

UNDISCIPLINED PENS

When verbal rivers overflow their banks—
like books that bounce beyond betokened themes—
and drown the thoughts their haughty flood outflanks;

when random lines run raucous and askance—
unconscientious care in conscious streams—
some passers-by may miss the inner dance . . .

or skip the Muse-led message poets meant
and skim the surface of their deeper dreams:
such pens pay penalties for ink misspent.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/17/2020*