

the Hopeless ONE

by Guru Mani H

My fragile glass jar of Hope
Now shattered into a million pieces
Smashed on the rocks below
Where once I stood
Safe
Immovable
Optimistic
The ocean crashing around me
Seeking to drown me
Rocks that were my friend
My solace
My comfort in the storm
Now the instrument used
To wreck and destroy
Hope drifting slowly out into the deep waters
Never to return

Grains of sand
My Hope
Running away through my fingers
The more I try to hold them
The faster they disappear
Forever gone
Hands that once were strong
That held secure and firm
With no gaps
No weakest link

All contained within
Now tremble
And what started as a trickle of vanishing grains
Dropping out the bottom
Taken away by the wind
Has now become a sandstorm
And Hope that started to fade
Just a little
Has now faded completely
Never to return

The majestic sunset
With its kaleidoscope of reds and oranges
Make my eyes mist up
As what was once the sight of
Peace
Calm
Hope
Now fills my soul to overflowing with fear
[the deepest kind imaginable]
The pulse quickens
For it knows that what follows next
Will be hours on end of total darkness
When sleep will elude me and
My mind will begin its endless cycle of
Despair and Hopelessness
With the promise of a new day
Forever gone
Never to return

Standing at the water's edge

My bare feet being gently caressed
By the to and fro of the ocean's movement
Water lapping quietly against me
I used to stand here for ages
Just smiling and dreaming
Looking out to the horizon
The possibilities of my future
Strong within my soul
But now...
The open wounds of hurt
The sores of rejection and pain
Make this once so pleasant experience
A circle of pain
As salt water washes over the raw flesh
The smile now turned to a grimace
And though the theory is that
The salt will help the healing
[which incidentally is the only reason I'm back here]
For now
It's just excruciating pain
Physically
And emotionally
Stabbing my heart with every ebb and flow of the tide
And the horizon
Once the place of Hope-filled dreams
Now a constant reminder
Of the colossal distance
Between me
And any chance of my dreams being fulfilled
It's gone
All gone

Taken away by the tide
Never to return

Children playing in the sand
A day out at the beach
Building their castle
Attention to detail
Astonishing

I marvel at their patience and effort
For something that in a few short hours
Will be washed away
Forever gone
But still
Even though deep down
They know this to be true
More towers
More moats for the sea water
More rooms
Bigger and better
Onwards and upwards
All energy into something
That just won't last
And as I sit here watching
The tears begin to flow again
As I too
Put all
My Hope
My energy
My heart
Into something
That I knew deep down would not last

Was destined to be washed away
But like those in front of me now
I never stopped
Just kept building
Hoping
That maybe today
The sea would stay away
Wouldn't wash over my fragile creation
Would stop short
Just for me
That the rule of nature
Would just this once
Make an exception
But it didn't
Not for them
Nor for me
I built my Hope in the sand
On the sand
And it was all washed away
Leaving not a trace of what once was
The life I so carefully built
Put my faith in
Gone
Just like that
Never to return

A fish
Washed up on the rocks
Abandoned by its home
[the sea]
The Hope of life

Being slowly
Painfully
Sucked away
Alive
But only just
Moving
But only just
The return of its only saviour
[the water]
Still hours away
But this one life
Doesn't have the luxury of hours
Only minutes
Every natural instinct
Clings on to survive
Which it does
But only just
And as the clock ticks
The candle of Hope flickers
And then dies
Never to return

But...in the right hands

My solemn testimony is this
That even the longest season of Hopelessness
Where the brightest and sunniest day
Is pitch black
And the dark cloud upon your soul
Doesn't leave even for a moment
And there is absolutely no light
At the end of the tunnel

No silver lining in sight
And not any shade of blue at the end of the rainbow
Even from *all* of that
My witness
[that I would testify to under oath in the highest court in the land]
Is this
Hope *can* return
Not in an instant
[absolutely not]
But drop by slow drop
And that **in the right hands**
[for me it was gods, for you it might be someone or something else]...

Works of art that
As a glass jar
Have been smashed beyond repair
Can painstakingly
And with much love and care
Be restored

Where a sunset *can* be the dream of a beginning and not the nightmare of the end
And the sleep of a baby *can* return

Where sand builders *can* progress to stronger materials
Longer-lasting and admired by generations to come

Where salt *can* heal instead of hurt
And the returning tide *can* redeem life just in time

In the right hands...

Hope *can* return