

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994  
WordsUncaged Submission  
(Poem)

“Restitution” (2018) \* *Author’s Note: The hardest part of hurting someone is the realization that it cannot be taken back.*

it is not my blood on the altar—  
in sheets of gray dismissal, rainwater drives vanity away,  
gagging on its desolation; desperation retching;  
carving chasms in its idealized skin with claws of imperfect gravel—

my dream of dying is the chorus of life—  
intoned in defiance to the cockless lordship of impotence and loss,  
a bellowed challenge to the gutless wretches of ruinous sacrosanctity;  
shredding strips of divine flesh with hallowed fingers of righteous panic—

it is my intention to disbelieve you—  
to mistrust the tedious, insipid memories of your feeble, disordered mind,  
to unravel eternal electrified barbed razor wire, wrapping tighter and tighter  
around a dream-strangling, hope-suppressing walled design—

no need to remind me what I have done—  
I breathe as they do not; I commemorate these words in their names,  
to recite my regrets, to give repentant voice to my sorrows, to strive, to atone;  
whispering wheezing miseries and bottom heart apologies—