

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

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

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