
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Chad Grant: Two Poems

Chad Grant · Wednesday, January 26th, 2022

Hunger

Silence, like flies
Fluttering on rotten tomatoes.
The refrigerator hums in concentration of what lies within.
It's been a while since it had anything on its mind.
But I was caught between jobs when they cut the proverbial light on.
There comes a time when one is led by the gut,
and hunger is the voice that grumbles at you like an old woman
Telling you to get up.
You feel all out of sorts, but you do,
'cause you don't want to let yourself down.
Hunger is a bitch when not fed.

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Feeling Guilty After Picking a Rose

You held me as you did
Your Rosary,
As if I could save you.
As if I alone could save you
From the madness.
Perhaps it was my fault—
All of those things said,
When the words would come
As you eventually did,
Virgin.
And now nothing will remedy the
Anguish.
For a while, we experimented our bodies for
Newer ways to get off.
Those elicit etcetera's which are frowned
Upon.
But you reveled in the superfluous out of spite.
But what now?

I ruminare with eyes on tomorrow,
While the young carpe diem
We search for a manger
With folded hands
And eyes towards the heavens.

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