

# Hope

## Modern Baseball

I speak soft hoping you'll hear me  
Not too busy searching for your head and heart  
I sing loud but only in the beginning just to grab your attention  
Will you bare witness to these words that have been so hard to find.

Look at me when I say  
I'm not just another one of your fucking push-aways  
In your life all you've seen, so sick and tired of all those movie scenes  
I'll let you in, I'll pour you out,  
Let's build you straight up, turn you 'round and spit you out.  
I am hope.

Look at me when I say  
I'm broken and disheveled yet still working a double on your heart and in your head.  
Not to be confused with the lines about losing them.  
I'm speaking truthfully, I've spent so many sleepless nights  
Just wondering "will I ever be able to be your hope".  
Your hope.

Shattered heart but you're calling it "open minded,"  
Dare I say you're the one that makes me realize.

Our nights are not labeled as "life,"  
Can we call them "living?"  
I've found these present findings  
To be directly connected to your secret-carings  
I've been speaking truthfully, I've spent so many sleepless nights  
Just wondering "will I ever be able to be your hope."  
Your hope.

I sing strong,  
Will you just notice me  
Spewing these lines out leaving my thoughts so dry?  
Just you know you're slowly brewing  
A collection of moments,  
My tangle of words should explain my lack-luster last line.