

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994  
WordsUncaged Submission  
Poem

“We don’t need our permission” (2018) – (CENSORED VERSION)

with only a provisional shake of a fist, I have found apathy serves my filth-fueled fantasies—  
but don’t ask me why  
it is not the desert I wish to walk  
or the forest that sleeps like ancient enemies—

sweetbitter spit leaks from quivering lips like satin grease to spread its anxiety across waiting cravings—  
better to be honest  
than start off on false feet  
filling soulless boots with lying maniac ravings—

violent delusions swarming limbs jeopardizing genitals suffocating chest gagging neck wailing face—  
soaring cloudlessness  
beneath a dead ceiling of opal sky  
gaping gashes dry of blood-violated, clotted space—

none of my words contain a shred of decency or the savage fabric of a selfless lustful regard for life—  
mistake and misdeed  
a desolate, infected need  
gouge with their gray waste killing color slaughter knives—

“so black, blue” he says; laughter like blood splatter ejaculates across the wall, disgracing divine shapes—  
let’s wallow inside of you  
every moment a selfish ceremony  
a pathetic, weeping formality (idiot, close the friggin’ drapes)—

stilted golden ageless demons berate each other, claiming clarity vomits enthralled gruesome actualities—  
but they don’t see *me*  
creeping beneath and in between  
creaking boards and rotting floor chambers of their hearts’ iniquities—

because as I start, I split apart, becoming abhorrent two, the frailty who robs your face of its youth—  
I’ve missed seeing you  
beauty bent retrograde and broken  
boredom is a blind cliché; you are worse, you are the death of every truth—

my sick manifesto dreams of unbound garments of wind-brushed grass and feral skins of the untamed—  
but the extinct do not want  
us snared by perpetual grief;  
the sane use ears to hear a song the insane died to create unrestrained—

these desecrations of the earth, reflections in the mirror, perversions of our fragile minds and hearts—  
this is who we are  
and this is who we are  
but this is who we are.