

TROPE

by Wendy Ann Miller

Trope

Nope
To false hope.

Is there real hope?

Maybe nope.

It's not dope.
This inability sometimes to cope.

I struggle to grope
For hope.

Formerly through dope,

A slippery and enjoyable slope,
Until they converted into a noose my rope
Of hope through dope
To one big nope.

I'd like to elope
With hope
And take a bath in its sexy soap.
Bubbles of hope.
Lather of hope.

Soap on a rope.

Bring me a rope
To tie up hope
To help me cope
To minimize the scope
Of my lifetime of cynical rejection.