

THE LIGHT
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I saw the light the other day,
in my world of darkness.
It burned like a super nova,
warming my cold heart.

Children brought gifts to the altar,
all wonder and excitement.
They brought joy to my heart,
softening the stone of years.

I saw the kind world the other day,
in my world of pain.
It glowed like a summer fire fly,
just as temporary by choice.

Families smiled and held hands,
full of love and desire.
They brought hope to my mind,
dispelling hardness and fear.

(In Honor of the December 5, 2015, Family Mass at ShirleyWorld)

By Timothy J. Muise

NO HOME
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In prison they speak of "going home",
but I have no home.
No house or apartment,
no lease, mortgage or rent.
Where will I go?

20 years in a cage looms large,
even larger fielding the unknown.
No bed or floor pallet,
no kitchen, den or cellar,
Where will I go?

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