

Silent Screams
by Timothy J. Muise

Breaking the hearts of the world at large
through despair and regret: no hope in sight.

Blood stains the souls of the lost and the weak
hospital beds as their prison: solitary madness

Shreds of themselves with no one to care like
bottles tossed from windows: no deposit - no return

Left with feces in their garment burning inside
and out
Hunger, thirst, yearning all unaddressed.

Cashing her check the jailer forgets her deeds
maybe some whiskey or venom could be purchased.

How do you shut off that inner mother: that soul?
How do you sleep with the whiskey?

To die in a prison with scream echoing unheard
bleeding to death from your heart

Their pain is mine: it is yours. Is it not the
jailers? Are they immune?

Hear their screams. Feel their pain. Rescue their soul.
Cage the enemy: the jailer. Take her whiskey, her venom.