The idea of law

By Mathabo Mohwaduba

I came across an ancient man towering over everyone else
He was a strong white man and dominating in his presence
In his youth had been good friends with justice
When his conscience was still his compass
He called himself The Law

His face engraved with centuries of wisdom
His body language worked on a strict system of rules
One dimensional in approach
He called himself the Law

His extravagant, formal clothing told me of his high status in society
He said his business is enforcing order and certainty
By encouraging man to sign social contracts
He called himself the law

He shared stories about his upbringing
Parents continually exercising paternalism
And cultivating in him a strong regard for religion, individual morality and community mores
He called himself the law

He walked unhurried almost apprehensively, clearly hesitant about the road ahead
I handed him a piece of paper with directions so as not to get lost on his way
He looked at me, face dripping with confusion
He said he did not understand the language of instruction
Illiterate in diversity

He called himself the law.