

# Poem Resisting Arrest

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*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

- 1 This poem is guilty. It assumed it retained  
the right to ask its question after the page  
  
came up flush against its face. The purpose  
this poem serves is obvious, even to this poem,
- 5 and that cannot stop the pen or the fist  
choking it. How the page tastes at times—unsalted  
  
powerlessness in this poem's mouth, a blend  
of that and what it has inhaled of the news. It spits  
  
blood—inking. It is its own doing and undoing.
- 10 This poem is trying to hold itself together. It has  
  
the right to remain either bruised or silent,  
but it is a poem, so it hears *you'd be safer*  
  
*if you stopped acting like a poem, ceased resisting.*  
Where is the daylight (this poem asks and is
- 15 thus crushed) between existence and resistance,  
between the now-bloodied page and the poem?  
  
Another poem will record the arrest of this poem,  
decide what to excerpt. That poem will fail—  
  
it won't find the right metaphor for the pain
- 20 of having to lift epigraphs from the closing  
  
words of poems that were accused of resisting.  
That poem is numb. This poem is becoming  
  
numb, already losing feeling in its cuffed phrasing.  
No one will remember the nothing of which

25 this poem was accused—just that it was another  
poem that bled. This poem never expected to be

this poem, yet it must be—for you who will not  
acknowledge the question. This poem knew

it was dangerous to ask *why*?