

HANDFUL OF HOPE

* * * * *

Just a handful of hope,
is all that I have.
Just a thimble of faith,
housed in this cage.

Many have doubts,
they see things so dark.
My vision is clear,
a horizon so calm.

A spark in the night,
ignites a soul ablaze.
A tinder for others,
if chance may be.

My handful of hope,
it is my ton of gold.
My thimble of faith,
I leave the night behind.

Timothy J. Muise

SHE SMILED

* * * * *

She smiled at me,
seems like decades ago.
Softness touched my arm,
oh what I did not know.

She smiled at me,
a feeling did stir.
Her scent like a violet,
my head all a blur.

She smiled at me,
it was decades ago.
Softness now distant,
but this I still know;

Her smile a gift,
outlasting time,
Her softness a blessing,
never leaves my mind.

Timothy J. Muise