

## SPONTANEOUS CONGLOMERATIONS

slaked in scathing ripples  
hardship floats on surface thoughts  
suddenly plunging to dismal depths  
confabulating errant joys  
as night winds cool the swell of pride  
until bright pillows on iron couches  
wrap the flesh in green plastic sheets  
now stretched beyond belief  
warped from desert dryness

where will it end  
will it end

in insidious heaps left to rot  
left to enter but right to exit  
yet simultaneously top to bottom  
audacious scruples plotted out  
drowning in moral morass  
as piercing winds keep blowing  
blowing blowing blowing  
never deciphering what goes on here  
while sounding nice anyway

let the conclusion begin then

meaningless scraps of verbal snippets  
without message or clear purpose  
words and phrases unintentionally planted  
juxtapositioned at random  
acceptance meaning success  
applause meaning achievement  
hooray for gold medallions

clear consciousness absents itself  
from these unpunctuated stream lines  
effortlessly spilling thoughtlessness  
parading nonsense *ad nauseum*  
prime parody of popular poetics  
end of the poem  
death of poetry  
time to clean up the wretchings

my satire your interpretation

— David L. Hatton, 1/31/2020