

## Hope

Hope is the silhouetted promise of all that is to come-  
it endures without beginning or end.

Hope is the stillness that hangs in the balance between moments-  
fingertips hovering over a page before turning it.

Hope is the memory of spring-  
the recollection that fortifies; the warmth that extinguishes the bite of winter.

Hope is the twisted, exposed branches of a tree outstretched to the sky-  
black tendrils reaching upward without thought or agenda.

Hope is a gentle breath guiding dandelion seeds into the breeze-  
knowing that soon the ground will be blessed with new, golden growth.

Hope is the outstretched wings of a sea bird in flight-  
plummeting downward, weaving their ancient dance between waves.

Hope is lighter than gossamer and costs nothing to harbor it-  
an ageless kingdom held within the confines of the soul.

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