



Hope is a taxi arriving,  
a runny egg and bacon sandwich,  
the dog barking when someone's at the door.



Hope is a warm jumper,  
snowdrops, and blossoms, and bird song,  
a piece of perfectly cooked toast.

Hope is freshly washed sheets,  
the smell of pine trees and woodland in mid-summer,  
leaves that crunch like empty crisp packets.

Hope is shouting and singing at a football match,  
the smell of my favourite aftershave,  
sunlight sparkling through the leaf buds, like green Christmas lights.

Hope is the sound of a curlew in the spring,  
cornflowers, peacock feathers, and the blue of a flame,  
multi-coloured leaves fluttering like autumn confetti.

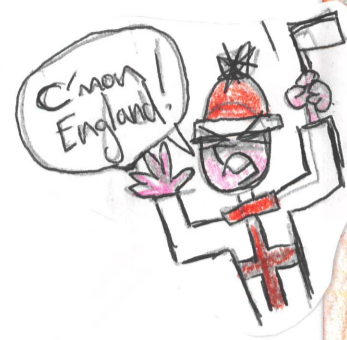
Hope is the opening seconds of a wonderful record,  
snow falling on the ground.  
There is no wrong way to hope.

Hope is dark blue, like ocean water,  
red, like a heart.  
In the summer, the colour of hope changes.

Hope is seeing the sunshine,  
swimming to the side of the pool,  
finding the beauty in the world.

Hope is a Friday feeling,  
fresh, thoughtful and optimistic.  
A new day ahead.

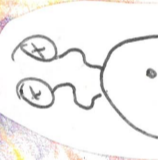
Hope is cooking in the kitchen,  
a soft, uplifting voice, filling the room with golden light,  
a way of changing things for the better.



Made by Project eARTH  
participants with writer  
Leanne Moden.



#Hope is  
Love  
Peace  
Unity



high peak community arts



Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

