

# Warm Bodies

Meagan Schlee-Bedard | Poetry

There's a certain warmth to a human body, that I guess is in all warm blooded creatures, but if we fucked every warm blooded creature. We'd be pretty screwed. I don't want to say it's loneliness that gets the better of us, or that we do things out of the sake of lust. We do. We know when there isn't another body there. We do weird things. We say weird things. We blame it on getting drunk. We weren't drunk. We get drunk. We listen to long songs. We screw ourselves over. Feeling feelings. Feels. Feelings. Felt, fought feeling. Peeling off clothes, bumping noses. Strangers. We watch movies of strangers. Kissing. Missing. Old lovers. Are we ever honest with ourselves? Boredom versus bliss. Ex's only call when there lonely. They won't call you the next day. This isn't a reunion. We wish. Self-medicate. We squish. Self-medicate. Self-medicate. We listen. To the swish-squash of windshield wipers going left and right. Left right. Drip, drip, drip, drop, drip, drip, drip, drop. Downward we go. I'd rather not say it's out of loneliness, or that we do things out of the sake of lust. Rather fear. If we fucked every warm blooded creature. We'd be pretty screwed.