

**POETRY/FICTION**

# Hope

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My head hurts  
And whispers:  
“Let Go.”

Yet my soul soars  
And shouts:  
“Not Yet.”

My soma swells  
And requests:  
“Give Up.”

My heart hopes  
And demands:  
“Hang on.”

My body burns  
And pleads:  
“Release Me.”

But my psyche snaps  
And pronounces:  
“Get lost.”

What is this mystical,  
Magical split which demands debate:  
Between Life  
And Death  
As I choose  
Hope against hope.

And why not  
Say the word, hope,  
Over and over?  
It wouldn't kill me.

—Roger Granet