

One More Time

When it comes the time for me to depart this mortal coil,
And the preacher stands attentively over me with practiced concern,
He'll utter those words intended to relieve the soul of a gravitated conscience, saying,
"Do you have any regrets, Son?"
I'll gaze purposefully into his pale, smooth face and with feigned determination reply,
"Well, hell yes I got regrets.!" "You'd better pull up a chair, Padre. I've got quite a list."
And so I begin:

I regret that I didn't make love to my wife, one more time.

I regret that I won't feel the perfect balance of a 1911 in my hand, one more time.

I regret that I won't thrill to the sound of a breaking covey of quail and hear the bark of
my 20 ga. over the broom straw on a perfect February morning, one more time.

And, I regret that I won't hear one of my Dad's stories, one that I'd heard probably a
hundred times, one more time.

I regret not hearing the calls of the Canadian geese as they make their way through the
pale fall evening sky, one more time.

I regret that I won't feel the power of a redfish, pulling for deep water as my reel strips
line for the run, one more time.

And I regret not being able to hear the crackle of the evening fire as my hunting com
padres and I warm ourselves with bourbon and tall tales, one more time.

And I regret not being able to see that brilliant Carolina blue sky washed fresh by the
summer rain, one more time,

I regret that I won't hear the sound of my boys laughter, to watch them grow into men
and share the love of life with them, one more time.

And, I regret not feeling the warm handshake of a dear friend, one more time.