

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994  
WordsUncaged Submission  
(Poem)

“Eventide” (2018)      *Author’s Note: This is about the dissolution of a romance. Memory betrays those who cling too tightly to the past. Our divinity turns to ash through the lens of regret, leaving us bereft and melancholy.*

ghost clouds drift like slumbering storm kings  
as our feet press prints into the soft earth,  
the air above; a lush, languid mantle of exception; expectation—

your eyes glow like wildfires in abandoned dusk  
as our legs tie knots of flesh and affection,  
the dark outside; a quiet, comforting veil of stillness; vanishing—

I watched “no one loves you but me” disappear  
as our desperate desires dissolved and died,  
the floor below; a cold, uncaring sentinel of censure; constricting—

rolling wheels mirroring mocking roiling guts  
as our smothered final words lie limp on lips,  
the light outside; a glaring, blatant memento of distress; indecision—

regret worries through isolated brittle cadaver bones  
as our lyrical luminous everything denies us  
the answers; a hostile, misshapen remedy for optimism’s deceptive cry—

crystal-blue fractures infest skies absolved of shelter  
as our slain sovereigns of tempests fade away,  
the unseen monarchs; a forgotten, distorted pantheon of liars and fools—

but still I turn to them for guidance, to kiss my wounds  
as our faces crush ancient scrolls of uncertainty,  
the questions persist—an anxious, cynical recitation of all we have lost.