Shroud

Catacombe

I had to leave the house of fashion
Go forth naked from its doors
'Cuz women should be allies
Not competitors
And I had to leave the house of God
'Cuz Cross replaced the wheel
And the goddesses were out in the garden
With the plants that nourish and heal
I had to leave the house of privilege
Spend Christmas homeless and feeling bad
To learn that privilege is a headache
That you don't know, that you don't have
And I had to leave the house of television
To start noticing the clouds
It's amazing the stuff you see
When you finally shed that shroud
I had to leave the house of conformity
In order to make art
I had to be more or less true
To learn to tell the two apart
And I had to leave the house of fear
Just about as soon as I could crawl
Ignore my face on the 'Wanted' posters
Stuck to the post office wall
I had to leave the house of self-importance
To doodle my first tattoo
Realize a tattoo is no more permanent
Than I am
And who ever said that life is suffering
I think they had their finger on the pulse of joy
Ain't the power of transcendence
The greatest one we can employ?

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