

Cento: Hope by Reid Clayson

“Hope” is the thing with feathers –

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.

Even with clipped wing how well you flew!

And sore must be the storm –

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted

Flee, if storm’s your shelter.

From: Emily Dickenson, Edger Allen Poe, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.