

## AZURE BLUE

by Timothy J. Muise

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Fields of Azure Blue...  
If only in a dream.  
Foam crested waves crash on the rocks,  
I wake crumpled on an iron slab.

Meadow of green grass...  
Fading in mind's eye.  
Trickling brook deep in Dogtown,  
my tap water is hued slightly brown.

Hillside of small pine...  
I try to focus my thought.  
Cool quarry in Rockport,  
the shower here smells of urine.

Prison of aged concrete...  
My nightmare so real.  
Crowded chowhall of flavorless food,  
I will swim in the surf of Good Harbor.

## FRESH NAILS

by Timothy J. Muise

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Her nails were painted fresh,  
and her hair cut short and tight.  
She walked in the room with grace,  
I felt as if the day started over.

We sat in hard chairs of iron,  
but our hearts were soft and open.  
Her calm brought me peace and focus,  
her scent raised the hair on my arms.

She came to visit me in this hell,  
tired and weary from the battle.  
May my energy revise her spirit,  
let me do something just for her.

Her nails were painted fresh,  
on both her hands and feet.  
She can never know what that does for me,  
I am forever in her debt; soon repayed.

For Susan  
May 2015