

Eternal Embers

by Viduni, Y9

Wintry shadows flit across empty walls,
Presents placed hastily in echoing halls,
The tear of paper, a blissful cry of joy on Christmas morn,
Hope.

A dying breeze carries a paper aeroplane, then falls,
And flies, spurred by the golden gaze of dawn
Guiding others over breathtaking feats,
Hope.

The way the sun misses the stars in the sky,
But still rises undeterred everyday without them
Sorely missed, but put aside for the bitter warmth of the day
That we need.
Hope.

Taking comfort in devotion, sanctuary in salvation,
The darkest sin reaching for the purest light
“Take my place in heaven,” he murmured; “and I’ll take yours in hell”
Hope.

A cursed jar, spilling with divine rage
Sent from the heavens to Pandora’s feet
A gift to know the unknown, jewels of curiosity,
Corrupt.

But, unknown to even Zeus himself, one thing remained,
For even within the inhumane heart of winter,
Amidst the malevolence of the bitterest plague,
Beneath the unmerciful disdain of holy fury,
Lies one last salvation, humanity's final gift –
Hope.

And then one day, perhaps every child gets a present,
Every sorrow answered, every challenge overcome,
Maybe the stars and sun meet,
Sin no longer sets us apart as inhumane, but maybe more human than most,

What if Pandora never opened the jar?
What if humanity was never saved?
Would hope always prevail, unshaken, unbowed?
Carrying the blind to beauty, and the deaf to sound?
Not the answer, but the question we bear,
A promise unseen, yet always there.
Lifting the sun out of misery, comforting the stars' despair-
Hope.