

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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