

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994

WordsUncaged Submission

(Poem)

“The Isolationist (Trauma Personified)” (2018)

pressure wrenched and pox perverted

a frozen fractured figure fondles

dishonored distance denied

beneath black layers of glacial light

—blood slips, dripping from tips of daggered sight,

hands of the haruspex cackle in silence

behold the vivid violent tremors

of a flayed holocaustic demon prophet

who’s wrath mutters soundless gurglings

—claiming the servant of my servant is me,

the naked aperture of cryptic designs lay aside

defiling the ever-stinking corpse

of self-righteous spite

sullen thrusts puncturing acrid pockets of sickness

—cloying stench strangling feeble motionless air,

perched over empty pits of plastic insightless

holistic excuses and threadbare

executions twisted like falsified abuses

swelling beneath a crushing gravity like wounds of uselessness

—it stirs the ashes of failure,

quietly tracing spirals of sleeping embers...