

Politically Correct

I want to be sure that I've got this right.
If I haven't, I'll be in trouble with my peers.
What am I prating about, so late at night?
About what is right, not what is so, Oh my,
I must have drunk far too many beers.

It is a serious matter, however, being correct.
We cannot allow the existence of being wrong.
At least so say my colleagues, all who expect
That we all should agree, even if we don't know
What is so, we all must agree, in order to belong.

Why do I have to agree, in order to belong?
Oh, that's easy, for you see we must agree.
If we do not, that means we must accommodate
A divergence of thought, even that someone else
Could be right. Can't you see, we must always agree.

The Church split Itself over this issue, you know.
So have nations, and tribes, and other groups.
It does no good to say, wait, enough, let's just
Get along with each other, be kind, and not want
To be right or have others be wrong, this doesn't work.

I offered this, mostly in jest, the other day, to my peers.
My goodness, what a fright it was for them to have to think
That there might be another thought, or idea, or opinion
That was not agreed upon, for after all, we are the ones
Who have to determine what is correct, not what is right.

Politically correct is well and good, I suppose, for it seems
That it keeps us all from having to think long and hard
About what really matters, and what really does not.
And, too, I'm sure, we may all be concerned that what
We think is right, is not, after all's said and done. Oh me!

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