

THE HOPE

by

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The sound, the trees, the singing breeze,

As space collides, the moon, the tides

Forever orbit burning Sun,

Half the world asleep as one

Blind to their unconscious fate

Dream as lovers born to hate,

Of why there is so much between

Their will and their reality

Possess, regress, and furthermore

Delay, repay, the final score

But why this cycle does persist

Lies within our living myth

Immune to safety, colored dark, free in slavery to bark,

Outside the cage, beyond the leash,

The condemnation of the weak

The calling of the dead,

The hope, my friend, that time will bring this world to end