

My Talk is Good

By Khodi Dill

My talk is good
No matter how I say my words.
These words are mine,
And your words are yours.

I don't gotta speak prim and proper.
There's really no such thing.
Not for when I'm talking,
And not for when I sing.

My talk is fine,
No matter how I pronounce.
If somebody don't like the way I talk,
They might as well just bounce.

Don't they know there ain't no rules
For how to speak out loud?
That's why I choose to speak unique
And do so oh-so proud.

My talk is major beautiful.
Don't you love the way it sounds?
My accent ain't no accident,
It's where my roots are found.

My talk is like a flower,
For a place I might call home,
A bouquet for all my people
With a fine talk all their own.

Yes, my talk is exceptional!
There ain't no talk quite the same.
It's how you know it's me you hear
When I feel love, or awe, or pain.

When I say, "Aww," or "Ow!" or "Ooooo" or "Wow!"
You're gonna surely know it's me.

And that's 'cause all the sounds you'll hear
Will match the sight you see.

My eyes, my hair, my skin, my socks,
My clothes, my face, and my own voice box...
That's me!

And as for all the words I say,
I'm gonna keep on sayin' em, in my own way.
So you talk in your way, and I'll talk in mine,
And we can have a conversation through space and time.

The only things that matters
Is the topics that we'll cover.
We don't gotta talk the same,
Long as we talk to each other.

So tell me, can we chat?
I really wish we could.
And hey, we don't gotta talk the way they talk,
Even if they wish we would.

However we speak or scream!
Or shout! Or talk! is how we should.
No matter the time or rhyme
Or reason or season, our talk is good.