

Good Companions

by Francis Clark-Lowes, 1st August 2011

Two good companions walked with me through life;
On my left went Doubt, Hope was on my right,
One dark and brooding, the other dazzling bright.

You, Hope, with the morning sun would rise
And sparkled with the twinkling drops of dew;
In a baby's joy, or in my beloved's eyes,
Or in a rustic scene your work I always knew.

But you fed hungrily upon success;
Far horizons receded with each repast,
Promising more, but alas delivering ever less,
And so inviting you, Doubt, to act at last.

You took nourishment from clouds and drizzle,
And failure and existential thought.
'Don't kid yourself,' you'd grizzle;
'Don't imagine that you'll not be caught.'

One day the clouds descended on a Scottish peak;
Hope cried: 'Keep going, you will be OK!'
But Doubt warned: 'A bearing you should take,
For to the east the rocks drop sheer away.'

And sure enough, my compass showed,
My fearless tread was eastwards bound!
And so I learnt at last along life's road,
Each friend's advice its proper moment found.

And when, dear Hope, you must expire,
For you'll be first to go, I fear,
You, dear Doubt, will now be sure,
And being so, Hope's mantel you'll now wear.