

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994  
WordsUncaged Submission  
(Poem)

“Pessimist Becoming Corpse (Part 4 of *Becoming*)” (2012-2018)

It stands to reason that utter supplication is a useless gesture, given to a murder of gods  
unaffected by humanity’s myriad colorful horrors,

run away heedless of direction and you may find yourself bleeding out into serpent maws,  
what’s more painful than the lack of pleasure? What’s more despairing than the absence of hope?

Snatch up your poisoned pistol and slice through the wind  
and sever the fear and harness the rage,

‘cause death is marching on, rolling and trampling all survivors,  
flaunting fiendish wings as moth-eaten treasons,  
drowned and suffocated by brother’s blood spilled in the name of love,  
a dismal, abysmal, miserable slave to the contamination of purity,

driven by a contemptuous dirge, piss your name—letter by yellow letter, across you master’s tombstone,  
across his sugared tongue,  
in the cracks of his ripped open, lifeless face,  
fill his holes with spices and silver made wet by the mouth of the sea that bathes those who seek to remain  
clean.

A black rose’s thorns birth small rivulets of red  
on the surface of my palms and I see my reflection,  
anxieties hide unhidden—highs soar unriden,  
words left unspoken—bile climbs unbidden,

woven sheets of gray sky mask a tortured sun, left to stumble by unseen,  
rung by rung, he sobs, all his heat cooks only air, all his light now useless flare,  
the tantric brilliance of his skin, the molten heart that pounds within,  
forever hung in black, empty space, forever cursed to lose eternal race—  
lead on, nowhere man, show me how to see.

*I used to honor death by creating it; now it stalks me,  
I can smell its mildewed stench, ripe in its foulness—rotted gobs of ejected waste  
          smearred on cracked bones dry from dusted entrapment,  
secretions expelled in haste of rigor, bloated flesh,  
a mess of vomited pus coats half-devoured, naked victims  
          afloat in liquefied mercury brethren,  
on backs, heads turned, mouths agape, throats awash, eyes ensorcelled, stomachs full  
          collective soul consumed.*

It stands to reason that death has come for me, for I am all that is left,  
scythe blade shall flash, meek inheritor shall fall, and down will come pessimist  
broken dreams and all,

when I was young, I dreamed of giving praise,  
but I grew strong and dreamed of fighting for belief,  
but again I grew and dreamt of dying,  
and here I lie in black cradle’s confined embrace.

*Never did I start the hands of revolution*

*nor did I eat from the belly of nature's flame  
and I will never know the smell of freedom  
for I am reduced  
I am becoming nothing...*