

UGLY CHANGE

by Timothy J. Muise

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Silver springs bubbled up in East Gloucester,
the North Channel radiant in the sunshine.
Smith Cove peaceful but busy tranquil,
men smile as they prepare for day's labor.

Foul smelling refuse rises up in Shirley,
surrounded by razor wire fence.
Walkways of old men and cripples,
hopelessness etched on the downturned faces.

It is the beauty of the former which saves me from the latter,
those memories of my youth are my solid ground.
What I see today could eat me away: from the inside,
only for the days spent on my coast with the salt air.

NO SUMMER

by Timothy J. Muise

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No summer for me, only endless winters,
dry barren drifts of vile discontent.

No summer for me, only roaring blizzards,
screaming their winds and sleet my way.

No summer for me, only freezing cold and snow,
blocking my way to any kind of joy or peace.

There is no summer in prison, no sun on your back,
the climate is always cold and unforgiving.
You come to understand that "Winter of discontent",
and abhor the storm that is the captor mentality

STEPS

by Timothy J. Muise

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Her steps were soft and inviting,
barefooted on hard wood floor.
They echo forever in my mind,
storing hope I can walk again.