

The Left Side.

14th June 2021

The triangle is not the best shape. It's too authoritative, pointed, demanding. Triangles only have 3 places to start from if you want to draw one. If you ate one it would get stuck in your teeth. A triangle is to a line what an index finger is to an arm: an instruction, a demand, without discourse, without friends. Triangles are for sheep and lesser army ranks. They can only ever be commanding, never educational. They don't encourage conversation, only friendless adherence to a route without soul.

Circles are far better, but in their strength lies their weakness. Circles are perfect, they have no start and no end, and they don't have sharp edges. But even in a circle you can be in, or out; included or excluded. As a child it was hard to be outside the circle. Circles are impossibly perfect, they are the moon, the sun the earth. Nature's way of rolling off the years, gravity formed and ageless. We can't be circles; we don't age into perfect shapes. We form saggy lumps of wisdom and memories. In the competition for the best shape, circles remind us we are not perfect, we can't be. They mock us, expose our frailty and evade our freehand attempts.

Squares are boring. That is a fact. Squares are always the same no matter what they drink. If a square had a name, it would be Steve. I don't know why, but it would. No debate. In the mirror it's still a square, it will always be a square. Squares have the authority of a triangle but lack the direction. There is no arrow, no assistance. They just sit there, nicking your knee as you walk past. They are like nothing in nature, they aren't even useful as a chocolate block, where rectangles are far better served. If the dinner table were a square an odd number of people would be seated in an uncomfortable alliance with two having to jostle for elbow room. Squares are like "Video killed the Radio Star", one hit wonders, promising little before having an isolated moment in the sun, then skulking back to obscurity.

Speaking of chocolate, the rectangle is more suited for eating. Rectangles are squares with personality, flexible seating arrangements for dinner patrons and useful to build houses with. Rectangles make an interesting shape to drive in, live in, sail in. You would not go driving in a square, you would not sail in a square. When a rectangle combines with a triangle you get a something infinitely more useful than the original parts. A triangle on a rectangle is a sailboat. A triangle on the front of a very long rectangle is a bullet train. Squares are nowhere in transport. Nowhere in life.

The "'gons", are just stupid. Pretentious and hard work. A heptagon is a slower way to draw a circle. A Latin way of saying septagon. The 'gons are inconclusive, ambiguous and used by people who have little to say but want to sound important. Most politicians are 'gons, curiously very similar to goons, and immediately comparable. No one remembers them, they mean little to the person holding the STOP sign and they require obscene amounts to maintain. 'Gons can all fuck off. Like politicians.

The best shape is a Rhombus. This is a fact. Facts are indisputable. A square is always a rhombus, but not all rhombuses are squares. Rhombus has a silent "H", a hidden character like a plot in a good play. Rhombuses have secrets and come alive in life's treasured places.

They appear normal, ordinary even, but then delight you when they appear as diamonds, and take on the shape of love. A rhombus is the kite you flew as a kid, with the streamers dancing to your laughter. The rhombus connects your lives, there when you were a child, there when you were a parent to a younger you. A rhombus leans to the side. Our rhombus leans left, sways left, tucks left. Left is right in the mirror, proving the doubters wrong, making left, right. Saying “this is so”, I am the right shape. I am correct.

Rhombus rolls off the tongue, shaping the mouth into a semi-smile in a way all the other wannabe hopefuls can't compete with. Parallelogram is just a mouthful of tongue and square ends with a dull open mouth that will dribble spittle when you're 92. And no-one even remembers the words for all the 'gons. They're all gone.

Rhombuses lean into the hard times, they're cut from firmer stuff, their chins jut forward defiantly, expecting a challenge. They're unafraid. Stern but fair. They give us all an equal chance. Simultaneously stable. If a rhombus were a beer, it would be an IPA. No lagers and pilsners allowed. An aging cliff becomes a rhombus, leaning out into the sea like a hundred metre diving board, brave and weathered. Timeless and welcoming, bringing salvation and relief to sailors and petrels and terns and gulls for thousands of years.

Yes, there is only one champion shape, and it is the rhombus. If I were a shape, I'd want to lean left. Like a rhombus.

Jean.