



The Light of Hope

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The line draws low, the world ceases to move
As the final wretched breath slips away
Children and parents cry alike
Hope can come a new day

Crying. Laughing. Dying. Surviving.
Separated by the dream of better
Working. Eating. Breathing. Living.
Hope is an airborne Icarus

Riots clamor, Democracy tilts
United by the invisible killer
A blind killer, indiscriminate in its cullings
Cattle would fall, Here we stand

Visage unleashed and embraces thrown
Hope for the light of day to caress skin
Time will not dam its flow, so by God
Dream for the ones who sleep still

Keep your mulish hopes of normalcy
Keep your steadfast dreams bright
Keep it clenched between your iron hands
That's how you make hope, light.