

False Hope

Like a great heavy headed flower
hope tips her voluptuous lips
down to my little ear. It has
done me no harm to be wooed. I
have been many times fooled
by something leaning over like
a mother. I have always liked
what she said; I have stayed
pale and tender in her shade.
And then she has folded and died
And then I have risen from her side.

— *Kay Ryan*