
March of the Masked

The sky is so blue
And I am through with living.
The birds coo kindly
Like fragile feathered angels -
I wipe their gritty hope from my eyes.
Their tiny hearts know nothing of the
Thump thump
Lump in my throat at my gloating reflection.
To be an image. True. Still.

I brush my teeth with radium.
Pull my hair into personhood.
Prepare to say and do the things
That prove I am me,
The cloak of colour and movement I carry
That affords me a third dimension.
A complex female character.
Red writing Woolf.

These people don't know me yet.
I must set my best foot forward
On the path through the wood,
This hood is my identity, sewn with
Love and pride so
Why does it sometimes feel empty?
To be an image. True.