

Prisoner Of Hope

Allie Moss

The bar is set so high that I can walk right under
Can't reach even on my tippy toes
No matter how far I run in training for this marathon
I trip and fall, lose by a nose

Then something taps me on the shoulder
I listen when it's older than me, it says

Look up, reach out your hand
You can't see anything new 'til you change where you stand
I'll throw you a rope
You know you're just a fellow prisoner of hope

Another day, another no
Sucker punch leaves me bunched on the floor (woe is me)
This is when I fall into a downward spiral
Negative thoughts feed vanity (& I'm so hungry)

From the high wall
Sometimes all we see is how hard we could fall
So what if we do
Rise mud-scraped & bruised
Maybe we have to be a little bit broken to hear hope call