

Hope

Hope, a beacon in the dark,
a whisp of breath, a longing dream.
A cry for help, courageous plea.
The unknown begged. Look speedily,
and see up close all that we need.
The world is wounded.
Stop the bleed.
We look undaunted to the light.
Maintain our vision, do what's right.
Gently steadfastly hold its rays
unflinching, calmly mend our ways.
Keep the light our guide and stay
to lift our spirits every day.
Hope floats in air to slowly rise.
Anticipation of surprise.
Change will come
to bless our eyes.

L. Patricia Bayley

