



Five ways

by Sho Botham

Here we go again. Bowing and scraping to the gobbledegookers. I learned a long time ago that it doesn't have to make sense, it just has to sound like it does. So, I cut out all the shit, all the gobbledegook and tell it like it is. They don't like that here. They like it to be full of words, words that you and me don't use. It's not that you and me don't understand them. But they're not words we use to tell it like it is. I want to tell stories with words you and me understand because we talk that talk every day. How can I tell stories of hardship and struggle, love and hate using words that spend most of their lives in dictionaries open on some gobbledegooker's desk?

Don't you just love how some people spin and spin and spin words into something that they're not? We hear so many, apparently, important people who talk with such pomposity, such conviction, that we might feel obliged to believe them. We are encouraged to believe what they tell us in person, on TV, on social media, particularly on social media. They wrap up a presentation so cleverly performed as if to hide the truth. It doesn't have to make sense it just has to sound like it does. And there's the problem with politics today.

You just need to stick rigidly to your story if they find her body. It doesn't have to make sense, it just has to sound like it does.

That's what you told me - and now look what's happened. I could go to prison for a very long time and it wasn't even me that did it.

My greatest fear. Will I be found out? Standing in front of a class of savvy young people, will I be found out? Years spent learning how to teach, how to share knowledge and understand what they need to know. Enter stage left, the brash man with a twinkle in his eye telling us, it doesn't have to make sense, it just has to sound like it does. It's all about confidence. Is it really? Or will I be found out?

Like it Does

it doesn't have to
make sense
it just has to
sound like it does

life
and it's journey
you make of it
what you will
this hard
at times
senseless
expedition

full of pretences
calling positive
not real

musical sounds
fill our ears
with echoes
of the sense
we long for