

IT MATTERS LITTLE
by Timothy J. Muise

It Matters little what happens to the man in the cage,
hidden from our view why should I show outrage?
Their crimes caught up with them so let it be as it is,
they should have done what I have done to avoid what is his.
My children don't care what goes on behind solid bar,
my wife gets her haircut and toes done worries afar.
Their treatment does not effect me and life moves ahead,
I cannot be bothered that some of our streets are painted red.
The blood of our youth who kill without a care,
is far from my eyes and not easily do I scare.
The man in the cage can influence those young souls,
as I drink my beer the danger only grows.
On my street shots fired I would never have guessed,
now for answers I search my emotions hard pressed.
What if I had cared could I have slowed the creeping death?
could I have seen how they were impacted before drawing last breath?
It matters little what happens to the man in the cage,
oh what a fool for one who thought he was sage.
Their plight effects us all my kids need to know,
before the blood gets too deep my life I will show.
That kindness and compassion are the rule of our kind,
and when we show it we build castles for mankind.
Never again will I discount the value of one soul,
no matter where they live or their former lifes role.
It matters a great deal what happens to the man in the cage.
our social fabric becomes steel when their hearts we engage.

BREAD & WATER
"The Voice of the Prisoner!"

