

17 YEARS

by Timothy J. Muise

17 years in a cage,
oh the tears.
17 years of rage,
double the fears.
17 years on the same page,
monotony in the extreme.
17 years the sage,
begin to see the light.
17 years of outrage,
focus on the needs.
17 years on their stage,
no longer willing to dance.
17 years toward old age,
my heart is young again.

CREST OF A WAVE

by Timothy J. Muise

As a child I surfed the crest of a wave,
no board or boat all on my own.
Toward shore I rushed with foam and speed,
the dunes in sight as I cleared my eyes.
I swam back out to do it all again,
and the salt tasted as if sugar on my lips.
Another swell and I am on my way again,
the rush and energy more powerful than drugs.
As a man I dream of that blessed crest,
all blue bordered with refreshing white.
Toward home I dream of again jumping in,
and rushing back to where it all began.