

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994

WordsUncaged Submission

“there is no return from here” (2018)

I include you in my seclusion—

introduce you to my browbeaten quicksand companions
whose bleak charade of earnest resignations
renders defeated gestures of blight; these gossamer hierophants
summoning the lifeless uniformity of barren leyline invalidity
these delicate faceless clerics of humiliation
these spittle-chinned psychopathic monotonous densities
these primitive gelatinous sulfur penetration devils
waving oozing diaphanous members, shooing away sense

(wickedly whispering tedium's silent lullaby)

conceal your revelations, my friend—

your anemic open curtain fragrance shames you;
make nobility of your enervated promises
coil my scars through the chamber-tangled hollows of your disfigured heart,
long live the altar burning twilight;
all but the stars will forget the ashes we roared
our drifting bodies, shadows of the sky-obsessed earth
with silvery peals of bright laughter bubbling on our lips
and fists of hands of fingers clenched

(as defiant as those long-dead; as if in prayer)

welcome to my nihilized everything—

courage-depleted, poorly veiled cravens come here to fail evermore
beneath pale curtains of screaming skinless mindless butchery

their broken pointed mouths contorting back and forth
contempt choking any lingering desire for deliverance or relief
as my voice spills into and fills the saw-toothed diffusion of grief
harvest your sight with nettled crests of clarity—heralds of pain, yes,
but blinded eyes see the farthest; crouching on the riverbank
callous and gloating as their drowned enemies drift by

(the spirit of collusion's blade is as ruthless as mine)