

MASK

*In the dead of the night
When you desire the light,
To turn away the darkness,
With an enchanting chandelier lighted with your finesse*

*You look about and find,
That anyone with a working mind,
Can see the glories within which you are confined,
And assume it to be your success enshrined*

*Their dreams having been declined,
They know not the price determined,
For your laurels so glorified,
The sacrifices so contrived*

*It is a pity to see,
How people just wish to flee,
When the true miseries try to come to the front
And yet they think that you bore no brunt*

*The marks are jewels laid out,
Where once there was drought,
Covered by a mask,
Doing a transcendental task.*

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