

Fear Us, Oh Yes.

by Gita M. Smith

Let's tamper with the language.

Let's make up new words and keep using them and spreading them until they become part of the lexicon. A hundred years from now, etymologists will write, "Colloquially used in south central Alabama in the early 21st century. From the Latin root 'fugere,' to fuck without restraint."

Let's force feed teenagers on street corners our esoteric spellings so that they look up from their tablets/iPhones/Androids and still their fingers for an instant and say, 'For real?'

Let's campaign against any politician, regardless of dogma, who misuses words, even one time. Our demands: Don't mangle what is beautiful. Shut your pie hole if you can't speak coherently.

We will be the one-eyed men in the land of the blind, the sooth-sayers, and the scriveners.

You will stand up at the dais during testimonial dinners and let fly with a poem. People will dance to your words.

We will restore language to its rightful place as a conveyance for wisdom and passion. Supreme Court justices will write clearly, for they will fear our wrath.

No word will ever be considered 'dirty' unless it is mangled by those who should know better.

Start now.

Make lists.

Call long-lost friends.

Say what needs saying. Raise hell.

