

I Hope...

I hope to forget the sound

Diverse solitudes produce.

One is lost when one closes their eyes and see

His limbs being surrounded by silences,

Overflowing speech.

The many voices flood from open chests, voluminous and uneased.

In the cry of one that tires of,

Is made present the white foam

-the one that climbs my throat for air

Beside the tears that run cold.

In exchanged looks between seated ones across the dining table,

Not a single vowel is pronounced,

Exists only the pitch-black silence

Loudly announced.

And as chewed, the undigested dark words

Are with the white foam pressed down and swallowed.

In facing down glares, the food runs every second more scarce

As in vain, they wait

For words that would follow.

Too many static instances past,

And so suddenly they are stared back

By their sadly emptied silverware.

In the coldness stamped in so known faces

Boils the unmentioned, unspoken, unheard,

Copulating and multiplying

Unsaid words...

I hope...

By Livi Randall

There were wood pigeons that sang outside my
window every summer as the sun awoke,
banishing the darkness so the shy
blush of morning could spread and then uncloak
the dawn. Their melody is one I hear
as the soundtrack to my childhood bliss
and carefree times of watching birds appear
from the veil of woven blossom. Now this
is what I miss when I return; the birds
no longer sing for they have flown away
to lands of wildlife and foreign words
that speak of mother nature. Still I pray.
I hope one day the songbirds will return
but from the sound of silence I must learn.

I Hope...

Her beauty endless, even in Deaths' realm,
Still bursting with life like a February elm,
Rose lips parted, last breath gone far,
Yet her body is unharmed, no wound, no scar.

For here I stand, Orpheus, looking upon she,
My beautiful, my perfect Eurydice.
However, I am not him, for I cannot go,
And demand her from Hades, in lands below.

I would sing, I would crawl, I would beg on my knees,
I would drown the whole world in seas of my pleas,
But alas, I cannot go alive, as a flower in bloom,
I must wither and wilt and face eternal doom.

For here lies the cup with which I shall face my fate,
For a life without her threatens pain too great.
Poison ivy, poison snakes, poison in my veins,
Swiftly relinquishing me from life's iron chains.

And maybe now, Death is not what it once seemed,
Not the bottomless Tartarus of which I have dreamed.
Now it is relief, a breeze on a summers' day,
A glowing fire, warm amongst winters' grey.

It hurts, hurts so, as I fall forever still,
It is true that love's a knife, and that I am its' next kill.
A slave to my heart, now a corpse in her tomb,
Now withered and worn, no longer in bloom.

I hope, I hope, to be with my love once more,
I heard her voice then, as my corpse hit the floor,
"Romeo, Romeo, I'm not lost truly yet",
I'm sorry, it's too late, my dear Juliet.

I Hope...

I hope that one day I will be happy again.

Light welcomed me in, with its lustrous and luminous eyes,
Light greeted me, like a warm and cordial surprise,
Light embraced me, lifted me up when I felt down,
Light appreciated me, made me forget how to frown,
Light made me happy, I would try not to boast,

Light turned its back on me, when I needed it most...

Light suffocated me, I felt nothing but pain,
Light belittled me, do I even have a name?
Light mocked me, my life felt unjust,
Light tricked me, now who can I trust?

Light introduced me to darkness, my new best friend,
I can't be myself, I have to pretend,
I constantly feel betrayed, angry and confused,
It feels as though I have been used,

I hope one day I will be happy again,
I hope one day I forget the then,
I hope one day I will find a brighter light,
I hope one day becomes tonight,

It seems those days are finally here...

It must have been my hope that made the darkness disappear.