

Denial / Mask of Glass

It's an easy thing to do,
To go on pretending.
My life is all about pretending.
Pretending I'm happy,
Pretending I'm in control.
How can pretending you love me
Be any different?
It's a cruel thing,
And I do it to myself.
I put on my mask of glass
To protect me from too much truth.
And then the day comes inevitably
When truth comes too close,
Trying too hard to make me see
What I've contentedly been ignoring.
As if hit with a right cross,
My mask shatters on my face,
Scarring my cheeks
And blinding me with reality.
What can I do?—It's too much!—
Except to grope around the floor at my feet,
Cutting hands besides, searching
For the slivers of my mask,
Trying to glue them back together
Through my tears of blood.
Things will never be the same
Even though I go on denying.
Reality, it hurts too much.
At least behind my mask
No one can see me cry.