

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*?