

Grammatically Incorrect Life

By Katrina Butler

Words... they come to me so easily flowing so fast, if I am not in the right position to capture them, I will miss them. Most of the time it comes when I am sleep or just laying in bed meditating on anything that comes to mind. I allow my mind to be free and wonder where it pleases. Like a child playing in a field for hours without a care of boundaries. Thoughts of love, hate, society, individuals, togetherness, singleness, happiness, sadness. It's all about people...just life. There's so much to say, so much to consider. The times when I am able to capture the words- when I am ready to birth them into life, I just write. I don't worry about grammar or punctuation or anything. I just get it all out. If I am honest, I don't want to care about it being grammatically correct. I don't care about if my commas are in the right placing. There is something to say, just listen to what I am saying. But that's the world we live in. You are not accepted until your I's are dotted, T's crosses, using correct English, punctuation placed perfectly on the paper...appear grammatically correct...

However, it's all a front. It's all fake. People walking through life trying to appear acceptable to others. Acceptable to be accepted. Acceptable for business purposes, acceptable with friends even family, acceptable even by your own children. Acceptable standing before judges and DA, lawyers, jurors, apartment complexes, potential employers, acceptable even to go to school. *Are you shiny enough for me to place you on the display without being embarrassed?* And in this twisted way of thinking, people are deteriorating. They are hurting. Society places a system that's designed to oppressing certain kind of people and when these people's back is against the wall their minds start thinking of ways just to live, to eat, to pay their rents, to have a car, to have clothes, to have lights and running water. They get desperate. A system that showcases the acceptable people working their jobs, kids going to a decent school, driving decent cars, coming home to a safe decent house while across town and in some cases as close as your next-door neighbor, people are living at the other end of the spectrum. Hurting, struggling.

This country is so good at taking people's hurt and placing rules, guidelines, and laws on top of the hurting people. Making it seem like you are helping but in reality, you are setting hurting people up to fail, to dye. Monies is poured into these programs that only place a bandage over the problems. They give instructions sending individuals right back into their dire circumstances with no help or no follow up. They followed step A but something happened so they were able to successfully follow step B. So they give up. There is no more help leaving them to figure it out themselves.

There's a check the box for everything. What is the meaning of a check mark? It means completed, done, finished, that you have completed a task. So I ask, if we place the check in the box does that mean we are done, - no more options? Check the box for a job to make money to feed your family and pay your bills. Check the box to go to school so you can educate yourself making yourself more employable for better jobs or a career of choice. Check the box so you can have a decent safe place to live that's not in run down torn up places, filled with insect. This shows America cares?? Land of opportunity??? For whom, I ask? For the acceptable people? For the untarnished people? For the people that have mastered hiding the dirty truths, lies and even criminal activity in order to appear in right standing?

Judges and DA's sitting in front of audiences trying to put on the best show – one life at a time. Their job is to take bad people, criminals, thugs, troublemakers, menace to society off the streets. Their minds calculate their next move. *What is going to hit the hardest? What will drive it home? How can I communicate and bring out the worst of a person?* After all, these people committed a wrong against another so they must suffer. Best actors on earth. Selling a ticket for destroying a life in front of an audience not taking into consideration all the other lives that is attached to that person... Authority... In their twisted way of thinking, normalizing how they can look into a person -Seeking out ways to paint over any ounce of good within. Like a snake, a lion, seeking out the vulnerable, the ones who are an easy conquest. Eyes slanted, laying low exhibiting their sneaky, calculating mindset. Nothing matters during the conquest. Spouses, children, family, friends, anything, or anyone attached to their pray does not matter at the time. It's all about the kill. Achieving their own selfish gain. Using someone's pain and hurt in efforts to come out as the victor And I ask who 's criminal minded? Does anyone stop and take the time to wonder what happened to an individual to drive them to the actions that took place? Or does anyone even care?

People are walking around like zombies. Crying out for help with no tears, no words. Its all captured deep within. Its not acceptable. No one wants to hear a sad song over and over and over again unless you are singing along with that song. Whoever Is singing is unacceptable. No one wants to be around a downward Debbie

So many sad songs are playing out in the universe, but no one stops to listen. And when you have these so-called organizations that say they are helping, there is no follow up to ensure that that person, that family is still afloat. People just step over individuals that are down literally on their knees, they are being stepped over. Those people are in the way. Stimulus checks that are sent out to people who never receive them because they move so much due to the inability to afford rent and are being kicked out. Or some of those stimulus checks belong to that man or woman you drove by where their homes are the streets, a part, an ally, a store front once the store closes. Do not touch them, they are too dirty.

God forbid the person who steals to eat, or sell drugs to take care of his family. They have no car to get to the panty. They have too many children to afford a babysitter. Single moms and single dads abandoned because life was too hard to live with obligations of the individuals you laid down to create, to give life. God forbid the person who is hurting so bad that they use alcohol and drugs to make reality disappear. To numb the pain like Novocain. People who get so desperate they need relief now and they need it fast. They are the rule breakers. The grammatically incorrect people. They break laws, they make the American dream, the American family, and the American profile look bad. Tarnished. Take them off the shelves, put them in a box, store them away, leave them there. They make the display look bad, taking away the worth of others on the shelves. Move them quickly before anyone sees.

The thrown away....the law breakers, the convicts, drug addicts, alcoholics, the poor, the homeless, the sicken, the single baby mama's and daddy's, the prostitutes.... The grammatically incorrect people.

Organizations, churches, people capitalizing on people's hurt. Look at me, Look at me. I helped this poor soul today!! Write about me, tell what a good guy I am!! Giving them food, that you yourself wouldn't eat. Giving them jobs where they work their butts off to make others rich...sweat shops. Working like a dog, keeping them separated from their families only to still come up short on bills. Low pay, no benefits, hard work and long hours. Robbing Peter to pay Paul, trying to stay afloat in life's

streaming angry waters. Children raising themselves, teachers ignoring the ones who aren't as sharp as others...

It goes on and on. Why? With all of this going on, we still feel comfortable coming home, closing our doors to all of the hurt that is around us. That is where my words come from. Speaking for the hurt. Bringing the hurt right on the doorsteps of people. Focusing on the solution and not the problem. People are hurting and need help. America has replaced love and care with laws, money, power and prestige. Its sad. Four years in prison, living amongst the grammatically incorrect people showed me that. Upfront and personal. That's the root of my words. I don't care about commas, grammar, appearing right in the eyes of others. You can keep all of that! People may cringe at my writing- paying attention to how I forgot punctuation, my sentence structure. LOL. What's new? I am used to it, its my life. I am grammatically incorrect !