

# Shroud

## Starkweather

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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