

## Femme Fatale'

A twist of fate, the turn of a key, the devil reveals her fangs,  
Never dreamed, not in a million years, stabbing/tearing pangs.  
That look of disdain, she could murder, but I am in the cage,  
My fears realized, there is no escape, her badge of roaring rage.

Never fight back, they missed who I am, I will not play the game,  
Fear is not in me, she needs to know, her brutal ways won't be the same.  
Her field of dream, our house of despair, never will I let it stand.  
The devil wears Prada, flowered beach shoes, and wants the upper hand.

Her badge becomes tarnished, dented by truth, the pay is not as sweet,  
I sling all her mud, crumple her tin, our destruction is nearly complete.  
The deputy of hate, fangs dull as her wit, has seen the last of her rule,  
Men now redeemed, full of life steam, her demise at the hand of their tool.

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## Soft

Soft became lost,  
behind razor fences,  
Tough as nails today.

Smooth seems unknown,  
was it ever revealed?  
Rough is the only way.

Soft must have been,  
in a day gone by,  
I remember something of it.

Smooth brought me joy,  
it lifted me up,  
her neck I cannot forget.

Soft wait for me,  
my day will come,  
to hold you secure.

Smooth please be there,  
I'll run toward you,  
real freedom so pure.

All Poems by  
Timothy J. Muise

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## Longing (short version)

I need her,  
but she knows not.

I want her,  
but she can't be caught.

I love her,  
that cannot be taught.