

Abandon Hope

by Myke Bartholomew

Three moons ago,
I was wounded in the eye of a storm
On the deck of a rain and wind-beaten ship.
Drenched with sadness and fear,
I cried to the Captain for help.

He asked for help with what.

Hope.

He laughed.

Help.

He laughed again.

Through his white-bearded grin
He called me a slave
To Hope
And joked that I clung too
Tightly to the skirt of my Hope-filled
Expectations.

Before I could reply,
A cresting rogue locked lips
With the bow of our
Tousled vessel; the sea flooding
All but the Captain's ferocity.

"Abandon Hope!" he screamed.
For the sooner you learn
How greatness is defined by this weather,
The quicker you will see that
Harvesting strength under
Clear skies
Is like searching for sand
On the surface of the Ocean.