

RARE

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by Timothy J. Muise

Silence so rare,
like unicorn or yeti.
Animals suffer loudly,
in their cages.
Strife, regret, fear,
all have a resonance.
As does pain and loathing,
like ringing bells.
Rare any quiet,
any peaceful rest.
Rare my calm and quiet,
gems burried deep.
Unearthed theyglisten,
like a feshly broken stalk.

SLOW

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by Timothy J. Muise

Time through a filter,
slow in its darkness.
Life in a vacuum,
can putrify fast.
Keys clang on a ring,
like nails on the chlakboard.
Orders barked from fear,
burn eardrums away.
The slow hands on the face,
like stuck in the mud.
The stains on the walls,
decades of life blood.