

Hopeful Souls

By Shadrack Langat

The poem *Hopeful Souls* explores religion, temptation, and the allure of home in a peaceful way. We look in the wrong places for significance during confusion and flight. Still, this reflective work examines the conflict between illusion and reality, as smoke wanes and optimism subtly persists.

Hope made me go for Pope,
I had to cope with the belief,
Long before I heard 'bout drugs
Did I do coke? No.
Bottle and a little smoke, a lot,
Was dope-but was that hope?
No. Home is where hope is,
Pope knows home.
Grab his rope to lead me,
From roam I get home,
And it is hope I find.
Hopeful souls, in hope aligned