

He had always wondered, watching those people,
How did they make it through each day, not knowing what the future holds?
What did they hang onto?

What did they live for?

Tragic stories of children begging in the streets,
Harrowing scenes of people shivering in the cold, not a penny to their name.
Enviously watching those who brush past them, they choke on the stench of wealth,
Yearning for a life where they're free – he'd seen them all before, yet never looked too closely.

Ladies flaunting their newest jewels and men driving their flashy cars go past him, the air reeking of carefree happiness,
"It was mine!" he screams, "it was all mine", but his words are left unheard.
Volatile memories on verge of bursting out, bile rises further with their every laugh.
Each smile leaves a sour taste, bittersweet remembrances suffocating him.

Fingers straining outwards, as if clutching desperately to shards of lifeless dreams.
Opportunities lost and trust broken - glimpses of the past threaten to drown him in his sorrows.
Regret laces his every action, knowing they saw him as a failure – for money means everything in this world.

Hands full of change extend towards him,
Offering words full of promises, they interrupt his spiralling thoughts.
Piercing green eyes left wide with shock, all he can do is stare.
Eventually, he realises life is granting him a second chance, a chance many could only hope for.

Because, it dawned on him, hope binds the world together.
For when all else fails,
They live for hope.