

# I D A N C E

by Timothy J. Muise

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I dance each day,  
to keep from crying.  
I dance with pen and pad,

I dance in the morning light,  
to start off energized,  
my typewriter is my partner,

I dance at night when tired,  
to remind me of the day to come,  
I dance with pencil and notepad,

I dance to tunes on that harp unstrung,  
sung about in American roots music,  
I dance with words and thoughts,

I dance year after year,  
in dark prison abuse,  
I dance for my freedom.

# S H E W A L K S

by Timothy J. Muise

\* \* \* \* \*

She walks away,  
I crumble under the weight of her steps.