Professional Rules and Responsibility: Whose Law?

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://repository.law.umich.edu/mjgl/vol8/iss1/3

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PROFESSIONAL RULES AND RESPONSIBILITY:
WHOSE LAW?

The law is ubiquitous,
Surrounding us, like a sea,
permeating,
permanent
Sinking in, soaking,
viewed as companion we float,
As its victim, we drown

Coexisting we glide along,
The law, like the mighty waters
Reminding us that by its kindness we navigate,
not entirely by
Our skill

As His Law,
Don’t ask,
don’t tell,
don’t remember, forget

Some say, as Her Law
We question, reveal
Examine, negotiate the plan,
Mediate the madness

And as Portia’s Law,
Shylock loses his soul,
Perhaps a fate worse than death . . .

The Rules change between their laws
The Other never reaches the table, in the hull at sea
Stacked, filleted souls, robbed from other shores,
Learning the new law
The pushed out, scramble to understand their old laws,
Beg and barter to swim in their old seas and to eat the flesh within
The Responsibilities shift by guilt and Time
The riddles float: who is the victim? What was the crime?
And sometimes justice lacks meaning when drowned by lies
She is blind, not by blight, but pulled cord
And only the wise know what is professional or not.

Michele Goodwin*