

Pack of Masks

As a Greek performer, I slip on a mask
for my friends, family,
parents, and authorities.
There's the introvert friend, the deist cousin,
perfect daughter and presentable young lady.

I switch them out daily
Mask to mask. Persona to persona.
An introvert in papier-mâché, deist in cheap plastic
Perfectly fitting porcelain, presentable mahogany wood.
Fitting into the situation rather than
letting the situation fit around me.

No one told me I had to do this,
That I had to hide my face behind a façade.
It came from observing the performers around me
Friends, family, parents, authorities.
It started as a chore, that turned instinctual.

Introvert, deist, perfect, presentable
one after another, after another.
With each new introduction
a new mask is molded from metal, clay, or resin.
Soon I forget who I really am.

The years,
the masks.
Performing has worn down the real me,
making my real face disappear,
replaced by a pack of masks.

