

POEM OF THE WEEK

MY BRAND IS UNIQUE

My brand is personal, unique
And important to me, it's carefully cultured
Intent on acquiring and obtaining the best
A lot, I imagine, like yours is maintained

My brand is my identity; my identity is my brand

My brand is unique, personal
My intentions of marketing it are not
Everybody's saying, "Look at me"
And providing the filters to do so

My brand is my identity; my identity is my brand

I'm hustling to promote it, to shove it in your face
Not in a vulgar way (Saints preserve me), but assertively
With a certain panache, a calculated elan, an elegance
Sufficient to reflect positively on who I want you to see

My brand is my identity; my identity is my brand

The trick is deciding when enough's enough
It's time to hide, it's enough to fornicate your mind
Playing peek-a-boo with each other. It confuses me
By definition, when reaching a certain age, we are classified

As mature, responsible adults, able to act accordingly
Somewhere in our consciousness lurks a lonely child
Who intrudes on our actions without warning
My brand is my identity; my identity is my brand

It's a mystery, this cavernous consciousness of ours
It defies understanding. Why do we do things, or not
Seek things, or not; acquire things, or not? So many whys!
What can I say, "I've lost the plot? Did I ever have it?"

My brand is my identity; my identity is my brand
My identity is my masque. My mask that defines and hides
The who-am-I; in order to present the who-I-could-be
Or who-I-should-be. Want to talk about confusion? Start there.

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