

The Intangible Flame

Hope is a funny thing, here one moment burning bright,
Driving you forward with all its might.
But come the slightest wind, it can extinguish that
flicker within.

We carry it tightly, this flickering flame,
Holding it close to our hearts,
Trying to guard it all the same.

When adversity makes its stand,
And the road ahead is steep,
Hope becomes the spark we cling to,
The force that lifts us to our feet.

It fuels our fight, it lifts our soul,
Hope is the reason we rise each day,
To face our battles with courage and grace,
And write our story, come what may.

Though it may slip and waver,
In the storm's unyielding rage,
Hope is that intangible,
The fire that drives us through each page.

