



*The Mocking Owl  
Roost*

*2024  
Poetry Special #1*

**Featuring**

The Migrants, 1957 | A Woman's Poet | Resolution  
The Lives We Mend | MRI Rhythms | Whispers of Farewell



# Hope

*Diana Raab, PhD*

Hope is the suitcase that carries us through rough times. It's the coat we wear when we're afraid and the world comes at us from many angles. It's the sustenance we need when life goes array like when we get our first cancer diagnosis with no cancer in our family and we've done everything right: ate wholesome foods, exercised each day, meditated for decades and never crossed bridges we should never have crossed. Hope sometimes knocks on our door as if a sledgehammer comes down unexpectedly to put all in perspective, as if we needed it, like the arrival of storms and earthquakes—reminders of all we cherish as music plays in our hair and our dog cuddles beside us telling us to be in the here and now, as mine was for seventeen years, died deaf and blind now but lived in hope that I would be there for him when he stumbled and fell down the stairs from my bedroom as I wonder who will pick me up when I fall, and who will give me hope as the suitcase of life gets too heavy to carry me anymore.