

## Hope

By Kris Peterson

The day they placed you in my arms,  
That was the day I realized true love my son.  
Now that baby is grown.  
As you stand on the edge of the precipice, on the verge of manhood, I wonder.  
When you leap, will you spread your wings and fly?  
Or...  
will the demons that cloud your mind cause you to crumble to the ground?  
You were such a happy child  
You spread joy; so full of life  
You always found the good in everything  
...and then the darkness came.  
I grieve that child.  
He has been replaced by a young man with so many doubts  
This man does not believe he is enough  
He battles his mind daily, fighting for happiness  
He does not see a future, he cannot see the light  
My son is hopeless.  
As you struggle, I continue to hope  
I hope that one day you will see the person in the mirror that I see  
The compassionate, intelligent, and kind person  
You are loved, though you don't feel you deserve it  
You are needed, though you feel you have nothing to offer  
So know this my child...  
As you stand on the edge of the precipice,  
I will stand by you  
I will carry you until your wings are strong enough to carry yourself.  
For even though you are hopeless,  
I have hope  
I have hope enough for the both of us.