

## FEELING

BY Timothy J. Muise

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I cannot remember the feeling of  
grass between my toes,  
or the sand of Good Harbor Beach.

I cannot remember the feeling of  
cool water at Babson Reservoir,  
or rough surf at Cape Hedge.

I cannot remember the feeling of  
warm sun at Raff's Chasm,  
or August Dogtown Square.

I cannot remember the feeling of  
hard granite at the Dog Bar,  
or cool dirt at Goose Cove.

I somehow remember they are all  
a part of me, a part of my soul,  
but I cannot remember their face,  
their feeling. I am incomplete.

## Points East

BY Timothy J. Muise

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East to the tuna fish and whales,  
east to the dolphins and bluefish.  
The East of my youth was a true blue,  
a fantasy world so real it had teeth.

East for our living from Nature herself,  
east away from the madness of the real world.  
The East in my heart is where my brother lives,  
it is where my father still smiles and laughs.

I long for the East that I knew,  
so easy and calm and free.  
I yearn for the East where I grew,  
and I will live there again.