



Gatsby
and his tea cup



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What does it take for a man to leave behind a life well known, yet in so many ways feel so far removed? In search of an existence that exceeds his grasp without second thought for the fear of failure, he rages on against peril and doom onward into the eye of a fortuitous storm. It is calm, it is collected; it is filled with visions of virtue benevolent in their end goal.

What is it that makes a man go against his given name to adopt a birth right he was never borne of? Inflicted with the blood of poverty yet insistent on carving his own path with a newly augmented image; he adopts the mark of the gentleman to find belonging in a class he wouldn't find acceptance had they known the truth.

From the comforts of generational wealth, fed with silver spoons, without an honest day's work to call hers; she is where he finds peace. One serendipitous night that narrowed his view down to a single point pointed in her direction. He has done all things to recapture a moment gone but not forgotten whilst knowing adeptly that all he has succumbed and succeeded in fulfilling had been for that sparkle in her eye.

And now belonging to another, he constantly asks of her whereabouts. Knowing that she is taken yet in no way discouraged in his efforts to reclaim what he believes to be rightfully his. To woo her with the lavish and impress her with grandeur might fit the bill, but first, how about an invite to tea?

