

## Hope Is a Thing with Scales

I came home after  
a couple of weeks away  
and found hope floating  
sideways in its  
glass bowl, pressing  
up against the water's  
stagnant surface tension.  
I poked it until I was  
sure it was dead and  
buried it outside. Now  
I await a spontaneous  
phoenix of rising muck  
with bright sparkling  
gills.