

TO DIE FOR

by Timothy J. Muise

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Mistakes so grave your freedom is forfeit,  
your mind races and your heart fills with regret.  
Darkness so black you spin in your head,  
desperation yells at you, "Your better off dead!"

Days seem so long that the clocks ticks in glue,  
deep breath comes so hard your cheeks turn dark blue.  
Bars and walls and razor wire fences,  
shake me awake back to my senses.

Redemption is a right that we cannot refuse,  
problems of the past we must work to defuse.  
Is your past something that is to die for?  
or is your future the hope to allow you to endure?

Bound in chains and breaking the mold,  
my spirit too strong for captors to hold.  
My past will never be something to die for,  
and my future shines bright toward the open door.

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GOOD HARBOR

by Timothy J. Muise

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We swam and body surfed,  
to our hearts content.  
Sun and waves rolling,  
summers came and went.

Those were the days,  
were kids became men.  
My heart still holds,  
those vivid days of when.

Bury me in the sand,  
of Good Harbor Beach.  
Allow me to watch,  
the lessons she will teach.