

Beneath the Surface

Django Jacobsen-Fein

I open my closet
I see dozens of masks,
I put them on one by one

For you I am loud
For you I am shy

For you I play games
For you I read books

Nerd
Tough guy

Immature
Intellectual

I see someone new
Quick!
Change masks

Am I pretending?
Pretending to be someone I'm not

Am I the same?
I show you the parts of me I know you will like

People want to know
“What is the *real* you?”

I am a Performer

I put on different masks, wear them as my skin, convince you that I am the mask, and *I love it*.

I'm not insincere
Each mask is a part of me that I bring to the front and wear proudly.

But what's beneath the surface?

I take off my mask
There's a mask underneath.

Nathan Wilk
Beneath the Surface Poem
2/4/16

My mindset might be clouded,
My intentions may be doubted,
For even if I were to shout it,
To them and you and you and me,
Share my thoughts for the world to see,
Could they really understand?

It may seem like I am apathetic,
And giving that impression, I wholly regret it,
It's really that I care too much, not too little.

It's been some time since I've been myself
I've yet had the chance to catch my breath,
Cause the endless cycle, of going and going,
And going and going,
And going and going,
It really takes it out of a person, ya know?

Maybe you'll see me, in a year or two,
Armed with a personality seemingly new,
But in fact, it's actually a vintage model,
It's just that before,
I couldn't pay for the oil.