

A Rhyme about Rules

by Fred Nickols

What I'm about to say, in halting verse, is no better nor no worse than other ideas that I've seen lifted from those with talent by those less gifted.

Destructive factors in many a life and a focal point for human strife are those little things known as rules. Please know that these are but tools that others use to restrain your spirit until they need no longer fear it.

We are told again and again that there are other, wiser men to whom we lesser ones should listen, as though their ideas will somehow glisten among the lackluster thoughts we call our own.

Yet, in the end, are we not alone, with nothing more than our five senses to keep us informed of the consequences of the things we say, the things we do? Whom then to trust? Them or you?

Don't you think it might be better than simply obeying to the letter each and every rule by "Authority" imposed (if you are so inclined and so disposed), that you should place most such rules upon the shelf?

Then, trusting – or at least hoping – in yourself, and perhaps armed with nothing more than visions, start to make your own decisions.