

*Hope "is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops - at all*

*And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm*

*I've heard it in the chilliest land
And on the strangest Sea
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.*

- Emily Dickinson

Hope

*is the thing
with feathers*

