Our faces are not our own.

That is forbidden

Not by judge, but by jury.

Masquerading with

Same minds but different bodies;

Feathers of peacocks,

Rainbows of acid-etched steel.

These beautiful lies

Are for our own delight, yes?

We are plain, dun things

Wanting glass beads and badges,

Dusty silver cups,

A reward for our mantle.

Torn apart without,

They fear under their silk shrouds.

Behind tail feathers

All birds have naked pink skin

Disgusting and true

Nobody wants to look first.