

## THE FIST

by Timothy J. Muise

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Clinched fist raised high in the air,  
not some militant salute meant to convert,  
but a soul rendered defiance of true evil.

Balled fist smashed into the face of abuse,  
not unruly anger unchanneled and let loose,  
but a controled blow to the devil where he lives.

Bloody fist hanging at arms length so heavy,  
not a wound from a brawl with whiskey breath and ire,  
but a badge of honor shining in opposition to slow murder.

Clinched fist held high with honor and pride,  
not some token tribute to minor ill or wrongdoing,  
but an all out assault upon the sensibility of the world.

## STEPS

BY Timothy J. Muise

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Steps so light,  
angels trod softly.  
Hair so soft,  
I fall apart.

Skin so soft,  
seems other wordly.  
Smile so sweet,  
my ego crumbles.

Eyes so bright,  
seeing my fears.  
Heart so large,  
this brute yields.

## STEEL

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\* \* \* \* \*

On a slab of steel I rest my head,  
in a field of azure I spend my dreams.