

## Fourth Tattoo

Mindy Watson

You've embroidered your canvas in ink, for façade.  
Three tattoos form your picturesque front-door façade.

To evoke sense-esteem, you engraved your skin's sheath  
Each time pendular life veered too near your façade.

With an ankle's fierce visage, a forearm's sere leaf,  
And a shoulder's Norse Mjolnir, you forged your façade

To imbed long-dead friends and evince youth's ennui,  
Yet your painted bravado's mere stage-door façade.

While it's true that we both sanctioned tacit beliefs  
That purported your primacy, *you* wore façade,

Sporting accolades, plaques, and prestigious degrees.  
Now in middle-aged throes, you crave one more façade.

Though I've never begrudged you your furtive deceit,  
Just know someday I too might have need for façade.