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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Matthew DeGroat: Three Poems

Matthew DeGroat · Friday, May 20th, 2022

### *Art*

because you have to  
because you piss and  
bleed it  
because you know  
no other way  
and would rather not  
know an-other way  
because suffering turns beautiful  
and confessions into  
songs  
words become gospel  
and dreams attainable

because you would rather die  
than not have it at all

because you have to  
because you must

because everything else besides that drink

is completely  
and utterly  
meaningless

\*

### Queen Victoria

my lavender sagittarius  
surprisingly small  
like the mona lisa  
but you wouldn't know...  
you're such a 'vibe'  
xl lips king sized eyes

my instant crush  
a perfect segue  
into the new  
abnormal

look at the date:  
seven  
eleven  
twenty-one  
maybe we should be drinking  
in Las Vegas  
but that would be  
just too domestic  
for vagabonds like us

we watch the night evolve  
pink becomes black  
vodka, cigarettes  
cigarettes to spit  
leather becomes skin  
hours pass through you like stone

I awake for the third time  
glitter laden torso  
skull full of frenzy  
and I step into the shower  
though it pains me  
to rinse you from my body

how I pray  
to the gods of lust and wander  
that our paths cross again  
anywhere else  
but here

\*

## **Los Phobos**

two whiskies two  
high life please so  
it's good to see you  
how've you been?  
your ongoing decay  
is much more noticeable these days  
I've been good  
more contagious than less  
contagious than  
nineteen months of solitude

not loneliness mind you  
solitude  
and  
not one single  
honest suicide attempt

have you done much reading?  
fornicated with  
the television set evolution  
debt abruptly saw you in the papers and  
it's a damn shame it really really is and  
personally I think you are innocent but maybe  
look up at the stars tonight I mean really really look and  
remember that  
nothing fucking actually matters

take yer whisky shots now  
prost! cheers! sláinte!  
raise your glass to the gods of nothing!  
because in the end  
all is  
forgotten anyway  
like ophiuchus or betamax  
or like human kindness or  
beautiful music  
now all we know for certain  
is that delta is here and  
she's got me by the lungs  
and that love and war  
give birth  
to fear and terror  
respectively

read this  
in memory of me

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### **Also read from Matthew DeGroat: “You Should Probably Date Me”**

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