



Years 9-10 Category Winner & Overall Tasmanian Runner-up

FREYA SMITH – HOBART CITY HIGH SCHOOL

Hope Matters

Hope,
An underrated belief,
A word used in fleeting
conversation,
But hope has power,
It is extraordinary,
So safe, and comforting,
A lifeline to the world's inevitable
challenges,
An impenetrable, glowing drive that
guides you through,
A deep breath in an ocean of
whirring thoughts.
Hope,
We all have it,
You must simply see it.
See it in all the darkness,
See it in the constant blasts of bad
news,
The loss of control,
Your mind scrambling, and numb,
simultaneously,
Overwhelmed by the trail of
horrors.
The disasters,
The inequality,
The wars,
The climate,
The standards,
The people.

A woman in a dark room,
A For Sale sign painted in pain on
her pale body,
She longs to feel the clean air she
once took for granted pass through
her lungs,
She hopes for freedom,
She hopes.

We're all just searching,
Scavenging like wild animals for
something good.
A crack of brightness,

A burst of colour against a greyscale
pallet.
What if...
I told you, it's right there in front of
you.
A laugh,
A win,
A cheer,
A wish,
A dance,
A song,
An act of kindness,
A display of love,
It's all around you,
Happiness,
Hope.

A child, the lifeless figure on death
counts,
Bombs showering his home like the
rain once did,
He closes his eyes and pictures the
rain,
That clean scent that made his
senses feel fresh,
The cold trickle of it on his bare,
soft skin,
The shiver that spread down his
back.
He opens his eyes,
And hopes,
With all his being,
That he can feel that feeling again,
He hopes.

Find that burning desire,
Something that makes you feel
whole.
Hope isn't just a feeling,
It isn't just an emotion,
It's a drive, a spout of motivation,
For the future,
Or for now,
That you'll get there,

Right where you want and need to
be,
You'll get there.
It's your life, your story.

A person,
Stamped with sickness,
Their frail body longing for the
ability to run,
Or jump,
Or play,
To simply feel.
Hoping for a cure,
Hoping to destroy this infestation of
suffering,
They hope.

Hope isn't just a goal,
Or an end point,
It's an unwavering belief,
That something good is coming,
Maybe it's already happening,
Right under your nose,
A bright side,
The relief of remembering
something forgotten,
Something lost,
But everything that is lost still has a
place,
You just have to make room,
Room to hope.
You've got it,
Make it count,
And
Make
Something
Incredible.

I have a very simple hope for you,
See it.
Keep it safe.
Treasure it.
Hope.