

Hope For the Future

My grandma once told me
when she was young
There seemed to be no hope
My grandma once told me
That they would hide all night
From scary planes above
My grandma once told me
That these planes did not bring
People to holidays
Or fathers home to their children
But
Stole lives, and dropped bombs,
That sounded like fireworks gone mad.
But did what a thousand guns could do.
My grandma once told me
That when she was young
there seemed to be no hope
Just endless hours, waiting for the minutes to pass
And the pain to start again.

My grandma now tells me
when the war was done
and the planes were gone
There *was* hope for the future
And even though she lost
Her brother
Her sister
Her father and uncle
She still had her mother
And hope for the future
My grandma now tells me
That when the fireworks go off
She is scared all over again.
My grandma now tells me
That when she hears them
She just whispers
"There's hope for the future, there's hope for the future"

And now I sit,
In a hope filled house,
Holding my grandmothers hand
As the fireworks go off outside
And whispering
To her
"There's hope for the future,
There's hope for the future"