

# 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.