

A Little Hope

By Catelynn Norris

An innocent boy was destroyed by the pool of sin.

There he laid trapped.

Lies were everywhere, politics had turned into chaos,
young people were punished for their beliefs, schools were shutting down,

the word marriage had been thrown away,

cities were set in flames.

All he wanted to do was escape.

Scars emerged on his skin.

Burns marks remained from where the ashes fell on him.

Dirt left on his fingertips from trading his soul into green.

How many years will he have left?

At the same time a rose had been growing.

Stemming from the moss of an old broken table

budding with a light pink.

Blooming as a light pink rose with golden edges.

The old man stumbled upon this broken table.

Confused.

He was still trapped in sin.

For years everything around him has been dark.

Why would something be in color now?

The rose spoke to him,

“You have your own thorns. You have your own bud.

Let it bloom”.

Looking at his hands he saw the wrinkles of age, the hairline scars from mistakes he had made,
and slight indentation upon his wrist that will forever remain.

Memories started to overwhelm his head.

People screaming about religion, politics, love, or about someone that might be dead.

These memories resurfaced over and over, but in each memory there was that little rose.

A child laughing in the park.

A dog wagging its tail to go outside.

The glimpse of a shiny copper coin on the ground facing up.

Realizing these were the little roses.

The man was set free.

