

“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- **is**
the song 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- **that**
lounges in your mind as you read this, **perches**
in your head and waits, is stretching out and unfurling its wings now in- in- in- 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**
the song of conformity and of sameness, **the**
song that each **tune**
without words and **without**
the 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