

**MATTHEW BUCKLEY SMITH**

**Poem Without Metaphors**

Some days there are no other words for pain,  
And for the worst, the literal is best:

The rain against the glass is only rain,  
Your heart is just a muscle in your chest,

The book ends in a bookish sort of way,  
The moonlight stands for nothing but the moon,

Your children carry half your DNA  
And will inherit all your savings soon,

Somewhere a car is racing through the night  
No faster than a swiftly moving car,

A brace of deer glance up at something bright—  
Gone still, exactly like the deer they are.

And as for you, you could be anyone  
Who's done, who's said, the things you've said and done.