

## I WATCHED

\* \* \* \* \*

I watched as she walked out the door,  
and knew I could'nt take anymore.  
I cried as she told me it was done,  
and bled from the battle she won.

My road has ended abruptly,  
crash and burn in a fury.  
My head spins as if a top,  
nothing now but pain and worry.

No rules for me as I make it through,  
I write as I live my shattered life.  
Any verse I choose or syntax absurd,  
I own the power over the mighty word.

You may write for pleasure or gain,  
but my quill is sharpened in pain.  
Tell me not of stanzas so pure,  
I scribble anything not demure.

I watched as she walked out the door,  
and knew I had to get off the floor.  
I cried for all left behind,  
never again an angry ax to grind.

by Timothy J. Muise 2015

## POWER

\* \* \*

Power in the hands of men,  
not what He had intended.  
They turn that key hard,  
and blood flows from all hearts.

Social death as a punishment,  
restoration so far behind.  
Men spiral down to the abyss,  
mothers weep and children wail.

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