

Labels

It seems to me that
people have such a
love hate relationship
with labels.

We love them.
We hate them.

We get angry when
people don't use them.

We get angry when
people do use them.

We get upset when they
are used incorrectly.

We grumble that they
shouldn't be needed at
all when they are used
properly.

We insist that others
learn how to use them.

We get angry at those
who innocently label
people as something
they are not.

We argue that labels
should not be necessary
and that we should all
just accept each other
for who they are.

We take comfort in labels
because they help give us
an identity and a place
to fit in in a world that
all too often makes us
feel alone and outcast.

We shun labels because
we don't want to feel
constrained or chained

down by the identities
others would force upon
us.

We need labels.

We don't need labels.

We need to define ourselves
somehow.

We shouldn't have to define
ourselves for the comfort of
others.

Around and around.
Back and forth.
Good and bad.
Necessary and unnecessary.

When will people
make up their minds?

--Written April 27th, 2014