

## THE THREADS OF HOPE

Hope; a scrawny thread.

With people dying,

the erudite, and health professionals trying,

this fragile string of hope knot and well-fed.

What good does a sylphlike thread yield?

In the despondent field of illness,

battling alongside variants of covishield.

It started with a sneeze, one that made the economy and livelihoods freeze.

The virus spread like wildfire,

fuelled by ignorance, and the world's deranged desires.

A piece of thread so fine

keeps the world's angst and trepidation in line.

Humans are emotional beings they say,

without a thread that sews us together,

how would we steer the insanity away?

The million slivers of thread so thin,

that prevent the fabric from plummeting apart,

that tiny sliver of hope budding at the bottom of every mind,

keeps our sanity and unites our hearts.

Like the story of fiber to fabric,  
this thread takes a plethora of forms,  
Apples keeping the doctor away  
Prayers keeping illness at bay  
Samaritans fighting for rights and equal pay.

The death of George Floyd left a void,  
The Asian hate crime rose with time,  
The incalculable felonies we couldn't avoid.  
The thread of hope being the only sign  
Of unity in these chaotic times.