

## STONE

by Timothy J. Muise

Ice pick chisels small chunks away as it beats,  
no longer is it the heart that filled with such joy.  
Hardened and heavy it mourns all that I have lost,  
so deep into the woods I have truly lost my way.  
Lungs pump in and out as the beat seems to slow,  
is this a life for the living? Am I serving some good?  
All around the world wants to chip bigger pieces,  
crossing my arms seems like my only defense but I am vulnerable.  
You know not fear or pain or desire until you live in the desert,  
you know no thirst or hunger or need for true soothing so alone.  
I once sailed and fished and loved and cried on my island,  
the woods, the sea, the lake, the shore, the boat have all disappeared.  
In the lake my heart would sink like an anvil or anchor,  
In the woods it would be lost no bread crumbs to follow.  
Dulling the ice pick is my only choice as I navigate the dunes,  
I wear down their chisels and curl over their prodding needles.  
I can swim, I can sail I can fish I can live I can I can I can,  
No stone is impervious to God.

## SOAR

by Timothy J. Muise

Transfixed on the bird as it flies over the fence,  
Transformed with my own wings as I leave for that moment.