

**On the kitchen floor**

you displayed your masks  
as if they were worth something.

You didn't seem to know  
they were hacked out  
a rate of ten or so a day,  
nothing ancient or infused about them.

Should I have been as silent as I was?

What if I had told you  
that once I occupied a house  
in which the masks were real?

What if I confessed that I knew the difference?

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