

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 tress. 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