

A Glimmer of Hope

by Julia LeBlanc

She huddles in the cold, clinging onto her worn jacket.
Wrapping her frail limbs around her thin body,
She clutches her rapidly burning candle.
Making wispy little clouds against the chilled air,
She breathes ever so slightly,
Through purple cracked lips and red frostbitten nose.

The candle wax drips on her fingers,
Making them tingle with warmth for a second,
Then burn and harden.
She tries to wiggle her naked fingers and her frozen toes,
Buried in the deep, sparkling snow,
They stubbornly refuse to budge.

She forces her head upward,
As if looking for her savior in the dark night sky.
Her long, stringy chestnut hair flows with the wind,
Rippling back and forth, like a kite, so free.
She peacefully rests her weak body down on the cold white cotton,
Her chapped hands still grasping the burning candle.

Its brilliant ray of light once so strong and brave,
Now painfully produces only a weak yellow speck
Of hope.