

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
Words Uncaged
(Poem)

“Approvals and Denials” By: D. Whitlow (2017)

A need exists, we can’t fulfill,
We simply don’t suffice as hosts
for it’s disease,
Though we use, every excuse—
 though we sprout reasons, like braches
 and fill the sky with our empty words
 — we’ll

never

take an honest breath
possess a sacred heart
feel a true embrace (and once we find our final face

we’ll drag you down
beneath the earth,
and there
we’ll both
suffocate;
from there we will
not escape—)

The night remains devoid of light, while every sun returns to white
—those we exile out of hate; ghastly-torture-terror spite;
our intent betrays our acts; we seal away what we won’t fix—
we pray our ghosts will dissipate as corrupted eyes evaporate

but I’ve stopped calling
out your name.
I’ve stopped believing
we’ll awaken. (—from this nightmare)