

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
Words Uncaged
(Poem)

“Cathedral of Doubt” By: Daniel Whitlow (2017)

A gesture by the exhausted, bowed head; pausing to absorb a clinging haze,
Like noose-constricted dead at the foot of a breathing mountain
inhale.

A hollow temple revered by the empty sockets of nameless skulls,
crushed skeletons of smashed opal altars shrieking distant, flaming curses,
Borne on the collapsed backs of penitent heretics scrawling erased words,
Fleeing buzzards of prayer; blind, shameless carriers of the soundless Voice
that sears no flesh
and scars no eyes
with lightning burns and shocks of bright—

The absent head rises brooding,
seeking wisdom in unsung songs of bruised and broken servitude;
another stern reminder of fated infatuation—
exhale.

Torn, wasteful flesh beckons with contorted intents from cowardly tombs of lordless filth,
Bone fists clutching tattered nothings.
infantile, mindless actions peer through severed veils to solicit witnesses of ruin,
another echoing lament resting ragged on these ancient steps.

Soiled and scarred by devoted debts left unpaid—
dust and dirt and blood and shit and darkness decaying in the glorious shadow of an indentured
din
obscures the insurgent face,
left to flail wild like a drowning beast, like a servant’s heart, to wonder in silence with a mind
possessing a precarious balance upon the liquid face of its joyless dreams.

All languish in this cathedral of doubt—
And while venomous murmurs slither softly down abandoned halls
And sagging bookshelves bear vast volumes of ash—
Only corpses furnish its corrupt space, draped like wet leaves over roots of perdition trees

Determined to grow from consecrated ground; rebellions’ aspect refusing to rest
Taken by the wind, cradled in howling hands
Sweeping like sifted sorrow through valleys of porous resolve—
to arrange domains of guilt neatly at the feet of an extinct summit
—the sweltering crown of insurrection presses its weary façade against the stone of god and

sleeps.
gaspig.