

# MY GLASS OF HOPE

W. Volyar

A cup with water sat on the counter

Some would say it's half empty

Some would say it's half full

They say what you call it depends on the way you perceive the world

I always call it half full, though I never had a positive outlook on the world

Maybe it was because I didn't really know the world, I didn't really know anything

I was called foolish because of it, until I realised something

I didn't *care* about the world

Not after *my* world left

My world was you, and nobody else

I didn't care about anyone or anything else, not after I met you

I didn't care if you were a mere commoner and I was a prince

It didn't matter

My duties felt insignificant, along with my reputation

Maybe that was why people considered me rash; foolish

And maybe they were right

I was an idiot for caring about you, for loving you

It was a stupid idea and I knew it

But, I still have that little sliver of care left

That little voice that keeps telling me you'll come back

That little bit of hope that makes me see the glass as half full

