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Maybe

Matt Mallard

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maybe

Matt Mallard

*k*nowing
it was “wrong”
feeling
it was right
you kiss me
lips warm
yet cool
chapped and cracked
pink
by the sun, wind
sweeping through
your brown hair
your brown shadow
prickly 'gainst mine

aware
of your engagements
that would
or “should”
have kept you
otherwise preoccupied
maybe you weren't
thinking
about commitments
or maybe
you didn't care

I'd be lying
/selfishly/
if I said I cared

and maybe
a phase,
fleeting fancy
of the mind
our mind(s)
an immature moment
of curiousness.
or maybe not.
maybe it meant
more to me
than to you.
and maybe not.

maybe your eyes
(sea blue, clear,
always make me
feel like you
see me,
not just see me)
were bright as the sun
and warm as its rays
or inescapable
like dawn
and unreceptive as night.

But you were with me.

I stood
on the sand
cold
lifeless
with the waves
shades of gray
sweeping under
our feet
watching myself

reflected
as a tear
crawls down a cheek.
I knew
I knew
nothing at all.