

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994

WordsUncaged Submission

“Death Jester” (2018)

Ill-definition in the shapelessness of my companion mental haze  
makes absurd hegemonic reliance on form into viscous residue,  
clinging to imperiled lacquered layers of quilted uncertainty  
—its wet, brown lumpness auguring hopeless equivocations—  
resignifying denied attainment as preserved ignorance.

And I accept this and that and more and less than I should.

Every morning’s maddening inverted helix descent spiral plummet  
as reviled irate seismic demons hide beneath the riled hostile eaves  
of my sheltered sonic cocoon; my breast-fed illusions of morality  
—forge-born perseverance opining tenacious denial of surrender—  
negotiate perverted values as garish aesthetics of misused neglect.

How can I remember falling if I never learned to climb?

Ciphered incarnate privations indulge archaic scarcity, like a panicked  
mandible bloodstream, onyx tempers twirling with incoherent pulse;  
this fucked up pluralized carnage carousel of clown-face corpse entrails  
—entailing repulsion’s cacophonous rebirth into revolting relevancy—  
accentuates the jarring, mealy-mouthed, frayed-nerve-ending atonality  
of termite-infested rungs on my uneasy developmental ladder.

I will not believe and cannot deny High-Mindedness’s lively, liting prose,  
parading a brevity of concern, boasting chasmed consolation bled of charity,  
reaching into the apprehended awestruck darkness to jest compassion  
—rows on rows of teeth and eyes pearl white and wide pleading dry—  
broken, shackled bones deteriorate in unmoving cages of traumatized stone.

Funny thing, scars...with just a slice of a razor, we become something new.