

Prisoners (edited)

by Mathew Paust

This cell the sole certainty,
all else steeped in mystery.
Why should we be here?

Eyes peer through bars.
Intrepid reach for stars,
or respite from some fear?

Is the secret cloistered
in a heart not nurtured
by the cleansing tear?

Eyes without meet eyes within,
two pair sparkling serious whim.
So why damned bars to interfere?

