

## Hope Eternal

Spring, you fickle mistress!  
Promising lovely dreams and returning harsh realities;  
Playing with our emotions, our expectations.  
Providing warm thoughts and tenderness,  
You sing your siren's song, leading us,  
Lulling us into a false sense of security,  
Only to deny it all without a moment's notice.

Cruel heart, to toy with our affections so!  
Do we not pine for your return?  
For those fleeting moments  
When you at last decide to reveal your lovely face?  
Do we not revere and worship you,  
As if our very existence relies on  
That first glimpse of your vibrant beauty?

Mild to malevolent, sympathetic to spiteful,  
You know of no loyalty.  
Dancing in front of us, teasing, tempting;  
Then slipping away in a blink,  
Leaving us only cold disappointment  
And the struggle to find patience  
Until your faithless heart decides to show itself once more.

Is it the game you seek?  
The thrill of being desired so much,  
Yet keeping yourself aloof and apart?  
Does it feed your coquettish spirit  
To know of this power you possess?  
Or is it that you truly are indifferent,  
Holding neither love nor loathe for the beings that seek you out?

And yet, for all your mercurial moods,  
We cannot help ourselves  
For we are hopelessly lost to you.  
Unable to exit your heartless game  
Bound by life's promise and perpetuation  
And waiting, always waiting  
For you to welcome us into your warm embrace once more.

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