

Behind My Mask

I want you to know that
I want you to know
my hesitation, surrender
behind the door

your face looms around me
in the background of the painting
I always see but want you to know
I always see.

In a few moment I shall beat music
upon the door, solid oak so inviting,
once more melt my face with laughter
allow smile to pass over me, like
leavings of ash swept away by wind.

to be honest with you, I want you
to know
that I want you to know my honesty

the door frightens, reminds me of
my purpose,
my purpose was, is, my purpose will be

to protect my shell
(if you break through, I could be
hollow, my naked skin has been known
to repel sunlight)

discoveries in emptiness
could move you to close the door;

negative: you open the door
always open it,
longing to know what it is
I want you to know
I know.

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