

12.1.24: The following reading is written by poet and author, Ingrid Goff-Maidoff. It is from her book, *What Holds Us*.

It is called, *Hope*.

I hung hope out with the laundry,
clothes-pinned tenderly beside a pillowcase
and two sheets.

I could tell she needed air ~
a sweet puff of wind.
She needed to get warm again
basking in the sun.

After a few hours,
I came out with my basket and took her down.
We both felt refreshed.

She said, "Don't put me in the closet with the sheets.
Spread me on your table.
Let your guests spill their wine and crumbs of bread.

Wash me gently; put me back in the sun.

Lay me across your bed
so I may warm you in the night.
Or put me on the children's bed
that I might comfort their dreams.

Whatever you do," she said,
"include me.
It is the only way that I can live."

And So It Is (And So It Is.)

