

The Masquerade



-created by rissy stories

Another free verse, sensual, emblem poem.

Disclaimer: *The description of the mask within this poem does not correlate with the picture above.*

(It was the closest match that I could find).

Do you		Know her?
Do you know		Her costume?
Have you seen her?		She's masked in
Black and magenta		With a suspicious
Agenda. She has the		Air of a pretentious,
Pink, butterfly, fluttering	Freely	Around the dance hall,
With blue eyes blinking	Very	Innocent and wide. This
Guise perfectly hides	Her	Lies. Black lace shrouds
This fuchsia face. A blob	Of	Charcoal beads glued to
The side, surrounded	By	Butterfly wings to belie.
Connected dark drops	travel	down the mask, As
Though they are really	begging	for the feat of release.
But they tether in tangles	of tresses.	Long, honey hair
Strangles those strands,	assuring	they cease to escape
Again. This is how	the mask covers	her anger within.
Would you believe	she could ever	deceive? No, five
Years of friendship	made a	fool of me.
Mistakenly crossing her	brought out	
The worst.	She pulled off her pretty	
Mask, tore my	dignity to shreds,	and never
Looked back. To trust her	was a mistake,	a lie
She did make, and her	best friend	did she forsake.
The mask is a complexion	of deception.	Under that
Brightly colored cloth	and lace	reveals a disgraceful
Face. Transformation from	butterfly	to black widow, she
Poisons her victim painfully	slow,	keeps the crime unknown,
And leaves her mark	All	alone. I really loathe the
Hidden murderer within	Her.	This mean masquerade
Has gone on for way too	Long.	Her true self is hidden
Very strong ... and I	Now	Know that you have
Not seen the	Girl	Who I am after.
I guess that	Means	I'm the only
One who		Can actually
Unmask		Her