

Regret Comes in many Forms

By Robert Christiansen Ashford

All around us, the air had a pungent fragrance to it. From each store wafted a spicy flowery aroma, which seeped into my clothing and hair. Streaks of delicate yellow light from ancient fixtures dangling from the ceiling in one store exposed a treasure chest of glorious silk Persian rugs.

The store was like an alleyway, narrow and deep. A doorframe sculpted and shaped like an image from an Ali Baba story, was seductively hidden at the rear wall by an earthy red curtain draped over its top edge. Space was a premium. Practically every inch of wall, floor and corner were utilized in the display of merchandise. This was typical Kuwait.

The shop keeper was a deeply tanned middle-aged man wearing western clothes and sporting a wiry lightly graying moustache. His appearance was in direct contrast to the wares in his shop.

Hanging at eye level from the wall just inside the door, was a cobalt blue glistening silken rug. Its texture was as smooth as oil. The exquisite color magnetized me and as if by magic, I heard the shopkeepers heavy accent announcing the price, '*28 dinar,*' approximately \$84 US dollars.

Why do we regret? Who knows. It is a useless waste of our time and shreds any positive outcome to the bone. For whatever reason, I did not buy it, but I still hold the image of it in my mind.