

## Renewed

“No hope found here,” familiar lay  
Tang of death forebear desolate tears  
A glimpse of hope might one chance down here?  
“But for delusion, foolish one,  
Can you see beyond this cursed state?”  
In every hollow can be heard  
And scratched on every stone unturned  
Read amongst every evil act  
An echo screaming from endless past  
Both known and felt, we endure the fall  
Groaning from agony and guilt  
Final breaths before a last exhale  
Like a prow besieged by pounding waves  
Ere giving way to watery grave  
But such a fate I don’t foresee  
Not final death these groans declare  
But release from chains, restored state  
A hope long hidden in the dark  
Singing her song to searching souls  
Of live revealed by renewal  
Coming day when creation will see  
From trial emerging a beauty  
To which the former cannot compare  
For only when the fall be felt  
Will be brightest day fully beheld

— *Andrew Pinkerton*