

Hope on the Horizon

By Sheila Johnson

There's so much to learn about things in this changing world.
There's unending fright when bad news unfurls.

We gasp and we sigh when the 'unheard-of' begins,
And we scream and we cry when our pain seems to never end.

The winds and the rains and the fires have taken over.
Mother earth is upset because we've destroyed her lush cover.

The oceans are changing their direction each day.
And the leopards and bears have become the new prey.

The climate is changing regardless of what has been said.
It's a new day when what we buried is really not dead.

The babies are crying and sadly seeking their own.
While their mamas and papas become the unknown.

The rich get richer and the poor can't move down anymore.
There's a new landscape around us that keeps yearning for more.

The opioid drugs are rapidly killing our old and stealing our young.
It's hard to imagine that there are happy songs to be sung.

But it's never too late to lift up our head and look toward the sun –
Knowing that a new day has deliberately begun.

Tears of joy still flow because miracles are plenty.
Victories are still won on the playing fields of many.

Mother earth will forgive – she's been doing it for ages.
The harvests will come and replenish in due stages.

The climate is changing regardless of what has been said.
It brings us brand new inventions and new discoveries overhead.

New babies will be born with minds beyond comprehension.
They'll know better how to cope in this world of so much tension.

The world will look different through your eyes and mine,
And I'm praying that it will be more loving, caring, and kind.

I don't know what the drug or the homeless population will be.
There is a solution but not one we can yet see.

New songs will be written and new words will be penned.
New books will be published and some chapters will never end.

These words are not surprising, nor do they usher in the new.

The rhyming is quite lazy but for now it must do.

We still have mountains to climb and rivers to swim –
Children and grandchildren to raise, and races to win.

There are new places to go and amazing new people to meet –
Wisdom to impart, and damn racism to beat.

We have journeys to share with hope in our voices –
Believing that many will make wiser choices.

To do this, we must be slow in our anger and quick in our thought –
Marching like warriors through rainstorms and drought.

We must move careful like turtles and think sly like foxes.
To brave this new world, we have to get out of our boxes.