

DREAMS

White Powder dreams,
first seem real.
The world for taking,
what a way to feel.

The need grows stronger,
dreams start to cloud.
Increase the dosage,
never too proud.

Can't find the slumber,
only the pain.
This proves truly,
love in "vein".

Dreams turn dark,
nightmares unfold.
Soaked in sweat,
wish I was told.

Devil grabs my heart,
squeezes so tight.
His grip makes me feel,
it will never be right.

The only cure rests in the light,
shone by the One who shines so bright.
The grip is broken and I am free
to dream and to love abundantly.

SUICIDE

They beat him to death
in the belly of the jail.
They called it suicide
by one so frail.

They laughed and mocked
choking off his breath.
Their badge and gun
harbingers of death.

Poems by
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