

Before By Morgan Grimm

Hope was just a wishlist
for the greedy and deluded
Those who could plan were blissed
I wasn't blessed, so I brooded

Loss made me comprehend
I finally caught the drift
Hope, you cannot misspend
it is not a Christmas list

The smell of baking bread
the sound of your child's first laugh
a soft, cool inviting bed
a favourite photograph

You can have your druthers
now hope is the little things
it's not the thing that matters
but all the joy it brings