

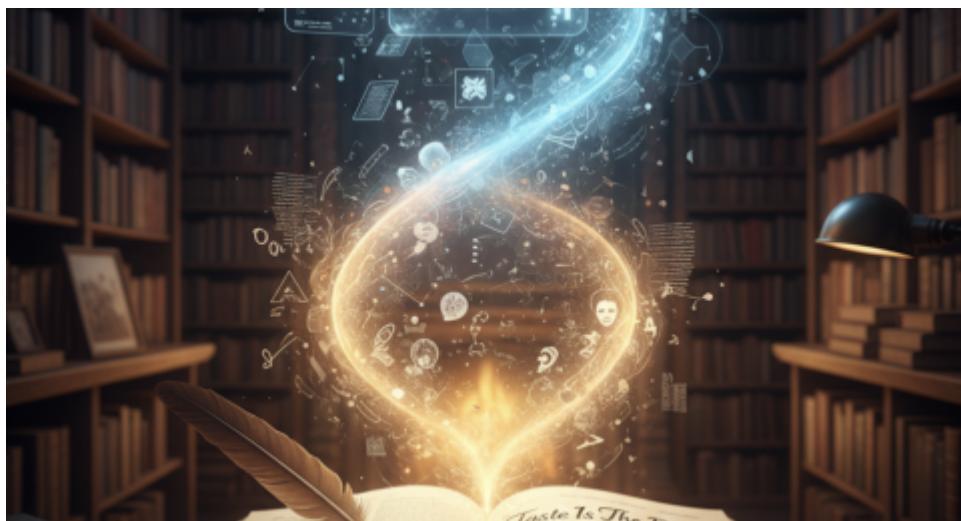
Taste Is The Point: Writing With AI Without Losing Your Voice

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When I write, I want to make people cry, the good kind of tears. I want to write so well that someone says, “He is amazing. He is brilliant. I wonder what his mind is like.” Maybe they even think, “I would like to have a beer with that guy.” If a few hearts race over the prose, that is fine too.

What does it take to write with real grace, the kind that feels like Kurt Vonnegut. Practice helps. Talent helps. The truth is, it is both, and then some.

Plenty of people can run fast, catch and throw, and leap. Plenty can paint happy trees and sell their canvases on weekends at the community market. Plenty can sing beautifully. None of that feels rare anymore.

Writing still does. Words carry meaning. Words carry feeling. Words open the heart. They let a reader step inside a mind, cross miles and years, and live in other worlds for a while. A photograph shows. A painting suggests. A song soars. But prose builds a private theater inside the reader's head.

That is what I want. I want these words to move you. Reading is personal. It is a quiet meeting between two people who may never meet. Even songs come down to lyrics and lines. On the page, the voice you hear is your own. You bend the meaning, just a little, and make it yours. That is the magic. I want to earn it.

Here is the thesis. Use artificial intelligence in writing properly, ethically, and efficiently. Embrace the tool and keep your guard up. Let AI add value, not replace it. Keep your hands on the wheel, and your name on the work.

I am not here to sling “AI slop” as a swear and walk off. There is an art to writing with AI when it is done well, and there is an art to writing without it. Either art can curdle without training, patience, and practice. Your job is to be the taste maker. Machines do not know good taste. They can echo it, they can be tuned toward it, but they cannot feel it. You can. AI is a mirror, useful, bright, and a little vain. Bring a face worth seeing, and the reflection will help you see it better.

Prompt engineering is leadership by sentence. You show the system what you want, how you like it, what you refuse to accept. You coach it toward your voice. Imagination matters more than raw horsepower. The tool is democratizing the arts, so do not hold back. Share the idea that has been burning a hole in your pocket. Gatekeepers will always love a gate. Walk around it. You might not know a past participle from a possum, but you know what moves you. You know what looks good and what rings true. That is taste. It is yours.

Think of AI as a spoon. You stir the pot with it, then you sip and decide. Keep or fix. More salt or less heat. A record label agent may not sing a note, yet he or she can hear a hit. Taste is a job. Now more people can do it, because the barrier to entry is lower. Talent still matters. So does work. But access matters too. Bring your taste. Guard it.

Some say AI will ruin everything. Some say AI will cure everything. Both camps bring banners and snacks. I signed up with the band that says it can do real good and real harm, often in the same week. Fire cooks dinner, and it burns down villages. The wheel carries grain to market, and it carries siege towers to the walls. The tool is neutral. Outcomes are not. We decide.

You cannot stuff toothpaste back into the tube. You cannot coax a genie back into glass. You cannot slow the weather. You can trim your sails. That is the work. Open mind, open heart, eyes on the horizon. The world will keep changing. The smart response is to change on purpose.

Survival favors the adaptable. So does art. Strong backs are nice, sharp minds are useful, flexible habits keep you alive, and honest humility keeps you learning. Trade old ideas for better ones. Leave the huffing at the door.

If you write daily, or you wrote once last year in a birthday card, this matters to you. We are trying to preserve something. Not dusty rules. Not test prep. The art. The thing that moved across centuries to tell us that Homer was a human like us. That is the thread. HUMAN connection. We hold it by writing well, and by teaching others to do the same.

The trouble with AI in books is not that AI touches the draft. The trouble is lazy hands and empty taste. Cold pages, no pulse. But let us not pretend bad prose was invented in a lab. Shelves sag with human-only books that are careless, untrained, and dull. The cure is literacy. Teach people how to use the tool, when to use it, and when to put it down. If you want a world full of sharp sentences and fewer puddles of slop, help build the standards that make that world.

Picture a highway. Everyone is driving, like it or not. Do you want the roads full of people who never learned the rules, never practiced, never took a test. Of course not. Driver's ed did not just make you safer. It made all of us safer. Writing with AI needs the same public spirit. Watch your lane. Mind your speed. If you prefer the bicycle lane, writing by hand and heart, good. Ring your bell. You still want the cars around you to be careful.

So buckle up. Let taste lead, let the tool assist, and keep the human voice in charge. Aim for work that makes a reader blink hard in a quiet room, then hand your words to a friend. That is the magic worth protecting, and the one worth spreading.