

Untitled, by Lydia Bartel

Over and over,
human beings are enchanted by hope.
It has proved time and again
to be our fatal flaw, our achilles heel.

We say

“nothing to worry about”

seconds before it

all

falls

down.

We reason

“it’s just for a bit”

as the flood of catastrophe washes away our blindly optimistic smiles,

Watching as the life we once knew is drowned.

Once the last bubble of hope has been popped, you’d think we would’ve all given up.

But there are still those who

can’t

seem

to break.

Clinging to a liferaft, their last shreds of hope keep them afloat.

Kept just above the churning waters, they cry out their message of resilience to those seemingly killed by
the flood.

Sprinkling their optimism everywhere,

it covers the land like fairy dust.

“It’s always darkest before the dawn!”

Echoing through the world, it revives more and more people until everyone is crying it together, a
unison voice

singing a song

of hope.

With the deafening chorus of optimists once again strong, the water begins to dry.

First it disappears from the mountains,

then the planes,

until even the lowest valley

has returned to its rightful state.

The clouds part and the

sun

breaks

through,

shining down onto the recovering earth.

It is now that we see the true effects of the flood:

The grass is greener,

the trees taller,

and flowers have begun to root themselves where weeds

once

grew.

a rainbow of assurance

confirmation,

that this was

final

was not

is the

the end,

it all

rather

above

it was a

Stretching

transformation,

a new beginning.