

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
WordsUncaged Submission
(Poem)

“a healthy dose of not me” (2018) ** Author’s Note: Hopelessness is a construct of oppression, an illusion used to weaken resolve and coerce surrender. An illusion is not real. Oppression’s power is not real. Resist.*

I have discovered the cure for myself—
 in this disconnected wasteland of shuffling,
 muffled footsteps, and bloodless, ashen faces;
 lost to the spiked grasping of Detachment’s undertow,
 the ubiquitous scarab-beetle-skittering-across-my-brain is a product of habit,
 a sadistic compulsion I cannot control.
a therapy to alleviate my burden on the world—
this is how it feels;

a remedy for the space I consume—
 the darkness covers but does not break us
 with lonely, cold concrete helplessness,
 an existence without life, without color;
 embrace obstinacy: refuse to accept nothingness and regret as everything,
 the anguish of our circumstances is mortal.
a tonic to wash away my presence—
this is how it feels;

a treatment to remove the disease that is me—
 the ice winds carry a sense of longing;
 vast, left-alone-disregard for man and muscle,
 walls of frozen granite and contagious denial,
 I will not want for the sun—it will long for my flesh to bronze beneath its blistering gaze,
 just on the horizon, there. I see what comes.
a medicine to amputate my rotten ends—
this is how it feels;

a poultice to arrest the infection I spread—
 it is the dead face of a living idea,
 the multitude of defeated convicted
 by these deriding razor realities, lay motionless
 in its wake and as time crawls on, so do they disappear. I see a gentle, sacred stream amidst
 a barren desert of false assurances and heartfelt intolerance.
a easy solution to all our problems—
this is how it feels;