

# Hope



Ventana Soltas

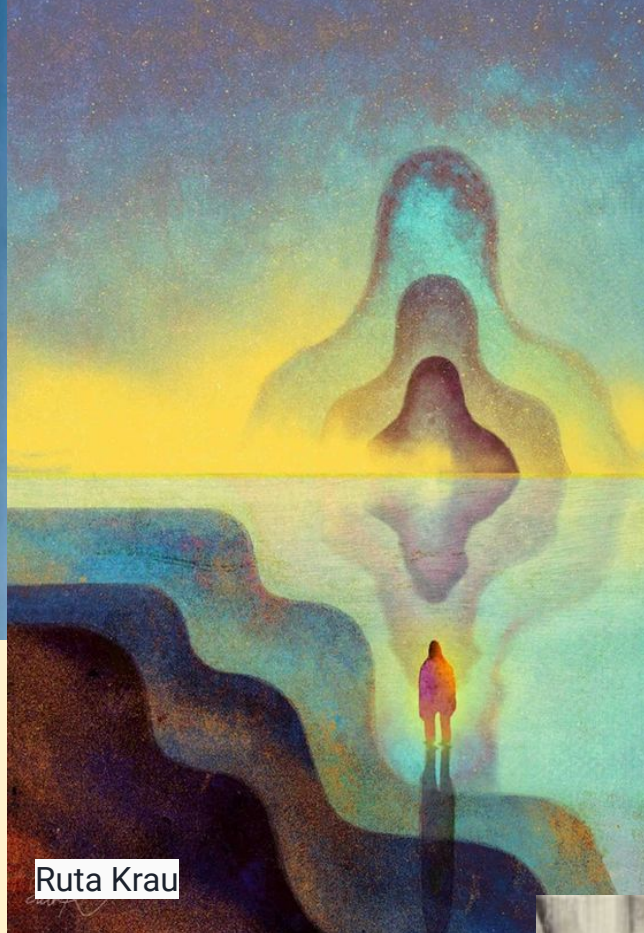
## 'Hope' is the thing with feathers

By Emily Dickinson

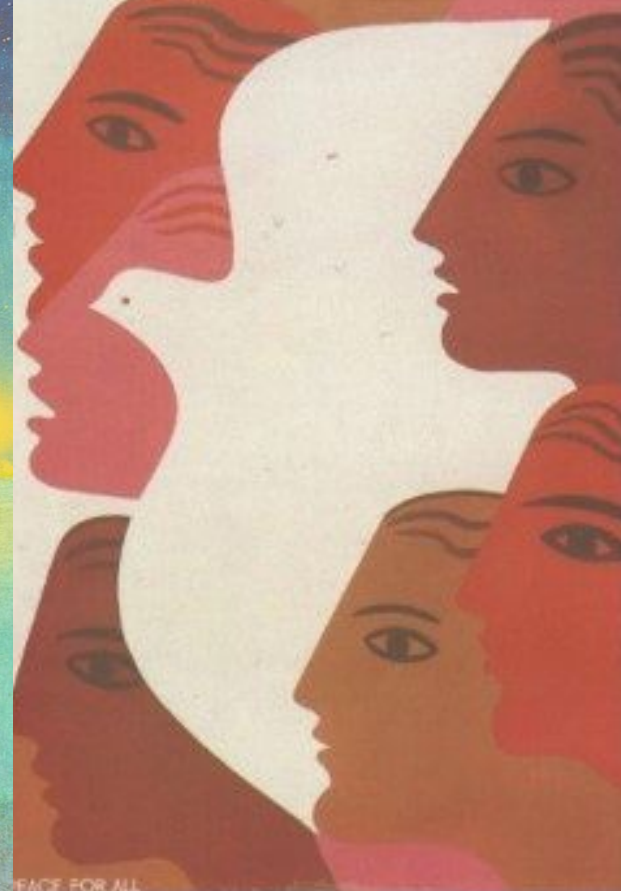
"Hope" is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul,  
And sings the tune without the words,  
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the Gale is heard;  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little bird  
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chilliest land,  
And on the strangest sea;  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.



Ruta Krau



Hope is like a road in the country; there was never a road, but when many people walk on it, the road comes into existence.  
*Lin Yutang*



Eric Sweet



Marta Everest

