**The Mask by Sarah Heavren, ‘21**

The mask cannot hide my fears

Nor make emotions disappear.

Its function is critical.

Its protection is physical.

Its weight can feel like concrete.

It muffles my voice when I speak.

It means so very much more

Than a mandate to go outdoors.

The problem is not the mask.

Wearing it is a simple task.

It is for the greater good,

But it evokes a somber mood.

Days of loss and days of change

Make the familiar too strange.

The mask makes mouths disappear,

But the mask cannot hide my tears.