

## *Droit De Seigneur*

### JUS PRIMA NOCTUS

A Wise Man Knows His Fate  
One of Charlie's Favorites.  
Inheritance. (Droit de Seigneur).  
Roots To Civilization.

Transience.  
No instinct to morality: Hmn!  
Stateless.

The fence bisected the tree, or, the tree bisected the fence.  
The male fowl exhibited himself on the other side.  
He had created a State, a Nation; a fowl Nation.  
His "cock a fiddle faddle" became another of the newspeaks (getting old after so many centuries of repeat performances).

There could be no accommodation; he said his grandfather had willed the land to him; he was of a mind to farm it, or to bird sanctuary it; whatever he told me it signified I would need to find another way to the other side. NO!, he would not consider a passage through. He willed it thus.

Well, there it was: I could make a violent issue of his intransigence; but he showed me the deed with the Notary's crinkle.

"NO!" was his only utterance thereafter. I was abandoned to camp along side the public road, on the commons, for 'his' had been the last square of earth upon which the newborn had been able to walk without hindrance. The future promised the exaction of a toll, or the threat against one's life. One is always being forced to yield something.

There is something onerous about the public road that leaves one feeling disenchanting, especially after it has been trampled; nothing will grow there; it is beaten down or pushed aside in the manner of the earth surrounding the feeding trough in the barnyard, or the feeder lot; where a species of filth abounds.

Others came along, denying any residence upon public lands or in public parks. There were established curfews; the dirty fewcurs; or damned few curs were allowed at any time. Mumble, mumble, Cur-ses! Curs! Guess we'll be obliged to spend the night under the bridge, if there is space.

There are alternatives; one could seek out friendlier types, or become a thief in order to acquire the means to purchase a piece to place a fence around - like everyone else. A friendlier type would have been an anachronism, like men with haloes, in the Twentieth Century.

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NO, it was confinement at the Inn (if you had the pittance), or at the jail for vagrancy (where you were treated like vermin). That's Fate; a Wise Man knows his Fate.

What I must do is go to the seashore; it is futile to put fences upon the ocean, even though they draw them on the charts (that irresistible urge); and even though, those who border the water claim it as theirs, and even if they impound your water craft - even though - if you go far enough out to sea ....

But first one must find a seaworthy craft, however small or large. It is possible; it is possible, perhaps to construct one's own from drift.

I know I make things sound depressingly awful; that is, I promulgate stories about man and his selfishness, portraying little good in him. I depict him as a male fowl when in reality he is not quite so limited. I do not give him credit for being able to look into my eyes, to be able to perceive how I yearn for the solace of the forest or the untrampled open space, or the freedom of the sea; all, most unsympathetically.

Frankly, my existence is not his concern. He is not lonely enough to require my presence. There are already too many.

It is not that I do not have a companion; but she too would like the same things. There have been times when the male fowls would allow her passage beyond the fence ... but only temporarily. She has declined, indicating that she is not a female fowl; and even if she was free, she would not condescend to become one. Hers was to enhance, not degrade.

He would give her one of those looks; one of those inhumanly awful ones, that stirs jealousies and hatreds; one of those presuming looks; the "I have the right to inseminate any and all; that's why I'm here, you nameless female". Yes!, that predatory and proprietary glance coming from the cock-fowl face, harkening to the time of the 'droit de seigneur'.

He would not trade his fence for her, presuming he could negotiate such a trade; yet his salaciousness was not easily remedied. Her polite refusals were taken as simple demurrings. Alas!, the hopes of the lascivious fowls with their rocket-assisted peckers, somewhere in the chicken yard, behind the door, atop the dungheap. And imagine, if you will, such lechery as would assume a cuckolding before one's very eyes. Someone is always getting chummy in the barnyard.

Judge that ye not be judged! I consider myself judged. There are many times when my libido compromises my tenancy in the House Of Morality (my moral tenancy). I have reached and had my hand put aside by one's wiser than myself, who had the grace not to label me a barnyard fowl. There are times when one desires a more lasting relationship.

Fences make a traveler of one. One travels and travels, sifting the dregs; on consignment; for hire while the body is strong and the mind alert. One's companion withers sadly. 'There, but for the grace of Gud go

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I. Surely, I must wither in the process, as well. Gud, is it all really for naught?

Its her loyalty that wins me over; I ask myself, 'How can anyone be so loyal?'. I don't mind having my hand put aside; I am thus freed from placing my guilt alongside her loyalty (fidelity).

Then just imagine if I had donned the comb and wattle of that creature on the other side of the fence; just imagine if I could not rid myself of the costume - Don Juan's costume. Just imagine if I could not, just imagine the unrequited aspect, the endless search for ... Death??

The Dance of Don Juan and Penelope. Am I correct in assuming her loyalty? Even if I am cuckolded, how does that affect her loyalty? Is it possible that loyalty really doesn't begin ... until afterwards?

Fences; is loyalty a fence? If she denies another his advances, even while attracted intrinsically, have we built a civilization or have we merely created another barrier? What if she was not in heat? Does one examine too closely?

We are consigned to the road; we had arrived too late to find a place; no one would make room for us. There were many others who arrived late also; some, like the male fowl, possessed a document, a scrap of paper entitling them to exclusive passage beyond the road. They could disappear behind the fences. We were shut out; acquiescing to the .357 Magnum, the arbiter, the unappeasable.

Her loyalty walked the road; such virtue, and such humiliation. Was Penelope frightened of Odysseus, or did she know she had a good thing going, something worth defending? Its different on the road with all that humiliation.

What if I did not recognize the devotion? Fortunately I had; for I have learned something thereby. I'm not exactly sure of the full meaning. It doesn't signify the difference between humans and animals, for there are species, as you might have heard, where conjugality persists even after death.

SHE is a bastion. Others might argue that she may feel inadequate, and that it is easy to be virtuous when one fears rejection. Perhaps the ordinary male fowl does not appeal to her. Perhaps something else is inaccessible to her charms and offers of favor. Perhaps she has had to retreat.

We conjecture too much; where is TRUST?!! Should she not be recognized and allowed passage all the same - for her fidelity, and dignity - and I too, as her companion?

We are not a crawling beast, are we?