



## You Are Just Wrong

The words came flying in from the back seat,  
Mischievously spoken, carrying some heat,  
A rebuttal, a challenge, an attack on credibility,  
My brain and my mouth a real liability.

How is it that I could actually be wrong?  
It's the stuff of legend, a would-be song,  
"You are just wrong" - the refrain from the choir  
And they sing it again, with a note higher.

Day 4 of the trip and my image is shattered,  
My reputation gone, my veneer tattered,  
Vulnerability's my name, a scarlet V letter,  
How could I be wrong? I must do better?

But alas my bubble is long since burst,  
I suffer from hunger, and for water I thirst,  
Alone in the desert trying to survive,  
But how can I manage the my rep to revive?

Salvation comes in the form of contrails  
Left behind by planes, those long thin nails  
Of cloudy material composed of ice,  
Something about which you never think twice.

But then my friend suggests they are formed  
By an on-off switch by the captain performed,  
He turns them on for our viewing pleasure,  
And off again just for good measure.

"You are just wrong" I shout with glee,

Google says they are made by sky chemistry,  
“I am redeemed” I say to the stars,  
To the moon, to Venus, and even to Mars.

Aagh, the joys of taking a long road trip,  
With those about whom you really give a flip,  
We can tell each other that they are just wrong,  
And still love each other and get along.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we’ll say “You’re just wrong”,  
When it is true.