

CAPACITY

BY JOLIE KAYTES

HOPE

"HOPE IS NOT JUST AN EMOTION BUT A FORCE."

—K. HELPHAND

THE SCAFFOLD ALREADY STEADY
THOUGH STILL UNDERWAY,
NEWSPAPER STORIES STACKED IN THE TRASH
OR IMPRINTS MADE ON THE SEAT OF A TRAIN,
URBAN CREEK'S QUIET BED,
THE ONSET OF AUTUMN:
PORTALS AND VESSELS,
FOR THIS HOPE.

BEDROCK

OUR FOUNDATION IS STABLE LIKE A MOMENT
BUILT ON A GLIMMER, A HUNCH, AND COMMON GROUND.
IT IS NOT HEAVY WITH THE WEIGHT OF US,
STRIATED BY TIME OR PROCESS,
BUT LAYS SOLID AMIDST SHIFTING EARTH,
A CONGLOMERATE OF HOPE
ON WHICH WE CAN DANCE.

CAPACITY

FOR GROUND THAT HOLDS
WEIGHT OF SHADOWS,
WITHSTANDS SURPRISE OF FLOODS,
FOR SURFACE THAT
FOLDS AND FAULTS
AND STILL ENDURES
THE TENSION OF GROW