# Mac Nazi

it is a thing

I m-m-m-must possess it

come to me thing

be mine

you will reflect well on me

I am a better entity

for the having of you

your colours will reflect me

your cost will elevate me

your undeniable thingness

will rub off on me

like perfume from a silken woman

and not only must I possess you

I must trumpet you

assail the yobs with the fineness of you

I must be carried high over their heads

announced with a flourish

those who cannot possess you

will grind their teeth and pretend nonchalance

but you and I know, my beloved

that inwardly they know pain

this is right, this is good

you are not an ordinary thing

you are a minority, an exclusion

you are a club of limited membership

and I, my thing, will have escaped the suffering ranks

we shall be one now

you are shiny, I am shiny

you and I

we share something

I am yours