



Carnival

By Rebecca Lindenberg

The mask that burns like a violin, the mask that sings only dead languages, that loves the destruction of being put on. The mask that sighs like a woman even though a woman wears it. The mask beaded with freshwater pearls, with seeds. The plumed mask, the mask with a sutured mouth, a moonface, with a healed gash that means *harvest*. A glower that hides *wanting*. A grotesque pucker. Here's a beaked mask, a braided mask, here's a mask without eyes, a mask that looks like a mask but isn't—please don't try to unribbon it. The mask that snows coins, the mask full of wasps. Lace mask to net escaping thoughts. Pass me the rouged mask, the one made of sheet music. Or the jackal mask, the hide-bound mask that renders lovers identical with night.

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Poet Bio



Rebecca Lindenberg earned a BA from the College of William & Mary and a PhD in literature and creative writing from the University of Utah. Her essays and criticism have appeared widely, and she has been a guest blogger for the *Best American Poetry Blog*.

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We gathered in a field southwest of town,
several hundred hauling coolers...

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