Daniel Whitlow, P-31994
WordsUncaged Submission
(Poem)

“the gods of filth create filth – the gods of man do the same”

(so, you construct creators?
hear me, you fuckin’ failure;)

your hardship-cradled

torpor-twisted heartache
creates sentimentality
and in blood-beaded webs of
avowed
sinew-laced
long-dead works
of interrogated
biological artistry,

(none of your gods exist.)

no holy-than-thy numinous bones intersect with
my sandblasted prototypical vulgarities,
my blasphemed, expletive-fortified, pitchfork-wielding, dagger-imagining epitomes
no celestial spinal redundancies come into contact with my unholy skeleton

of insinuation-neglecting profanities.

(but I’m not the same as you—
maybe they touch you)

How will you celebrate my absence? With ignorance and incense?
Instead of all that stupid shit, why don’t you colonize the caustic cliff face of my countenance
with the fell geneses of Perversion’s concubine?
Or you could assemble the indispensable,
scatter the inconsequential

and feel something sovereign
something real,
Whitlow – the gods of filth create filth – the gods of man do the same

some-fuckin’-thing ascendant to the nonexistence you claim doesn’t exist

but it fucking exists, man, and dominates the shit out of you;

it inhabits a broken, nauseous residency in your heart, man;

its comparing your shed skin with dirt, man;

hatching sycophantic clutches

of puerile dementia

around your ankles

(like corpses

clinging to the artifice

of your dreams deferred)

by the cowardice of your massacred affluence

— you’re fucking stupid, man.

It’s a narrow path with wide consequences.

But crisis equals opportunity, right?

(Maybe you can return to the light,) while

waiting deep and quiet in amnesties of

hesitation and perpetual, skeptical night.

Maybe the rote-relevancy

correlating you

with Collapse

will bridge the gap.

( maybe not. )