

Hope

by Kate Vasquez

One day I thought I was nothing at all,
But now I know I am everything: Something big or something small.

A cat, a dog,

A pig or a hog,

Something big or something small,

Something thin or something tall,

Not a devil, not a demon, but an angel from above.

A sign of peace, an olive carried by a dove.

With stripes, spots, stars, and red, white, and blue,

Patterns of dresses, stripes of socks, and shines of shoes.

I was that feeling the little girl had when she was cured by lima beans.

I am always nice and never mean.

You'll find me in stories; you'll find me songs,

People carry me along.

My power is true, my power is real,

My power is something that no one can steal.

I'm that glimmer, that sparkle, that shine and that joy.

The wisdom, the happiness and the smile on your rubber ducky toy.

I help you to see what you have done wrong,

So we can change it before too long.

I am that feeling you have that things will go right,

That the stars will come out with the moon tonight.

I show you that everyone is equal, that we are all the same,

Even if we're picked last in the game.

So now you might think I am amazing and everything you could've imagined,

But honestly I am nothing special at all, so big or so small.

I am just a little girl who laughs and who plays,
Who carries our smiles all the way.
The girl who is happy and never sad,
Who will not give up, no matter how mad.
You might see me in the world, at the park or the skate slope.
You should know my name.
My name is Hope.