

# THE GUN, THE NEEDLE, OR THE PEN?

by Timothy J. Muise

The gun, the needle, or the pen,  
which would you have the prisoner choose?  
Anger, depression or hope,  
in one we cannot lose.

Your prison today is about anger and fear,  
from this the gun is spawned.  
The climate is devoid of life's real need,  
with no hope that needle draws near.

To educate, to nurture, to make a soul more wise,  
these are things we can readily do.  
The results sprout like blades of grass,  
we can turn blood into morning dew.

But the guard bellows, NO!, and stomps his boot,  
all while the children of the street die.  
The gun, the needle, not the pen,  
is the angry oppressors cry!

## DREAM

A sigh crossing lightly lipsticked lips,  
the pink of a fall kissed cheek.  
Soft chest rising from a sleeping breath,  
a shoulder so smooth and round.

A taste that has lasted years,  
a scent that will never leave.  
The shape that draws me in,  
The touch that makes me stay.

The dream is painfull; like a puncture,  
as I knew it once to be true.  
The dream is artful; like a scene,  
as I viewed it in my world.