

An ode to ill-used apostrophe's

by Steve Finan

A pestilence has fallen upon our land's,
Like fragment's of ignorance strewn by a haphazard hand.
They are the unbidden's, the unlooked for's, the un-needed's.
In migrating swarm's, the apostrophe's took us unaware's,
Worse than mosquito's, more voracious than locust's.
These ink insect's swooped on English word's,
Inserting themselve's where none were warranted.
Minute demon's, sprinkled from Satan's pepperpot's.
Plural's suffered worst, those mild-mannered beast's,
Each was set upon by plague's of the tiny monster's.
Weep, weep that we should live to see such day's.
Where were our guardian's, the educator's?
Our shield should have been English O Level's and Higher's,
Our sword's were in the hand's of university don's.
But we failed to fight them on the beach's.
Or in the hedgerow's.
Alas, the war's are lost, none now care for our tear's.
For all our tomorrow's, it seem's, the pest's will hold sway.
I dream of hero's who will battle the horde's,
Slashing their corrector's pen's here and there,
Incinerating these miniature devil's,
Bringing destruction upon their insidious act's.
Come forth ye slumbering champion's,
Are there none among thee who can rid us of these parasite's?

