

Collected Poems

Eshal Alavi

Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Masks

Masks

I pick up the mask
The one with the grin
I put it on and tighten it
Make sure not to let them in

I come home and replace it
This time one which has no smile or frown
This one with lips that tilt neither up nor down
This one is for me
For when I'm alone.

I always keep a few with me
Hidden in my pockets
The one with the tears - though I hate to wear it
The one with the fears - though I hate to share it
The one with the frown and the furrowed brows
The one with the hearts in the eyes and rhymes on the tongue
The one with the questions
The one with the answers
And more
And more

I have no room for anything else
When all my bags
And all my drawers
And all my life
Is filled with masks

- Eshal A