

## ***Who Shall Bear Hope***

*By Marge Piercy*

*Who shall bear hope, who else but us?  
After us is the long wind blowing  
off the ash pit of blasted genes, or after,  
the remarrying of the earth and the water.  
We must begin with the stone of mass  
resistance, and pile stone on stone on stone,  
begin cranking out whirlwinds of paper,  
the word that embodies before any body  
can rise to dance on the wind, and the sword  
of action that cuts through. We must shine  
with hope, stained glass windows that shape  
light into icons, glow like lanterns  
borne before a procession. Who can bear hope  
back into the world but us, you, my other  
flesh, all of us who have seen the face  
of hope at least once in vision, in dream,  
in marching, who sang hope into rising  
like a conjured snake, who found its flower  
above timberline by a melting glacier.  
Hope sleeps in our bones like a bear  
waiting for spring to rise and walk.*