



Hope.

the dream
of a waking
man.

At dawn's embrace, as slumber wanes,
The waking man, his heart enchains,
Hope, the fervent dream, takes flight,
An ethereal beacon, in celestial light.

Amidst shadows' depths, **where darkness weaves,**
Hope blooms, **dispelling doubt's deceiving leaves.**

It paints a world, **of vivid hue,**
Where dreams ascend, **ambitions anew.**

So let hope's ardor guide your way,
Through life's tumultuous array,
For in the wakeful soul, it beams,

A dream fulfilled, beyond all streams.



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