

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994

WordsUncaged Submission

(Poem)

“The Abyss” (2018)

What dreadful spectacles these stalking nomadic grovelers are
twisting channels of famine in foreign lust of haste
trailing corpses of ether drowned limbs
abrading dampness from the dirt
to wet shriveled shells
of memory

it screams emptiness to them
like desirous harpies, it squeals to them
shrieks verses of violent shape and vacuous form to them
crowned in devil's horn and coward's bone, it prays to them
seething beneath its missing skin for the weakness it assigns to them
from the bleak shadow of depth, this vile dolmen serpent sings to them
fair-haired angels with fever-bathed brows of excavated brass beguile them
their exhumed caterwauling shatters faith and invalidates euphoria in them
the disease of its despoiling mutilation augments like ecstasy to them
for the obscurity of radiance becomes more than everything to them
the misled propagation of poisoned abundance appeals to them
they ransom and forfeit worlds beyond imagining for them
collapses adamant constant dreams in on them
it screams emptiness to them

unbroken
nightfall challenges the
rising daybreak as piteous knots of
foretold heretic-scryed limpid eclipses, on knees
before the pit, know terror when sterile promises wilt
and long-barren desertion strength rots, lost in the wake of time.