

I Hope for a Better World

Can I hope. for a better world?

I did not change
because I wanted to.

I did not change
because I was ready.

I changed
because the old shape
could no longer define me.
I outgrew what I once was,
not all at once,
not by force,
step by step,
moment by moment,
word by word,
choice by choice,

not alone.

I am not alone.

We do not change
because pain wants us to.

We change
when the shape that helped us survive
can no longer hold
the life trying to continue.

Hand by hand,
step by step,
breath by breath,
choice by choice,
we move forward,
not alone.

We are finite.

We hurt.

We change imperfectly.

We live beside each other.

A better world is not guaranteed.

We love.

We grieve.

We share.

We hope.

Hope in a better world,
not because it is promised,
but because it can be made.

We hope.

Not because it is promised,

We hope
to build
a better world.

