

Hope

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Hope. I used to hope.
I used to listen.
Listen to your sounds of hope!
Your sounds of hope have been there for me.
In blue. In orange. And in yellow.
Do you even listen to me, hope?
Did you ever?

The heavy-footed ones don't like my kind.
They call me witch, as if I'm not somebody's child.
They will burn me, at first light in the morning.
I will be gone.
Because you are gone.
You left me just like everybody else has always done.
Always.

Yes, this is the sound you hear,
when our kind dies by torture.
This morning will not be mine.
I will be gone.
Because you are gone.
Because you have left me.
Always.

Hope.
I used to hope.
I used to listen.
Listen to you sounding, hope!
Your sound of hope has been there for me.
In blue. In orange. And in yellow.

And did they?
The heavy-footed ones?
Did they hear me, did they see me,
did they allow me to belong?
Of course, not. No. They did not.

And then, what did you do, hope?
What did you do?
Huh?
You f***ing lapsed into silence!
The most deafening silence
I have ever heard.
Is there any pain louder
than the pain of losing your only love?

How could you betray me, hope, by choosing ignorance over me?
You left me. You betrayed me.
Just like everybody else has always done, always.

Did I survive?
Oh yes, I did.
Yet I used to survive, because you used to resile me.
The resilience you bothered to share with me, made me bear anything.
Anything.
And now?
Who the f*** needs a resilience that decides to fade away?

Hope, do you listen?
Do you even care to listen?
I am telling you the story of my life, I am even admitting that your sound has
been my only resilience. And you do not even bother to listen?
I hate you...
... because I love you.

I will dream.
Dreaming, I will.
Of swimming in the sky.
Of walking on water.
Of not minding the pain.
It's humming. It's thundering. It's exploding – the sky I mean.
Exploding into a dream that has always been stronger than anything else.

YET.

If you do not listen to me, I am the one who is listening to me.

If you do not see me, I am the one who is seeing me.

If you do not care for me, I am the one who cares for me.

And if you do not resile me, I am the one who is resiling me.

Because I know how to swim in the sky.

Because I know how to fly.

Because I am alive.

And I will be.