

THOSE

TONI SCORSESE

Lucky for those that don the mask of joy...fleeting bliss, like gentle, golden fingers that caress the gray.

Hellish for those that don the mask of grief...dreadful angst, like broken, blackened fingers that destroy the gray.

Simple for those that don the mask of life...normal souls, like padded, awkward fingers that approach the gray.

Helpful for those when gray paints the pain; what storm today dictates the mask I don?