

With Only a Word

My greatest fear?
that the wings of cynicism will always
spread wider than that of conversation,

that one day these words
will fall flat
completely,

that I'll turn around
and find no footprints,
but just trodden ground,

that I'll have mistaken sand for snow,
and my too-soft steps
only add insult to injury.

But do not let un-hearing ears
and sealed-up hearts
send you reeling.

You, who finds the voice to speak
only when heightened confidence allows,
know your words hold weight.

Know that when we wait
without uttering a word at all,
we are worse off,

that hope is the first thing
an enemy will seek to steal;
and if steadfast,

words hold firm
with you, our last stand,
syllable by syllable.

We trust
and wait
and hope.

So, no, cynicism
stands no chance,

gains no ground.

Not as long as you speak.