

# Gone the Mask

metrical poetry by Nate Stein

Masks are often much, much more  
than three-ply cloth or kitsch decor.

And what they far too often hide  
is what we lock up deep inside:

horrors we deny for show,  
horrors we push down below.

Masks, they hide our inmost fears,  
our angst, our dread, our hell, our tears.

The strangers' faces, often turned,  
pass us swiftly, unconcerned.

But they shall never see behind  
our masks and glimpse the tortured minds.

The feigned grin, the mask of lies  
is fabric sewn with desperate guise.

This, however, isn't us,  
isn't who we could be, thus

let us step into the light,  
remove our masks, escape our plight.

At longest last, our faces they'll see,  
bare and from the darkness free.

In the open we will bask.  
Gone the nightmare. Gone the mask.



Goya's Sweet Tooth | Nic Ball | oil on canvas | 24 x 18 in.