

2017

we sit complacent

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Recommended Citation

Gregory, Mitchell (2017) "we sit complacent," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2017 : Iss. 1 , Article 26.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2017/iss1/26>

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we sit complacent. // Mitchell Gregory

I have been taught that love is all,
that marriage is high,
and that the end goal is a bed of two.
but they never taught me how love was supposed to feel,
only that I had to have a body
i thought I loved
when it was really just some kind of poisonous powder
eating away at me because I do not know
what it is supposed to feel like,
if what I'm feeling is what it is,
and if this feeling is something I want.
I crave that feeling of being inseparable,
of incompleteness without,
and yet I long for the moments when i feel the opposite.
no, I will not rank
the idea or the body above the actual,
that which is unattainable.
I would rather wander.