

All that Fluffiness

You can see it in the way he walks
Puffed up and proud-faced
His suite without a wrinkle
His stride without a falter.
You can tell by how he holds his chin
And by his surly smile
You can see it in how he takes his time
To gaze at his flashy watch.
But then on his way out, you notice a change.
How he grips his suitcase as he walks
How his lips are thinner than before.
The delicate change now set in motion
Because if you strip away the pride,
Take his looks and his suite,
His well-oiled hair,
His smile.
If you strip him of the hope, the positive, and the good,
And you steal his respect for himself and his work.
I'm sure that you'll notice that without all of that.
All that fluffiness.
There is Jealousy and rashness—and rage.
There is desire that cannot be relieved.
Once you strip him of those walls,
He is bare, his raw, and he is sadly impure.
And his feet will drag,
His shoulders slump,
His chin will be glued to his chest,

His suite will smell of mold and uncare,
His smile will wither and tremble,
And from his hand, his watch will dangle.