

Hope's scaffolding

by Paul Turner

Hope can warp by a sound check,
When we least think,
Before radio communion with the American public,
Care of a droll 1980s President,
Long before the dying specks of his final wrecked years.

Hope stays down in preemptive wartimes,
On cocked up manifestos and schemes;
Across borders set up by mandate,
On chases through mountain ranges,
With sights better set for goats than monsters.

But the pall retreats in the streets and on fire escapes
From the million arms, shoulders, and hearts that build upon
Higher thoughts and motives,
And with framing and steady scaffolding,
Bring natural strength in for another reckoning.

So light a candle, bend a knee, or rock in place.
There may be grace;
For sure, there is hope in store.