

## **Hope Romantical**

**Hope wishing you had never hoped before,  
so that this hope might be significant, to untangle.**

**Happy little blue birds sing to happy little people, only.  
they do not seek the mundane pain of life's foreshadowments  
they fear the illusions made not by past but passed future**

**To them my nature is not revealed in lyric, but displayed in conspiracy of optimism  
for the mere price of college.**

**In disregarding my education**

**I give most of my time to my housekeeping duties**

**in hope to fulfill my life, to be a good wife to a thoughtful man.**

**but it is often that their chirping interrupts me**

**and keeps me from training my cat to be a**

**dog, and my dog to be a human.**

**Their incessant warbling has forced me to**

**not accept the constant need to**

**own.**

**Lucky for me I found their melodies**

**few, far, and**

**In-between.**

**As a skeptic,**

**to this minstrel show that's overgrown with charm**

**It is often I think not thoughts**

**,but sleep.**

**It is often I dream not real, but**

**fake to fake faking**

**before waking,**

**I slowly take my time slipping out of a seal**

**simmering songs until my body becomes**

**tired from the wiggles, jiggles, and tickles of sex.**

**Redeeming this sort of freedom serves no consequence to me**

**and it is only proof that magic is gone**

**out of reach and aspiration.**

**Moments, the matter of love**

**is doomed to times assigned to all,**

**and prosecuted to a short sentence,**

**I .....**

**I...love**

**.....you.**

**It's gotten the better of ,**

**again, I have settled**

**for far less. Taken**

**home, I roam**

**too solemn, for answers in a question.**

**Their pestilent call will not hinder**

**yet over and over**

**sorrow condones its need**

**to rise out of mouth, lips, tongue and cheek.**

**My speaking gets rid of your laughing**

**and bids us a fortune that rid my thoughts to your enter ear**

**clear of my condolences.**

