

## **This Hope**

This hope will never die  
That lands its kernel in my chest,  
Like a flower on a rock,  
Finding purchase in a cleft  
To dig down  
And take root.  
It will arise  
And slay the dark  
With light.

This hope will never die  
That pollinates from soul to soul  
From heart to heart  
In any place  
That young or old  
Can find a chink  
An opening  
To shine in.  
It will be climbing  
Through eternity;  
For giving up  
Is not its name  
And anyone  
Can be  
A part  
Of its  
Long game.

This hope will never die  
That finds me in a gas station  
Looking for an iced tea  
On a sunny day  
Unafraid  
With flying free  
In love with living  
Gratefully employed  
With being here.

Where else?  
When everywhere

Is here  
And everything  
Exists  
In small ways.

I could be  
A lover of the good  
Forever  
Now  
And never die  
Again  
And incompleteness  
Would become  
A means  
To grow  
With dreamlike  
Wakefulness  
Into the sun

This hope will never die  
And when that beacon  
From my view  
Is hid,  
Then let its burgeon  
Freely  
Lift,  
Borne by wings  
Of careless birds  
Who drop  
Their precious seeds  
Upon the rocks  
In me  
That crack me open  
With their blooming

*Séamus Maynard*