

The Game of Hope and Despair

Rain washing on pavement
Footsteps echo like thunder
In this small place

Even shadows hold beauty
Cracks along uneven stone and brick
Iron wrought stairs to the places of heaven above

Moonlight through a dusty window
Night creeps silently on wings
Whispers of the city float upon threads of hope

Grand bedchambers constructed of paper
Burn in the heat of their own beginnings
Peace settles upon a bottle of dreams

Despair waits silently
Cobwebs of failure teasing the mind
Nightmares of a non-existent world

Dawn comes brightly
On the shining wings of an angel
Bright and blinding as the sun



Psalms raise hope again
Pasts leak away like water
Bottles no longer hold dreams

Pride walks into the world
Holding salvation's gift
A weak hand becomes a fist

Into the sky calls
The voice of new promise
A soul has been born again

