

ROBERT CURRY | HOPELESS

Hope is fragile; hope is the one internal power source I'm scared to lose.

Hope is mine; then it isn't; it belongs to those I love, depend on, confide in, trust, look to, etc...

Hope depends on me and others. This element of duality makes hope so fragile.

Because hope is not solely mine, it gives another charge over the manifestation of my needs, expectations and life, in turn, these sort of authorities become influential agents of my psychological condition.

"DEPENDENCE, EXPECTATION!"

If those who possess this authority fail me, let me down or disappoint me, my hope turns into hopelessness. That casts me down into the pit of despondency.

The state of hopelessness is destitution. It's perpetual darkness. Time ceases to matter and my direction is lost.

Imagine approaching midnight where the hour, minute and second never change from that point in time. I realize this collapse leaves me paralyzed and defenseless, purposeless, without sight, "stagnant."

I'm scared of being stuck in my darkest hour, scared to lose hope because I ultimately lose the simplest forms of my humanity.

Love, imagination, compassion, fundamental thought, and knowledge of myself can fracture, leaving me broken into a million pieces.

I am scared to lose the spirit of hope.

Robert Curry is an activist and organizer, a Bronzeville native and a NEIU student focusing on Community Architecture.

You wouldn't know by looking at him that he has an affinity for space and the stars. That he is innocent and in constant pain because his freedom was revoked. You wouldn't know that he is the grandfather of seven (7) boys.