

The Half Mask

There is a boy;
But his name is irrelevant.
His life was so dark;
It was so malevolent.

He was bullied;
Every single day of his life.
But thank God;
He kept a steady strife.

Every single day;
He tried to be someone new.
And those awful decisions he made;
He realized he would forever rue.

He was taught;
To be someone good.
But as days went by;
He covered his soul in soot.

He covered half of his face;
Hiding half of his true self.
Not wanting to seize the day;
And just wanting his lifeless body... on an underground shelf.

Half of himself was covered in shadows;
He took the mask of in front of the people he cared for;
But seared it on his face once he saw the people he wished he could loss.

For so many years he wanted;
He wanted the mask to cover his entirety.
But he couldn't, he wouldn't let his true self go;
And his passion for love grew so firey.

He awoke one day, and said to himself;
Today is the day.
TODAY IS THE DAY;
I will beam as if I were a celestial ray.

No More sorrow;
No more hear break.
If you don't like me, goodbye;
I am done with the fakes.

He ripped off the mask;
The mask he crafted from his depressive tears.
He ripped of the mask and screamed;
NO MORE FEAR.

He wants to be loved;
He wants to be noticed.
He is sick of being shoved;
And from now on he will try is hardest.

To seize the day, and all days to come;
He likes the feeling of finally being free.
I guess it's time I told you;
That boy with the half masks and tears?
Is me.