

# POEM OF THE WEEK

RULES! RULES! RULES!  
(WHO NEEDS THEM?)

A proposition. Too forward?  
A hypothesis. That sounds better  
Less confrontational? The subject?  
Doing what we ought, what we should

My hypothesis is this: we don't like rules  
We think we know the purpose of them  
To regulate and coordinate a larger group  
of people; to define what's right, what's wrong

What is acceptable, and what's not; to attempt to provide  
"Us" with a safe, friendly, healthy social environment  
To provide us with warm, dry houses, to cater for  
Our health needs and those of our family. Sounds simple?

Think again! Some people are willing to invest in their future  
(in the form of tax); others seek profit as the driving force  
(if they're already wealthy, they would, of course)  
So, there are two contradicting and contradictory factions

Even before we attempt to begin dialogue. The rest of us?  
We're in the middle between "when's lunch" and I wholeheartedly agree.  
This is where rules come in, and rulers (not the 12"/30 CM ones)  
Rules, whilst being compiled are written on degrees of precision

Of language. Why? So they can be understood.  
Their terms and references are defined; so if you want a spade  
You should be given a spade, and to minimise arguments  
Over finer points of language. Above all, they are prescriptive

They prescribe how we should behave, how we should respond  
As I mentioned before they face two factions, those who wholeheartedly  
Agree and those who do not; and between various shades of grumbling  
We don't like being told, "No, you can't." "You're too young/old"

"You are/are not male/female." We don't like being told "No."  
My hypothesis is this: we don't like rules  
We think we know the purpose of them  
We don't like rules, we don't like being told what to do  
And what we're not allowed to do. It cramps our style.

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