

COME AND GO

by Timothy J. Muise

* * * * *

The days come and go,
barely a change in the mood.
Thoughts come and go,
hard held for any length.

Hatred with a badge,
seems to come and never go.
Disdain with a fervor,
the potion of the day.

Elixer so very bitter,
this hatred in a cage.
No nector of smoothness,
can wash away the taste.

The thirst comes and goes,
varying levels of drought.
The hunger ebbs and flows,
the end seems so far.

The days come and go,
but the mood is brigther.
Thoughts focus freedom,
dearly held for all lengths.