

## No Days

by Timothy J. Muise

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There are no days of wine and roses for us,  
only concrete and steel mixed with blood.  
No fields of azure green rolling ahead,  
only broken asphalt tread with worn sole.

Autumn brings no vivid colors to our sight,  
only gray and grayer visions of despair.  
No leaves fall for the raking and burn,  
only tears falling down the cheek of our life.

Apples will not be harvested in our orchards,  
only seeds of sour discontent and depression.  
No fairs or markets will sell goods here,  
only spirals of hatred and foreboding.

No days of wine and roses for us,  
only hours of pain and regret.  
No blue skies of fall so bright,  
only clouds ever so dark and low.

## The Garment

by Timothy J. Muise

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Flash of pink, subtle and smooth,  
quickly I take in her shape.  
This garment I remember from another time,  
my memory can feel its soft contour.  
My pulse proves I am still alive,  
her hip is more than I can take.  
Another flash and my heart is still,  
my death is abrupt and satisfying.