



## **POETRY COMPETITION 2021**

### **“MASKS”**

**Congratulations to Maya CALVET-BETTE who was a finalist in the competition this year!!**

#### **FIVE FOUR**

*Who are you?*

The words come, filtered through blue material we're now accustomed to - other hues too, however. You pick, you choose.

Your eyes *will* fog, your teeth *will* clench. More than they already do. *Mine did*. My knees were stuck, eyes were glued to you.

Red says fire. Uncontained. But, lift the fabric (your finger's all it takes) to reveal my meek blue. Seep through: Cocoon at noon, but, breaks out as soon as midnight strikes. A true-blue way to speak with you. You let me speak with myself, too.

And it straps tighter, and it straps tighter. As in a dream, to bite a sweet cornflake is to bite cardboard and there's not much explaining to do. I unbuttoned my collar, called her. You made my gums ache, you.

And now under these masks I discreetly mouth the sax melodies from Desmond's "Feeling Blue" - listen. My motionless lake has been rippled. Listen. I can *feel* you. And still I ask, and still I ask,

*You are who?*