

Hope Exposed

Every night, with lights on and shades up,
Hope parades naked about the house
dancing to the music in her head.

(Her sisters, Faith and Charity, more
demure perhaps, are thought to cavort
likewise in the basement. We know this
truth in the dark recesses of our minds,
but choose to ignore it,
preferring the illusion of purity
to our blatant licentiousness.)

At first, the whole neighborhood was entranced,
women and men alike,
and all could look or think of little else.
The lights came on, and the performance began,
prurient and lurid for some,
innocent and beautiful to others,
fascinating to all.

Some kept binoculars by the window for the scene;
others, walking the dog at the same time nightly,
paused by chance at the same bush
for animal business.

Gradually, however, the spectacle lost its luster.
One by one, our attentions flagged and faded,
no longer seduced by her charms.
One by one, we looked away
(with the notable exception of the couple next door).
Hope is still at it, as oblivious to our lack of interest
as she was to our squalid desires.

Besides, we hear a new girl has moved in
for all to see up the block.

– Jeffery Greb

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