

The English Language

There's something poetic about the English language,
And I know what you're thinking, it's such a mess just like most of my life.
Unlike German, French, or Spanish there are no certain roots you can always follow,
There are just bits and pieces of everything that came before it.
As I look at the English language and as I look at myself I realize I am just bits and pieces of
everyone that came before me.

When you write a poem about me the rhyme never sounds quite right
Compared to when you write a poem about somebody who has found their own way in life.
I am not perfect.
I am a 15 line non-structured piece of writing that isn't meant to be published or read.
I will never be a perfect sonnet with 14 lines and a perfect rhyming couplet at the end.
I will never be one of Shakespeare's many poems,
I will never be compared to a summer's day,
I will never be described as the sun,
And I will never light up somebody's whole world.

So there is something beautiful about the English language and that is that it's imperfect and
makes no sense, just like me.