

“Vulgarity”

a poem in a 4pagezine

by D.E. Morgan

The winter sun shone on the snow
made yellow with our obscenities.
We are vulgar, completely offensive.
Yet in this poem I will use not one curse word.
Speaking in gibbering cussing nonsense,
we made our case to the world to be ignored,
spurned for our eye-roll inducing vulgarity
as we talked to the hand because the ears
didn't want to hear it.

Hearing a stream of stoned language:
Dropping F-bombs amuses young teenagers,
but if you want to make your case to the world
it might fall on deaf ears.
But the kids smiled
at instructions to commit stupidity
stupidly expressed
and emanating from their tape players.

It is the etymological fallacy
to define a word by its previous meaning,
but I will commit such a crime:
vulgar meant common.
We were the commoners,
slathered in obscene butter,
battered up for devouring
by those who would profit
from our uncomfortable ignorance.

We had a very large chance

to be heard by the world,
but we misspoke.
We substituted thought for feeling,
we expressed our anger with gibberish.
It was a meaningful gibberish (to us),
but we were not heard.
People smiled and nodded
and showed us the door.

It is not that there is anything intrinsically *wrong*
with the way we talked;
only a fool would be truly offended by language,
by the four letter words that came out.
But they didn't actually *say* anything
other than that we wanted to use them.
They were useless words,
expletives masquerading as content
that people meaninglessly absorbed.

Did we insult people
with our cussing?
I'm sure some demanded better,
some thought themselves above it.
So we stand low,
beneath peoples' radar
and beneath their approval.
It was contemptability
that brought us beneath attention.

What can be done
to express ourselves succinctly?
Speaking with a larger vocabulary, perhaps.
Perhaps we could read more
and think before we speak
such dross into the air

into which our words dissipate
like holy smoke
into the void of society.

It is easy to cease doing something
if one is so inclined.
It is easy to speak more articulately,
to use language in a more intelligent manner
We all have the capability
if we are willing to develop it
It is not an amusement confined
to some privileged elite.

Nihilism applied to language
robs it of its meaning
creates vibrations pointing to nothing
symbols pointing to no spell.
Words make their way
into the minds of listeners,
but then are forgotten
as quickly as they are heard.
Such a shame, alas!

If someone hands you a bullhorn,
don't yell the F-word into it.
Don't make yourself look foolish;
say something that people will
be inclined to listen to!
There is no such things as "just words";
words fill us, words become us.
Words incline us to act,
words incline us to fall.

A swear word is for something unimportant,
not for what we will be remembered by.

The god of obscenity
(George Carlin himself)
has the Carlin words named after him.
A master of vulgarity,
but is this an honor?

Such a dubious honor
to be remembered for being offensive.
I have this honor,
but I wear it not as a badge
but as a spirit
that tears at my mind.
But it is my blasphemy that condemns me,
not four letter words.

If there were a thing
called a Malediction,
it would only be enhanced
by not using curse words.
A curse on this world
would be made more effective
by the omission of the vulgar
from its winding, serpentine horror.
A devil most noble.

So, those in power
fear not the crass and vulgar,
but those who have learned to engage
their higher minds.

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