

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994  
WordsUncaged Submission

“flickering precepts of want and need” (2018)

“All mistakes are wrong, but not all wrongs are mistakes,” you quivered,  
from beneath draperies of reclusion and soundly reasoned excuses,  
withering earnest crestfallen eyes stumbling away in atmospheres of needful pain  
clinging aversion maintaining distance, grasping at wan corners of perdition smiles  
misplaced in a moonless gaze, pinched tight and wrenched thin; a nightless axiophage.  
mispronounce my name, old friend.  
Excoriate the pin-cushioned, razor-raped rind of my unfolding, unmasking flesh  
festering forth with arithmetically incensed infuriated immediacy  
Exhume torrential veins of crystal-eyed irrelevancy  
living on in silence-corrupted plasma-penetrated dominion-subjugated proximity  
to larcenous foresight of taken solar brilliancy—I seek to paint the sky black.  
I covet her shine. What is she, is mine.  
There is no crime, no sin, nor offence or transgression,  
no violation or delinquency or broken law  
I cannot envision myself smashing to bludgeoned blood-stained bits  
or fractured fucking fragments of forever fucking deadness;  
and I’m falling in a bottomless chasm, drawing shapeless meaning from timeless sand, where the  
future of my past flickers and dies;  
It’s the only place I allow myself to just be me.  
No disguises, no shrouds, no veils. Just me.  
a place where I submerge in life’s corrosive heart-abolishing abrasion.  
I like to shackle myself to disappointment, to witness how easily my emptiness consumes me.  
I enjoy my disorienting blend of anxiety and confusion,  
punctuated by inflowing sneering rasping jabs and goading, underneath breath mockeries,  
as you whisper-spit: “just wait—you’ll see.”