Grey Bears

Susan Blick

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2007/iss1/14

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.
I hate conflict
the opposition of right and wrong.
I much prefer a truce,
the monotony of calmness.
But you insist on prodding me
for an answer that would satisfy your
need to know.
Not necessarily my answer
because what I say is usually
a thinly veiled half-truth and never the whole
because you have already decided what you want me to tell you.
And while you have been poking me with your verbal stick
I've been thinking
Gee, that kinda hurts.
But you went right on poking me.
You couldn't leave it alone
rephrasing the same question
rehashing the same tired subject
and so I told you
what you didn't want to hear
but exactly what I wanted to say.

So now why are you crying
and making such a fuss
over what I thought
but didn't want to say.
If you didn't mean to know
the whole truth
why did you ask
and then keep poking me with your stick.
Besides, you know things aren't always black and white
and you know that I much prefer shades of grey.