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WOMEN'S HIDDEN MASK

Why must we, as women, paint our faces?
Painting beauty as the Egyptians once did
Painting our lashes
Painting our lids

Painting our lips
Painting our cheeks
Painting our faces
So as not to look bleak

We will still be loved
For better or for worse
Makeup is a mask
And a woman's curse

Too much is gaudy
Too little is gross
Nothing makes us nothing
Though we like nothing the most

Makeup is a part of our lives
Covering up what we hide inside
Makeup is made to make us "us"
But mask our true selves is what it does.