

Persistent Hope
By Bleah Patterson

This disease has stolen so much
From so many
like a car crash while we're looking at our phones
in the passenger seat

this disease is a drunk driver going 100 miles per hour
into oncoming traffic,
they were too young to die

Lives lost
Time Lost
Yet somehow hope is the one thing
We can't seem to shake
Like the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel

It's a trick birthday candle that keeps going out
Yet keeps relighting itself.
A sparkling thing, igniting within us a faith that doesn't go out
No matter how many times
This year. Last year. Next year.
Try to blow it out.

And we have so much resilience left in us
As we keep walking toward the end
A perseverance unprecedented