

Mask

Mardi Gras
Bourbon Street
jangle of jazz
dancing feet
floats and flambeaux
beads and sweets
crazy costumes
throng the streets

I wear my mask
of black and white,
I am hidden
out of sight.
I could be black
I could be white.
Prejudice here
is a fact of life.
All colours lie
behind a mask.
Equality
is all we ask.

Margaret Hardy February 2021

