Regrets

C.S. Thompson Jr.*
thought maybe if you’d like to help, too . . .” He hesitated as if waiting for Pete to answer.

Like to help? The words burst inside Pete like popcorn. The sensation made his skin prickly. His throat choked. He wanted to laugh like a madman. He wanted to take Lucille and jump up and down in the aisle.

Like to help?

He got to his feet and gripped the seat in front of him. His heart pounded against his ribs as he tried to tell them how much he wanted to help. But the words stuck somewhere in the dryness of his throat, and he made strange gestures with his mouth and lips.

While he still groped for words his audience suddenly hushed and sat erect.

Outside there came a noise like the rustling of wind in the tall grass. A breeze swept through the open window and flickered the lamp. It made queer dancing shadows on the walls. Then a rumble like the roll of a million tin drums echoed across Grand River bottom and shook the church. It was followed by a moment of ghastly silence.

There was no mistake. Rain splashed down on the parched church roof.

Regrets

G. S. Thompson, Jr.

As ages pass,
  and time forgets,
I now recall
  but two regrets—

That you loved me
  and did not know it.
And I loved you—
  and did not know it.