

SCARRED

Scars are worn like jewels,
as they were so hard won.
Thick and leathered skin,
regrets we have are none.

Captives burned and bruised,
to the fight our hearts are fused.
Soldiers behind the bastille walls,
toward true freedom our duty calls.

No jailer, guard or demon,
can deter us from the quest.
Strong men we push them back,
vital souls we do our best.

Past kept as a reminder,
of darkness never again.
Future shines its promise,
new lives we now begin.

by Timothy J. Muise

SCREAM

Fear of our voice vibrates from the turnkey,
thick and putrid it polutes the gulag halls.
Blood on thier hands from the weak and ill,
their curdled walls of Jericho like Niagra falls.

Hearts as black as the unknown and endless abyss,
plotting methods of torture and abuse in secret.
Our scream confronts their madness bold and tall,
cutting to shreds their modern racks of regret.

That scream knocks them down like alley pins of clay,
retreat of cowardice fast as the tide to the shore.
No razor wire or concrete can contain our freedom howl,
our raven looms over their corpse, rotting evermore.

by Timothy J. Muise

GASP / HSU

They pull back his sheet,
my gasp knocks me to the floor.

by Timothy J. Muise
