

SOCIAL DEATH  
by Timothy J. Muise

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Everyday I struggle to avoid the social death that is prison,  
that death by so many minute cuts with too many razors to avoid.  
Driven close to the edge by lunacy and irony it is a war of attrition,  
ever closer to breakthroughs and breakouts the tools never seem ample.  
By design they push you toward hatred which only darkens the night,  
inner core explodes with resistance that seems to come from a greater source.  
To die little by little is surely worse than all of a sudden; isn't it?  
but to live in the face of their sword brings honor and purpose; ever rare.  
No social death for me as visited by the syndrome of Stockholm fame,  
I live in defiance of the norms and accepted obeyances which are expected.  
We dine on the carcass of their social failures which breed their death toll,  
rising above the madness and degradation to expose the marrow of their bone.  
No silence from the mouth and no listening to orders with ears bleeding,  
our howl moans through their blanket of suppression and reaches our God.

MY TREE  
by Timothy J. Muise

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Outside the razor wire grows my tree,  
evergreen and reaching for the stars.