

Deja Vu Revisted

by Timothy J. Muise

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Have I been here before?
The bars are familiar.
Did I walk this plank?
The plunge feels as cold.

Is this the same hard bed?
My back has a recognized ache.
Are these the same demons?
They wear the same badge.

Is this that dreadful nightmare?
It sure seems so.
Are they the asylum staffers?
Undoubtedly.

Will I make it out?
Bet the ranch.
Is this deja vu revisted?
Not for much longer.

Cries

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Cries silenced by hope.
Tears dried by desire.
Fear replaced with courage.
Ugliness by true beauty.

Crying fades its roar.
Sadness wilts away.
Anxiety voided by love.
Distortion washed pristine.

Cries of joy internalized.
Weeping with gladness so real.
Terror at the backslide's dim chance.
Ravishing artwork of life's design.