

About the Social Contract

Am I an outlaw, you ask? Am I?

Tell me which rules of this desperately
social beast whose genes I share must be
forgotten, ignored, or despised for me to qualify.

Tell me the shape of the particular horrors I
personally must plunge into a man's eye,

how I must shave my ideas or my
hair to stay out of that No-Baboon's Land,

and why.

Explain to me the times when my
personal conscience cannot fly
in the face of the social ones of this time
or that, concerning who must die,

and in what order. Tell me whom I
may or may not love,

and why.

Say how much of me will be permitted to identify
with the unusual dreams of one whose eye
may seem to see it all differently. Apply
your (or is it "our"?) laws, and I
will give you my reply.

And why.

Or have I?