

Sanctimonious Substrate

by James Joist

If there were a time and a place
for meaningless, purposeless meandering,
useless content that goes nowhere,
without pretension or intent,
filigree and ornament.

Something to while away the hours,
waiting for the dependencies of life,
the requirements and the directions
of utilitarian requests.

Then I would probably ignore it,
wondering what this does for me.
Why would I want to read about something,
of which I have no vested interest?

What is there to gain,
what is there to profit,
how does this affect me,
why should I be watching?

And one by one,
I eliminate every option in front of me,
out of callow boredom and denial,
that anything of any worth,
will appear out of nothing.

