

# *Abecedarian For Keeping Hope*

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A tragedy doesn't limit itself to the individual:  
Brokenness radiates from the source of hurt as  
Cracks spider across glass,  
Dooming it whole, bring an end eventually. But  
Even then, the detritus isn't a thing predetermined, no; it's not  
Fated, we aren't confined to brokenness as  
Glass is. For we humans possess that which inanimate objects lack,

Heart,

In which we find our ability to shoulder the pains of each other  
Just as we're able to rejoice in their joys.

Kindness isn't just a balm for others, but

Love for ourselves;

Morbid as it may be, when the day comes that we die,  
No riches nor gold will be our remains; but what stays behind,  
Outlasts us, is the memory that we relinquish and

People hold:

Quite the contradiction it is, then, that what

Retains us is the impact we leave on others:

Service that we've done, in the worst of days or

The best of days, finding ourselves in the pain of each other,

Understanding what makes us human:

Verdant green will come in the most

Wintry of days, when we practice what the ancients practiced as  
Xenia, hospitality with open arms, that when you come across a wearied stranger,

You gladly open your home to their dinner and rest:

Zion will seem as if on earth, then.

*Morgan Kim*