

What is Hope?

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But a flicker in the darkness.

A gentle glow amongst the embers,

Like coming up for air.

The dawn after a heavy storm.

The blanket twinkle amidst the blackest of skies.

Hope is in the air, the sights, the sounds, the memories of what was,
and what is, and what is still to come.

Hope bubbles beneath the surface.

Hope blooms like the wildflowers in all the places that you never
thought it would.

Hope can be a whisper, or an almighty roar.

Hope is connection, a shared smile, a warm embrace.

Hope is the anchor, a safe harbour, guiding me home.

Creative Writing By AMH everyBODY Client