

Electric



Broadsheet

publishers of semi-literate doodlings, scraps, & snippets

presents

Grey Guilt

poetry by Matthew W. Schmeer

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Grey Guilt

Matthew W. Schmeer

afterword, when you have cleansed
yourself of his leavings and washed
away this self-made guilt we call love,
will you regret the hollowness of
his movements in bed, the way his
body conforms to your's among
the comfort of cotton and down?
do not tell me there is
something unspoken between
a man and a woman
when they do what they do
and that only some realm
of magic keeps the faith
connected and uncertain.
these are not truths,
only fabrications for our ease.

faith is a metaphor
we keep to ourselves.
we do not explain it
or it will be lost.

we speak of the somethings and nowheres,
the all and every, the big and small
of the minutiae that of our lives consist.
when we divide things into themselves
we lose what they are.

do not tell me your story:
it is the same for all of us.
birth. life. death.
it is unending in its cycle
and all we wish is for a
remnant of ourselves to
mark our passage.
this is why we push
hard against the flesh
to feel the bone of being
break beneath our days;
it is not a thing of conscious,
but of necessity.

there are bibles full of learnings
we have yet to know.
it is not our place to question,
but to be
and such are our frailties.