

Hope Still Lives Here

My dear

How I wish I could bottle the feeling of still sails and snowless slopes
that whisper

You're here love

Nothing changes

How you've grown!

It's a gift, the only place you can see sound but not snow

It's not fancy: a village too much for itself, a humble Janner abode

But here you will not live unloved or unknown

I profess, I am not much:

A paper mache star above a Terry's tea towel nativity

This body all masking tape and chaos

and just a little bit of stardust

We aren't much: but if you're far from home and far from stable

all forlorn with street lights fading

In this place, our little cove with good bones

Know that Hope still lives here

you are loved

and you are home.