

## **Plastic Generation**

*by Jamie Leedham*

Style and fashion, body supreme,  
Cleanse, tone and moisturise,  
Beauty is in rigorous regime,

What we most crave: a body, slipstream, Appearances we solemnise, Style and fashion,  
body supreme,

Miracle cure of low self-esteem,  
Give in to the Calvin Klein guise,  
Beauty is in rigorous regime,

But something is lost: vague daydream,  
Once our lives are commercialised,  
Style and fashion, body supreme,

Reality masked by exquisite reams,  
In this culture of butterflies,  
Beauty is in rigorous regime,

Identity can't always gleam,  
Perfection lies nothing but lies,  
Style and fashion, my body supreme,  
Beauty is the most rigorous regime,

## **Ambivalently Yours**

*By Jamie Leedham*

Tyrannical lover, dare I reveal,  
The wounds you left seep still, burning raw, Matted in time, they fester and congeal,  
Pandering to a well known score?  
Beloved enemy, dare I conceal  
That I stand before a ravaged shore,  
In dearth and storm there can there be no appeal To a grudge so painfully bore?  
Chained to a moment of imperfect bliss, Wondering what fresh hope may be born, From  
a single fleeting frosted kiss And scars revived by memories scorned, So with love and  
hate, I curse and praise, Those sleepless nights and fevered days.