

## Hope

*(After Emily Dickinson 'Hope is the thing with feathers')*

caged amongst the flowers lies 'hope',  
a brave captured promise is  
ever wary of a commitment to the  
way of life being a thing  
of beauty, finer than the hollow past, with-  
out form or the flame of paradise feathers;  
imaginings so finespun and heroic that  
all fakeries and similes fall from their perches  
set high in the forests, where thieves lie in  
wait to pounce and strip the  
the heart of all feeling, until the soul  
cries out for relief, for balance, and,  
longing for freedom, despair sings  
its plaintive refrain on the  
winds of time, a tune  
blinded by sorrow without  
thought or rhyme; the  
hour is ripe for words  
to heal and  
grant a peace never-  
ending, lest all hope stops  
forever at  
once, for us all