

## THE LAW AND THE LAZY OLD CAT

*Robert Fitt*

There are hunnerds of laws, regulations and stuff that most of us darn near ignore; and if it ain't the dangdest thing, them law-makers allus makes more. It's getting' so ye cain't take a breath without breakin' a law—or a batch of 'em. And yet it seems like the folks whut passes laws measure their success by the number of new laws they can hatch-up.

There is lots o' musty laws—some of 'em what's chiseled in sandstone—has sand blowed-in over the top, a coverin' 'em up so that nobody knows they're there, 'cept , well, maybe a couple a cops. But even then, cops don't do nothin'. I think, maybe, they're 'pooped-out', and plumb 'bushed' because they're so dang busy a lookin' the other way.

Some laws jest sit like a lazy old cat that won't open an eye to be fed, and, fer all the mousin' the old feller does he jest as well be dead. It's like, well, it's as though a whole lot of rules, even if they're dinky, or ill-fittin' will make us better somehow, not because they help, but jest because they're there.

It seems to me that when it comes to legislashun, jest makin'-em-up and then leavin'-'em-sit jest won't git the job done, it cain't! 'Cause jest havin' a law 'thout catchin' them whut offends it, don't make the world better none, it jest don't! It's a lot like a kiddie perched up high on books to reach the supper table. There's a whole lot 'o wisdom writ in where she's sittin', but none of it soaks in.

Whataya think? Do the folks who has the most rules—but don't don't pay no attention to 'em—do better than them with just a few—who do?

Now I don't know why I even chaw on sech gristley old things? For it seems to me that like a bird 'thout no voice that jest keeps-on-a-singin'; dead laws are jest things that goes-on-a-thingin'.