

Rays of Hope

Getting up, ready to take on the world,
it doesn't happen.

The color blue is weighing heavy on
shoulders sore from tossing and turning,
irritating a neck saddled with a pinched nerve.

Teary eyes, eager to be mesmerized,
they stay closed.

The color black is keeping out the sun
that might lift the thick veil of fear and doubt,
revealing the oozing hopelessness hidden beneath.

Rolling over, trying to force sleep again,
what a relief.

The fuzzy twilight of fractured dreams
absorbs once more the pain and desperation
that mere moments before threatened to win out.

Waking again, feeling refreshed, calm
and serene.

The golden rays of soothing sunshine
are penetrating the last remnants of darkness,
highlighting a future in which well-being reigns.

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