

Holy Nudity

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Oh, blessed, saint, holy, divine, cursed, demonic, sinful and vile be the freshness that wraps our bodies of our own bodies, the prefabricated guiltiness of ourselves, the element that reigns ecstasy, delirium and exaltation, the joyful comedy of the laughing, playful shames of our hidden differences now revealed, the truly rambunctious completing virtues that our depraved and sublime skin reproduces onto our select set of "others" and "anothers" that love us for what we really look like and what we pretended to be.

Oh, sacrosanct view and impure thoughts.

Oh, wicked movement and pure desire.

Oh, sanctified and corrupted scene.

Oh, perfect and irreverent figure unwrapped of the vane and optional.

Oh, disgraceful and fitting love suits.

Oh, holy, unsacred, evil, glorious, faithful nudity that takes the form of true transgression against the skies and the early, dogmatic twenty first century society.

Oh, nudity that prays benign for liberty and eventual, upright, unavoidable, necessary, individual upcoming of the human instincts.

Oh, nudity, whose true horror is being born in a shapeless and colorless existence.