

The Hypnotizing Hope

I want to live alone
Without a care from my hope
Whatsoever is my situation,
Or howsoever is my scope.
But is it that my decisions are firm?
And are they not like a bubble of soap?
Can I really do away alone in the complexities and diversities of time?
And sustain without my dearest hearty hope?

I am often angry at it
In my states of stress and strain.
When I don't acquire or achieve
The results I am looking for, the results of gain!
I have at times, spoken to myself and decided to quit
The company of hope
But I have failed,
As I later realized that there was indeed, very little scope!

Hope is clever and she keeps aloof for a while
When I don't think or speak as I enter in to stressful depression
But hope comes back sooner and embraces me
With all her fondness and affection!
Surely and certainly at moments as those,
I feel so much drawn towards her in genuine attraction.
I forget her illusions, and keep conjecturing,
'Surely she will bring me all the benefits with courage and affection.

Indeed, hope is then the source of my infallible enthusiasm
For finding newer dens,
When I am lost
In the clusters of conjectures of blind and narrow lanes.
When I can't find a path

And helpless words are uttered from my mouth,
Hope whispers to my ears,
'You can resolve and comfortably come out!'

It takes time for me
To gather strength and to regain,
But Hope brings all these,
Adding courage and I restart once again!
Vanishes for a while,
The features of depression and pain.
In renewals, I regain
And often come out of my days of winter or rain!

Hope hypnotizes,
But shall it always take me safe?
Is it a doctor that would rightly treat?
And is it that it would never advise a fake?
Has it all the reputation
That I can depend upon and sail upon again and again?
But Hope is passionate
And she is always with me in my days of joy and pain!