



ALWAYS PLOTTING SOMETHING

Masquerade

You and I—
the madman and concealed lady—
dancing seaside over cobblestones,
pigeons flying us to the bell tower,
the top of San Marco,
the highest point in this masquerade.

Through euphoric views,
Adriatic waves surround
pieces of unfit land
bound by bridges
frowning over canal streets—
a labyrinth of broken terrain
becoming one.

And we dance—
you in
a pointed pirate's hat,
long cape,
dark suit,
black mask—
a dangerous disguise.

I in
Maltese lace,
decorative curls,
porcelain white face
to contrast—
yet fit with you.

And we dance—
in darkness and in light,
over water and on land
under cover of this masque,
shadowing us
from revealing reality.

And we play our game—
creating concealed beauty
in secret imagination.

And we never have to go home again.

~ MMB, 2000

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