“Hope” is the thing with feathers-
“Dread” is the thing with talons-
by Arwyn G.

“Dread,” unknown, lies dormant in the mind, disguised under “hope”
is a repetition, a function not thought, is- is- is- is-
the thing the head sings, the
thing the mind dreams, the thing
with which logic embeds itself but is not logic, causes a new type of logic with
talons- talons that grip the mind that all else falls like feathers-
that grab the brain captive, that- that- that- that-
perches in your head and waits, is stretching out and unfurling its wings now in-
in the darkest corners of your imagination, the
mind- that you have tried so hard to protect, the soul-
that you have failed to protect from when your mouth first opened to cry, that
chants for the things this century wants, sings
thing the song of conformity and of sameness, the
song that each tune
without words and without
the the- the- the-
words- meaningless words-
and the dread, and the hope, and
never stops, never stops, never stops, never
stops- stops-
at all. It never stops at
all-

Golden shovel poem based on “Hope” is the thing with feathers, by Emily Dickinson.

“Hope’ is the thing with feathers- ‘Dread’ is the thing with talons-” by Arwyn Gorecki – Fairview South School, Skokie