

UNCENSORED

Proud, starlit citadels spewing filth
On empty winds across a domain
Of sponge-like living rooms, with kids.
“Just words,” spout the defenders
With mindless, spineless kindness.
But what crashes and clashes and smashes
With oscillating frequency
Against eyes and ears of the addicted
Quenches the moral sting
With deadening redundancy:
A nation’s conscience chewed up,
Wretched out to rot sedated
In the gutter of forgotten goals,
Desecrated dreams of nobility,
Lost visions of greatness.

— *David L. Hatton, 6/14/1991*