

Dilettante (03/2009)

Thus he finds a love, ostensibly persisting,
apparitions of immaculate sublimation.
He repudiates lethargy; without desisting,
crafts a piece deserving presentation.
A modest show, a crowd unresisting
smiles at the motley conglomeration,
Though too callow, all flee posthaste;
What's art worth if it does not sate?

Life so errant, tomorrow so equivocal,
sneers and snickers coated with incessant prate;
erudite criticism from sophist societal
virtuosos evokes uncertainty on chosen fate.
Following completion, satisfaction ephemeral,
persisting seems an imbecilic gait.
Tenacity wanes, desired idealism a farce,
that epigram only sparks a ludicrous lark.

Sloth is a well fitting suit,
leave creation for the gods,
studying stars is vain and uncouth.
We've already progressed beyond pigs or dogs.
And by now philosophers are without moot
topics beside rotating crops.
Anyway, there are pretentious people working
to leave us content with lifetime shirking.

Raise your voices, join in the song,
To distraction, sitcoms, and beer.
Why give a fuck, now all sing along,
All labor is pointless we cheer!
Imprudence, procrastination is not wrong,
let's idly gripe till we disappear.
Provided I pray, some deity will save,
skim and impose till I float from my grave.

Shout out loud, refute the clowns,
To ignorance, decadence, and scatological comedy.
Don't give a shit, let our voices resound
Fuck effort, ruminate solely on moments arbitrary.
Live for the moment, in empiricism let's drown.

Remain static, ignore criticism, illiteracy is my homily.
Officiously sneer at every disparate fool,
and never reflect. Stay draconian, dude.

10/08