

Hoped-for Dreams

Hope springs eternal, it never stops going,
like putting tomorrow into perpetual motion.
You plan a moment hoping for the slightest joy.
Surprise ~ hope comes in unexpected moments ~
It comes like the ripples in a lake ~ you throw
a stumbling stone, which disappears like yesterday,
sinking out of sight below the waterline.
Yet, the circle of waves begins to expand
beyond your wildest, hoped-for dreams.
You smile, as you intentionally look in your mirror,
because you planned that moment in prayer.