

# Ode to Hope

Pablo Neruda

Oceanic dawn

at the center  
of my life.  
Waves like grapes,  
the sky's solitude,  
you fill me  
and flood  
the complete sea,  
the undiminished sky,  
tempo  
and space,  
seafoam's white  
battalions,  
the orange earth,  
the sun's  
fiery waist  
in agony,  
so many  
gifts and talents,  
birds soaring into their dreams,  
and the sea, the sea,  
suspended  
aroma,  
chorus of rich, resonant salt,  
and meanwhile,  
we men,  
touch the water,  
struggling and hoping,  
we touch the sea  
hoping.

And the waves tell the firm coast;  
"Everything will be fulfilled"