

ABOUT HOPE

By Beatrice Formento

Walk, run, chase it
but it is further and further away
I see a speck of pale light
in a starry placenta,
soffused, dimmed
but many know that you're sunrise
not sunset
so, although through a telescope, one eye shut,
the other tend to you, eyelashes as wings trying to
reach you

but you are still there, only for those who know
how to see you, as blind are not those
who can't see, but those who don't want to see...

2019, dark sky cries
many give up waiting for you to appear.
I can't see any star moving either,
maybe I'm also giving up...
Few fireflies remain embedded, dead
on the blue wall,
maybe it's black

all is still.

Suddenly a gem of light, shines
moves like new life does
it waves, swirls, performs some somersaults
then falls sleeps

Movement enhances you,
you're back
you own ballet, relevé and pliè...
putting everyone to sleep, and dull and sad dreams turn colorful, green
like emeralds crossed by beams of dustful morning light.

the last beat of eyelash, or of heart
then the night goes dark
but also with closed eyes your light, can be seen
oh hope.