

# **My Inner Façade**

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The raptor mask is my second scaled skin.  
I'd hate to ever shed my lilac glow.  
Why must good things always come to an end?

An elbow bumps the mask, cutting my chin.  
In the throat of the beast I see the blood.  
The raptor mask is my second scaled skin.

I taste my own breath: a spit and plaque blend.  
My tongue runs over yesterday's geal cud.  
Why must good things always come to an end?

My voice bellows out the thin lined resin.  
Joined with others like me we shout out loud:  
"The raptor mask is my second scaled skin!"

The beauty of the mask lies not within.  
That is where the faux identities lounge.  
The raptor mask is my second scaled skin.  
Why should good things ever come to an end?