A Hopeful Heart

by Helen J. Dixon

Is it meant for me to live again
or must I always love and lose?
My heart's so full of the promise of true love
and I want to believe in forever.
As soon as I open up, let love inside—
as soon as my faith is revived,
adversity strikes, I am challenged, I plunge
from Paradise Found to Paradise Lost.
So now I wonder—is it worth it
to maintain this hopeful heart?
Is he the one to cherish it,
to keep it continuously beating;
Mending it, zealously guarding it;
protecting it from almost certain death?
In his eyes I see the eternal flame;
In his smile, I see perpetual hope.
In his heart there's a corresponding place
wherein lies an enduring promise.
In his soul, lies my Salvation.
And in his hands, he holds
My hopeful heart.

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