

## Masks Off

I'll show you yours,  
if you'll show me mine.  
Please leave the masks off,  
so we can really see.  
Layers of baggage,  
stripped by the hurricane,  
of lust, love, want, and fear.  
Hearts beat together,  
eyes melt with trust,  
lips meet softly,  
trembling hands feed.  
Colors of pink and steel gray,  
merge into one,  
red hot with fire.  
Windows are open,  
straight to our souls,  
masks are off,  
what do we see.  
Eyes are staring,  
control returns.  
Do we look away?

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