

## GOING "HOME"

by Timothy J. Muise

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They say I am going home,  
but I have no home,  
anything close to that,  
has long disappeared.

After many long years,  
it is time to leave,  
leave the madness of,  
a world you would not believe.

Where do I go?, and how?  
What do I do?, and why?  
Questions seem to hold,  
a horrible unkown.

Time waits for none,  
powerful words to me now.  
Soft beds and tasty food,  
I have not known of late.

Help me if you can,  
I fear this unknown.  
Guide me if you will,  
I am at your mercy.

## IRON SLAB

by Timothy J. Muise

\* \* \* \* \*

18 years on an iron slab,  
dull pain permeates my heart.  
18 years seeking any comfort,  
my life truly torn apart.