

# *We Will Not Let You Go*

Hope is a gentle thing,  
A hand lightly cupping another,  
A warm drink and a pair of socks from someone that shares no blood with you,  
but feels like family anyways;  
It buzzes in the air of workshops and seminars, summer camps and after-school clubs,  
A reminder that there is someone in your corner even when the ring seems to be shrinking,  
That people will realize your absence even in the dark;  
Hope reflects off the fresh paint on the neighborhood murals, splashes of color in a world that  
tries to erase anything but the black and white,  
Created by two hands, and maintained by thousands.

Hope is a rough thing,  
A stained glass window  
Cut from the footsteps from hundreds of protests,  
and welded together by shared suffering;  
It forms under the blisters and splinters from rebuilding a house that isn't yours,  
but hurts you just as much to see crushed.  
Hope is a makeshift life ring painted neon orange by those willing to give up their pens,  
markers,  
and highlighters,  
Bobbling in churning waters,  
Manned by people just as eager to lift a struggling person as the person is themselves.

Hope is not gentle and it is not rough and it is somehow both,  
The flowers and the grassroots under them,  
A heartbeat that syncs with another in a mob threatening to crush both,  
A mouth yelling into cupped hands even after they've taken the megaphone,  
Beating,  
Whispering,  
"We hear you,  
We see you,  
We will not let you go."

*Claire Sun*