

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
WordsUncaged Submission
(Poem)

“Effigist Becoming Soldier (Part 2 of *Becoming*)” (2012-2018)

The eyes of a limestone god see only the tunnel before him,
 Leading off, trailing off into deific obscurity,
a flame that can never be quelled reaches up into the cavity containing
 the rose from which I feed,
its crimson petals flutter in the wind of my lungs,
 death’s breath stretched over pale ribs to hide decay,
there are no existing gods, only the ones we create—sell my soul to someone and resurrect me
 for I lay dead gazing through glazed eyes,

Familiar scabbard lay across my body, cold hands draped over it,
 Smooth brown calfskin; betray us, we shall fight,
My lord calls, voices falling from fleshless ears, and I hear—I know and feel
 It’s my curse to break the seal
And allow my brain to taste my anger, to drink my rage, to catch the slightest glimpse
 Of the coming burning battlefield debris,
Born from the silver-forged teeth of my reason and my right,
 My might takes the claymore’s hands and we join veins,

Blood for blood, never to be released, fear ground to dust ‘neath boots of faith,
Roots of wraith, who peers over my shoulder with glee, for me,

Limestone eyes carved the path I’ve walked, with its elegant integrity and seamless folds,
Curves made sweet by my belief in the cracks of its face,
 for no such fissures stain the surface of my resolve,
No sun shines its warmth on me; no moon glares in silent gray,
For I war in the name of my idol, the Living Flame—
 I am his faultless tool; my name is Soldier...