

Masks

Awakened starkly
In drafts of darkness,
Broadway lights fill a void.
Tonight is another play with
Different masks for every scene,
But somehow they seem the same,
Smile and frowns, laughter and tears,
Comedies and tragedies, dramas scripted
To grab the audience and appease the critics.
Learning lines and daily acting to perfect the roles,
I practice nuances for an extravagant effect.
The glaring lights strike my mask from
Many angles, cutting my shadow
Into many tortured shapes,
Contorted specters
On the stage.