

I Don't Correct

11/28/21

I don't correct no one no more.
Realized it just makes me a bore.
If you talk dumb, I see's a choice:
Self-expression with your voice.

World's too small. GTS
If you care about the mess
That's in your mouth. To persist
Shows how learning, you resist.

There's no excuse. There used to be.
But now there's not. Learning's free.
So butcher language. Have your fun.
Me? I've stuff. Let's git er dun.

Language is a bridge. But if
You mangle it, like off a cliff,
A truck you drove, and with its haul,
You make the bridge into a wall

That separates and confuses,
Alienates, and abuses.
And with this linguistic schism,
Commit a kind of vandalism.

You burn the bridge that in all weather
Binds humanity together.
And this word picture that I frame?
It's not just similar; it's the same.

Before a truck drives o'er a bridge,
Bringing groceries to your fridge,
The goods must first be ordered. How?
With language saying "soon" or "now."

Language on an order form
Gets goods to you in sun or storm
But if the form's got gibberish,
You will not fulfill your wish.

It's just as if you burned the bridge.
Result's the same: an empty fridge.
That's why I say linguistic schism
IS a kind of vandalism.

It is the same as burning bridges.
It is the same as empty fridges.
So recognize the mess we're in.
Recognize that it's a sin

To butcher language. Look, my friend,
As this poem's about to end:
Latins love Spanish. Greeks love Greek.
The French love French every day of the week.

Hebrews and Arabs love their tongues too.
Am I getting through to you?
Americans don't love English, though.
They butcher it, and cause much woe.

Stubborn, proud . . . the devil's sin
Accounts for the big mess we're in.
Repent, and learn, and fill your fridge.
Americans, learn to love your bridge.