

# THAT'S OKAY, MY TATTOOS DON'T LIKE YOU EITHER

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I wonder, why do you hate art so much?

Is it because you think  
my modifications were a waste of money?  
Are you offended because  
the God you follow created me,  
meant for me to remain pure?

Does your God see me as tainted?  
Unworthy?  
Do you see me as underserving of respect?  
Do you see yourself, unspoiled, above me?

I see my body as a blank slate.  
A canvas, waiting to be painted.

I can assure you,  
my art has nothing to do with my work ethic.

I promise that my tattoos  
have not robbed me of my compassion,  
nor am I looking to corrupt  
the leaders of tomorrow  
with my heathen ways.

This ink does not weigh down my soul.  
I have not become cruel.  
“Tattooed” is not synonymous with “indecent.”  
It’s not a phase I’ll regret later.

Your art is on the wall.  
Mine is on my skin.

I'll look just as good as you in fifty years or so.