

Hold On
By Eden Hayes

The sun peeks through between the trees
Shafts of light, dancing on the breeze
A quiet clearing, soft and low
Lit from beyond by the evening glow.

Blooming smells float on the wind
Surrounding you, folding you in.
Evergreens, blossoms, earth, and rain
The swirling mists, dark and arcane.

The earth is silent, dew is glistening
Holding its breath, quietly listening.
A crackling blaze, a glaring haze
Sending up its fiery praise.

Another world, a silenced song
A mournful tune, the old one gone.
Blackened, charred, ruined, shattered
A former glory, broken and battered.

But as the sun peeks through between the trees
A feeble sprout, a trembling leaf
Reaches up with face upturned
Towards the sun, unconcerned.

It clings to the hope that someday
The former things will pass away
The trees will bloom, the grass will grow
The pain will stop, the ache will slow.

For those who fight, who run the race
There will be joy, a warm embrace
Finish strong, triumphantly
And you will have life abundantly.

So as the sun begins its slow descent
Take a breath, rest content
You've done well, my little leaf

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So watch the sun peek through the trees.

You dared to hope, to cling to life
You lived through pain, through fire and strife
Your roots were there, small and weak
Holding on when things looked bleak.

Night has fallen, bringing rest
Sleep, dear one, don't be distressed
You lived to see the old restored
The life we knew, we all adore.



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