

What do we own of ourselves and others?

The High Top.

The high top it rose as a temple on a hill
Filled with acts as announcements proclaiming their thrill,
Each looking to audiences for a glance or a stare
But there span only one who could capture their glare.

The tattooed pagan lady, dancing to a foreign tongued beat
Forgetting her outline as bare sand marks under bare feet,
Whilst crowd's jubilation curls her hair in Mucha's styles,
Reminiscent, reproduced, and filmed a thousand smiling times.

Exhibiting a joie de vivre of experimental experience
That gives face to adverts for craft beers and mass produced cigarettes.
But what does she care? An expression filled beauty
So christened in cross hatch and aligned with serenity.

A living runestone so ready and written in rules of consumption,
So free to be free when forgetting the sale of her image, her freedom, her self given
subsumption.

But here we are in the high top, our red and white temple
An ideal around which we gather and assemble,
To sell ourselves and our pasts, and our true joy's integrity
And forget it all so quickly before losing our sanity...

So dance on our tattoo clad totem
The last being on earth to enjoy joy for its purposed intention.
Eyes closed, eyes spinning, without needing for wanting,
Kept clasped so tight, lost of wanting for anything.