

Where Does One Find Hope?

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Where does one find hope?

Is it in a gesture?

Is it in a smirk?

Or maybe it's in some far off place

Not easily attainable?

Is hope in the sun?

Or in the clouds?

In the fold of the sky, at night,

Bedazzled with the moon and stars

Or worn around my wrist

With charms that remind me of a familiar place...

Could that place be the place?

Where hope can be found;

With its twinkling lights and tall monuments

That like all destinations promise promises

Real and imagined

Maybe hope lies within me?

Can you see it? Can't you see it?!

Does it glow wildly? Doesn't it grow wildly?

Like a flower inside of me.

And it's still growing...