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A Mask of Stitches

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A Mask of Stitches

Curse the mask that makes me ideal.
Keeping me imprisoned in my own mind,
As it frames my eyes and reveals

Scars that will never heal.
A shackle tightens around my heart as it binds.
Curse the mask that makes me fear

My own abnormalities that give me nerves of steel.
My shield of armor unwinds
As it frames my eyes and conceals

Stitches that were sewn to appeal
To those who define the designs.
Curse the mask that makes me real

Because I'm sick of this whole ordeal.
When encasing me in its thorny vines
It frames my eyes as it yields

Hatred and sadness in which it wields.
Never to the mask will I resign.
So curse the mask that fills me with zeal.
As it frames my eyes with lies.

- M.J. Dillon