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POEMS

SHORT STORIES

SAYINGS

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The Correctors

They nibble on your life like a crust of bread,

Devouring every crumb with righteousness.

Licking their lips at faults.

Waiting for the time to take a bite.

Oh, it's so painful as they walk off,

feeling so helpful,

feeling so corrected.

There are only two ways to play their game.

Lie down with puppy submission,

Or stand up, raise your head high

And sternly correct The Correctors.

- Dale McCombs, 2014

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