

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Mask

by Gill Hilton

Yours is the most beautiful mask I have ever known.

All those years ago I saw it  
across the smokescreen of a party.

In the blink of my eye I liked it.

Over time, in darkness, you let me try it on.  
Of course, it didn't fit,  
but I felt its curve and spring.

With more time I learnt that  
Because of our masks  
we could both hide and seek.

You never ask me about my mask  
That's why I love you so much.

Still, sometimes you lift my mask  
and I don't think you even know it.  
You've loved me so wisely and so well  
that the thing beneath is part of you now.

And now, each slip of the mask is just a moment to take breath.  
At night we lie together  
and take off our masks in our dreams.  
Sometimes we tell each other in the morning.

I don't think your mask has changed  
But there's often something more for me to see, or under my fingers,  
or filling my mouth, my ears, my lungs, my heart.  
After all these years.

