

Hope

In the midst of a Creation shouting out its pain,
Hope noiselessly threads its way.
It is there at the crossroads of our wanderings
When it comes to dispel our nights.

In the midst of a world which no longer knows how to see the sky,
Hope sings its hymn.
We need only turn our gaze toward it
To have our despondencies chased away.

Hope sows itself to every wind
And becomes the seed of a more beautiful life
It strengthens hearts while giving them
a new energy.

In the midst of daily life
Often invaded by doubt or by sorrow
Hope comes to light the lamp again
And dry up all the tears.

Hope is the Light
Which gives a meaning to our life.
And the hearts it illuminates
Find peace and harmony once more.

Françoise Saillen