

T H E H. S. U.

(MCI Shirley)

by Timothy J. Muise

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Darkness fills the room,
ten pounds into a five pound sack.
Once you enter this madness,
there's a slim chance of coming back.

Dementia, disability, ills outside the norm,
you cannot escape them right in your face.
A living nightmare with paid demons,
Your trapped in the midst of a great disgrace.

Old men lay in filth,
hours at a time.
Youngs guards ignore their cries,
such jadedness is the real crime.

Don't let me end up in this hell,
kill me before such a fate.
Hear my cries sooner than later,
place the pillow over my face.

Baby Blues

by Timothy J. Muise

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Her baby blues pierce me,
like daggers through thick lashes.
They cut so surely,
my heart reduced to ashes.

I love her but cannot say,
my burden ready to burst.
I cross her vast desert,
only her love can quench my thirst.

Baby blues are a mirage,
they vanish upon arrival.
I'd journey once again,
as her dream has no rival.