

Ashes of Hope

By Helen Hill

I think my soul did die today.
I can see no other way,
To understand what comes what may,
When love turns out to be ashes of hopes from long ago,
Which should have been left to be blown with the wind,
To all places on this lovely earth,
Where flowers bloom and we find our worth,
In deeds and friends who cross our path;
Not by living in the past.

