

After all these years of pain,  
Can we really trust the smell of a rose,  
On a sweet summer's day,  
Is that what it means to hope,  
When even in the darkest of days,  
We believe the sun can shine again,  
Love is the best of hope,  
But am I the love I wish to see,  
A reflection of the bondage deep within,  
No that is not what love is defined to be,  
It cannot be,  
love is pure, not bound by our ill lit thoughts,  
Hope and love are the best of cures,  
Hate can never destroy love,  
And pain cannot stop hope,  
For both are free of the dejections of our past,  
The past is where we learn and grow,  
But the future is where we belong,  
That's the hope we hold strong,  
To all that took another chance,  
At this dance of life,  
Hold on for love and hope will call again,  
But now backwards we go,  
To the scent,  
Of that sweet sweet red rose,

By Shoiab Ibraheene

