



I Grew up in Another Language

by Tilia Guilbaud-Walter

fuck the education system?

I grew up in another language
One no one seems to understand
My dreaming, creativity and experience
Hold no place in this land

It is all about ticking boxes
And the chairs that have been filled
It all needs a way that can't be
just because

My language is no use under artificial lights
Do I have a certificate to prove I'm not useless
We are told it's the real world
Well there's your mistake
In the real world
Six minutes late doesn't mean your rating goes down
The real world is an adventure and maybe I would miss the train
But I'm thankful I have the skill to appreciate the birds flying and
count the amount of red shoes I see

Yes my language is strange

I sometimes speak to people at the bus stop
They are probably over 60

My language is the secret one I made on Wednesday afternoon in 2011
While you looked at verbs and nouns and the paper starts spinning
Brains filled with pages of artificial texts and thoughts running focused
on the tests
That are meant to evaluate your skills and what you learn
Try going for a three week road trip, which develops a human more?
Let us have freedom and dream

They say imaginative but what they really mean is
Here is a list of devices apparently they are more worthy than your
stream of thought and don't wake up from a dream and don't put your
feelings in don't be vague and don't forget to format the phrases your
writing so that a 40 year old running on caffeine can assess your skill
with words against a list that was created to eliminate hope.

But in order for living a year or two of violent texts and film clips are
what it takes to get a job. To learn fascinating things you have to achieve
a letter or number of 'points' on that list they call a marking scheme.
Really all they want is money.

Make sure your coat is off, we don't care if it's cold.