your head.)