

A Crimson Mask

Mismatched confinement
recruited enticement
seizing and slathering grace,
insidious and grim.
Reminded of the treachery
a clique reduced in numbers
laughs at the foolishness.

We smile behind a mask
and let on a deceitful appearance
mutilated in mind and body.
Our hearts are not one
but of a mind
confused in our own self
repenting on decisions and desire.

Remind me not of who I have become.

Record the blissful child who has grown
and lost his naivete`
and lose his memories of the past
and find them well hidden in the future.

For we are who we are –
the mask we dance in
hides our smile,
but never our eyes.
Deceitful looks, overlooked.
We laugh and wonder
who are we to be us
and to be a mingler among them.

Cynthia Sok