

Hope

What is this faith that I do feel?
Can I assure through reason, it is real?
Through patience and belief, its meaning is clear;
For its strength is mightier than any spear.
Many create it or need it to believe;
Opposite of them, whom deferred it, to bereave.

There are those who are judged for a promise made;
With relief, happiness, and excitation in trade.
But, when the promise does not appear;
Thoughts are returned to despair, instinct, and fear!

It's what Mother teaches daughter,
Or, Father teaches son while young;
So, future mistakes are not begun.

If only they knew of the name they sought;
Called an emotion by some; Survival by a lot!
At that time, when it appears, "all is lost!"
Comes forth this dream, striving on, "at all cost!"
Those of God, exclaim, "It's an Angel's name!"
And not to believe "Is such a shame!"

Hear what I say, with wisdom and love;
Instill it upon your heart.
For this is called Hope, that I present to you;
As we now part!
