



The Belief of Hope by Jodi Girouard

Life gets in the way of hope sometimes, the way the sunshine's so bright and then the clouds move in, and I don't know how to think, to bring myself back to the lightness I once felt. I've dealt with a lot of cold mornings, mourning the disbelief that I can be well. Truth to tell, I am having a spell now. Somehow, I need to construct myself a bridge that carries me over the rushing flow of emotions, the raging river that gives me unsettled momentum. I need to hum out the hope-filled peace that so needs to be released.

For I am like the spring, possibilities afloat, the coating of capabilities to see, the buds that develop onto the barren landscape, the escape consisting of seeded beliefs, relief that colors will grow, petals open, and all within my mind. I can find the reason to believe while still grieving the trauma, the drama of despair. I can share with others my words and be heard, lifting myself up, gifting myself the spreading my own wings.

I need this nesting of words on the page, the aging gracefully to the surrounding beauty that I could really see. Oh, the eggs have been deposited, the birds are fed, the feathers are being preened, and it means I, too, have a life to build still. I have the will to improve my own field, to harvest the rest of the plans, the considerations, the deliberations that can still occur. I have heard the birds singing of the nestled hope that does thrive, that keeps us all alive.

I survive by erecting myself that bridge to the island of hope that seems hard to reach. I teach myself to go, to know, to show that I can attain this goal. The whole journey of living is giving me the chance to embrace the journey I am on. Dawn finds me with the water lapping at my feet, the waves brushing up against my knees. The pleasing brightness returned, and oh, I have earned my hope to continue to shine, to design my craft, my feet moving to the sweet retreat of blessings.

I sing as my feet embrace the sand, the land, the understanding nature of my capabilities. Oh, I see the impressions of my trails, the large beasts of burdens, like massive whales that once swallowed me. I am freely walking, talking, balking at despair. I am aware that hope is a destination that grounds me, that has found me, that sounds like so many of the returning birds in my backyard. The hard truth is that it is not just in youth that we develop, envelop the need to grow. No, I am showing that I, too, can still do. The expanse of hope is a land that all can reap upon. The dawning of believing is the first implant, the first needed seed. Oh, and I am no longer deceived, for I believe. I believe, I believe in me.