

Ross Donlon

Hope*

I comes to us late as a word, a wish that needed a name to become *hope*,
neither a sense nor feeling, being far beyond both - to have hope.

Like us, it comes from the sea, the whales'-road-that-was, but still proper
as a metaphor for being alive or more, since it flows to the future - hope.

Water, blood and sap enlivens the veins and fibres of animals and plants,
like spreading maps, the arteries we all live inside thrive with that hope.

Primal lock on the will of each living thing, magnet clamped fast to life
and the desire to go on, our instinct is to flourish, nourished by hope.

Don't wonder at my optimism. Too many dawns past prophesised the end
of everything, still I watch the sunrise, rise and rise again in wonder and hope.

**hope*: a word of unknown origin...in use in North Sea Germanic languages...as 'to wish for',
'desire'. 13 C

Ross Donlon is an Australian poet living in Castlemaine, Victoria. He has been featured at state festivals across Australia and also at poetry readings and festivals in England, Scotland and Ireland. He is winner of two international poetry competitions and his poetry has been programmed on national and community radio in Australia. His most recent books are *The Bread Horse* and *For the Record*.