

## ABYSS

by Timothy J. Muise

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Each day seems madness,  
in the land of the cruel.  
They crush hope and spirit,  
it is their golden rule.

The abyss of the gulag,  
iron and cement gray.  
Wreaks havoc in society,  
spills blood every day.

Clouds blot our sun,  
rain all the year through.  
Mean spirited insanity,  
they stir their witch's brew.

Strength keeps some sane,  
legs straddling their Abyss.  
How long can we hold out?,  
and avoid social death's kiss?

Join the strong of heart,  
fortify their saving grace.  
We are you in this battle,  
we need to see your loving face.

## The Call

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Agitate, disrupt, resist,  
please hear the call!

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Limerick I once submitted on a DOC "Sick Call" slip when I could not obtain my medical skin lotion;

There once was a man from G-2,  
who put in sick slips until he turned blue.  
His skin was so dry,  
he wanted to cry,  
If only his lotion order would renew.

It worked! (: (: (: