

# Hope

*by Ross Sales*

The lonely torture through the darkened night,  
Where shadows drown all dreams in dark despair,  
Where chain-link fence entraps what May and Might,  
Where fog devours all with none to spare.  
Its shackles bind forgotten dreams in frost.  
Its lifeless gloom groans like the sullen moon.  
Its screams of silence forged through tempest tossed.  
Its fated doom like rust that slays so soon.

And yet, a dove ascends from tarnished ground,  
A distant flight of life to spark and free.  
The rise of sun, once lost, soon to be found,  
A radiant beacon guiding those to see.  
For seen afar through vague and faded sight,  
A dim, undying light through darkened night.

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