

The Voice

by Timothy J. Muise

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The voice is being heard,  
by more than they think,  
they are coming out of the woodwork,  
and we are telling the dark tales.  
The voice is resounding loud,  
and falling on listening ears,  
hearts are being touched,  
thoughts are being reshaped.  
The voice is not going to be stifled,  
no matter what the jailer thinks or does,  
we are headed for the airways,  
and the movement will surely build.  
The voice of the prisoner has value,  
your bars cannot contain it any longer,  
the abuse will not quell it,  
and you have no way to apply your baffle.

Aura

by Timothy J. Muise

\* \* \* \* \*

A glow surrounds her,  
it moves me in many ways.  
Her essence compels me,  
and I am fully transformed.  
Light and sure,  
her gait speeds my blood.  
Soft and controled,  
my compass spins reckless.  
Her aura is like a drug,  
sick when it is removed.  
My dreams bring me a princess,  
ruling my kingdom of pain.

Watch

by Timothy J. Muise

\* \* \* \* \*

Watch and wait,  
key to the gate.