

STUNNERS OF FASHION

‘Put your tongue out, please’ I ask,
 ‘For check your throat is my task;’
 But throat I notice not,
 As into view came a metal orb,
 Threaded thru her tongue !

‘Does it not hurt, how about eating?’
 ‘Do tongues deserve such beating?’
 Shrug her shoulders is all she did,
 As if to tell “surely it hurts more your eyes
 Than it doth my tongue, can’t you see?”

The treatments our eyebrows receive,
 From women who pencil, shave and tweeze;
 Why I wonder these women detest brows,
 And subject them to measures so rough?

I shift my focus on eyes and I find,
 New color corneas, technology-honed,
 Green and blue the desired colors, yes,
 But peering back at me were life-less eyes.

Next a young man I see sporting,
 Eyebrow, lip and nose rings;
 If it hurts so just to observe,
 How much worse is the wearer?
 And what’s his message?
 Could it be to all he proclaims,
 “I could bear any burden, any pain?”

Meaningless it is to me to wear a cap,
 But have the sun shade turned to the back.
 Primates perhaps they are, and miss tails,
 Making up the fault by fashioning a fake!

“Let me check your heart and lungs”,
 “Why don’t you remove your shirt” I urge.
 Alas! I wasn’t ready for the sight in store,
 ‘Cause, out came into view a stunner;
 Choke full of tattoos on arms and torso,
 A veritable jungle of black, red, green and blue,
 Eagles, devil, girls and flowers tattooed!

A girl's name I couldn't help notice,
 "Is this your wife or girl friend perhaps?"
 The young man, all smiles explained,
 "No, burnt in my heart, this is my ex-girl friend."
 Lucky I'm not his unfortunate wife, I muse...

Of all piercings humans endure,
 In terms of pain and terror evoked
 Are rings coursing through cartilage of ear.
 What pleasure can the wearer possibly get,
 When anxiety and pain they bring to the rest?

Down the belly I move to check,
 And into view come a ring or two,
 Strewn thru belly button,
 Adorned by one or more stones,
 Does it not hurt, get caught in clothes?
 What fashion message does this send,
 When from public eyes hidden they remain?

Those who sport nice art piece,
 Way down the back, below bikini space;
 Out come a red or green heart, pierced
 By Cupid's arrow no less.
 Why have it in such strategic nooks,
 When it's out of view even from its owner?!

The newest trend in youth fashion,
 With shirt un-tucked, jacket on,
 Sleeves half done or uneven,
 Fancy tie makes for official tone,
 Is this true fashion, or just rebellion?
 Or may be a nudity that law cannot condemn?

Lunatic treatment youth hair endures,
 Mohawk, flat-top, crew-cut, spiky and Afro,
 A dash of purple, blue or pink accent,
 Oft the hair is multicolor or streaky;
 I'm at a loss at the inventive strategies,
 Resorted by these young attention seekers.