

## **When Hope Remains an Unrecognized Thing**

By Tiffany Baehr, Library Volunteer

Ravens and crows,  
Stand restless,  
In half-winged waves  
On the ruins  
Of past escapes.

A trembling, waiting, half movement  
For want of a time  
That has already flown by.  
The missed and long buried,  
Memory of a thing,  
The heart of it all.

Weakened and clinging,  
Still half alive and unrecognizable,  
A timid beast of a thing that  
Searches, as it slouches,  
Clumsily, clawing as it grasps,  
For the wanton touch of light  
From a new day  
Long past and still ahead.

An illuminated warmth,  
Half remembered and discarded in the  
wreckage  
Of the solitary heartless things  
That amass, encompass,  
Heavy and unrestrained,  
Like gathering storms

Within the wings.

Waiting for the breaking,  
The trembling breath released,  
The movement forward  
To ascertain:  
This is not the end.