

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
Words Uncaged
(Poem)

“Helpless/Hopeless” By: Daniel Whitlow (2013)

Little can keep me above the waterline,
A tiny rip in my smile and it’s ruined,
We float, like wraiths, between the moonlight,
She needs me by her side; where am I?

I am solid amidst the fumes I breathe,
(Still) reaching in vain to touch your face, like in all my dreams,
Confined in a cage of haunting dissonance,
She needs me beside her; where am I?

She is tragically in love with me eyes,
Every night, we meet in our sacred grove,
We lay in bed and speak of truth—her silken hair pressed in books of rose,

The tragedy of my death manifests in my most infant of thoughts,
And shrouds me with the bleakest of veils,
Why must I always wake in this place—where brittle bones break, and human hearts fail?

My eyes shine but don’t let it be misconstrued,
These scars prove what I have been through,
I hope I said all I need to say,
This death is my life (but should it be?)...