

## The Hope of the Universe

Voices- sounds that travel,  
one to another,  
to communicate,  
to carry thoughts into reality,  
and more still unknown.  
Yet,  
some who speak,  
sprouting ideas,  
they're shoved down,  
forced to silence.  
The silence isn't soothing,  
it's burning agony.  
The stillness,  
a cage,  
trapping many in deep darkness,  
a cellar,  
far,  
dark,  
deep,  
down,  
away,  
and all thought kept to one,  
longing for freedom.  
Pressure tightens,  
the ringing shrieks,  
emotions shattered,  
nothing,  
everything,  
all ending...  
Goodbye.  
Wait!  
Stand once more,  
try,  
please,  
for them.  
A serene melody reaches quietly,  
it's the hope that stands for a harmonized future.  
It calls for any,  
it calls you.  
Reach out.  
Holding you,  
guiding you,  
healing you,  
soft silky warmth.

Light uncovering the path you wish to follow,  
the path you've belonged in,  
a gentle connection bound to you.

You're free,  
lost soul.

Shouts and scowls,  
lies causing cries,  
sneers faulting tears,  
let evil fade away.

A new glow has arisen.  
The Sun is illuminating all,  
warmth comforting quivering loneliness.

Voices of hope have come,  
rising,  
expanding,  
enlightening,  
sparks growing,  
standing strong,  
speaking clearly,  
kindly.

The spark of the future,  
bearing hope,  
igniting,  
shining,  
a star,  
the hope of the Universe.