

“Hope” by Ava Jo

I follow the path of water  
The wood looms all around, bare gray trunks  
mottled with twigs and splashes of red  
Fallen leaves crunch underfoot  
as I trudge forward on my endless walk  
Hoping the narrow channel of crystal water  
will lead to something more  
Haven't eaten, haven't slept, haven't drunk in days  
Thirst slows my quaking limbs,  
but the glassy creek is not to be touched  
Head slumps, eyes stare unseeingly into reflection  
Barely taking in the sight of tattered, thorn-swept white cloth  
Feet aching, longing for the shoes I left behind  
when I fled the dry grass and red-rimmed sun,  
remnants of my childhood home crumbling to dust  
The crystal stream widens, failing legs push onward  
Could this be the end?  
Hope stirring in tired heart  
I follow the path of water