

Hope Decided to Come Back

Is death the only escape?

From life,

from tragedy,

from the truth?

Needles,

one by one,

pricking deeper into my wounded heart.

I can't breathe,

I don't want to breathe.

I want to finish right here,

right now,

right at this moment.

But no!

Hope left me.

Death, misery,

sorrow and grief,

overwhelms me.

But Hope decided to come back,

grabbing me,

shaking me awake,

and gave me a good talk.

And now I realize,
I still have things to finish,
to do,
to reach for,
to fight against.
Still have dreams to accomplish,
goals to achieve,
and people to love.
Oh, Hope, please, just stay here,
stay by my side.
Be my guiding eye,
and bring me closer to the light.
Hope *is* my escape.