

RESTRAINT

by Timothy J. Muise

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Restraint is a big word in my world,
you must show restraint or,
you will be placed in restraints.

Restraint is a harsh word in my world,
you must act with restraint or,
you will be subjected to over-agressive restraint.

Restraint is a tragic word in my world,
you must know unlawful restraint or,
you will be fixed in a wooden paupers box with restraints.

Restraint is a word of hope in my own world,
as I am energized by my restraint and,
use my words, my pen, to issue my own order of restraint.

THE BOX

by Timothy J. Muise

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My world is a box,
concrete and steel.
There I develop my words,
express how I feel.

That box is so small,
just a bit larger than I.
It saved my very life,
as I would surely have died.

I don't live in this box,
it is not my true home.
For now I must reside,
so powerfully alone.

The box left behind,
that is what I dream.
Its shape in my past,
my words all they seem.

LIGHTLY

by Timothy J. Muise

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She touched me lightly,
I melted like summer ice.